This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

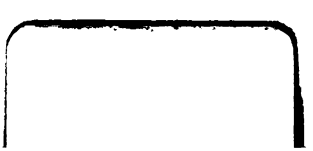
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Lc 39.665



CICERO'S

TUSCULAN DISPUTATIONS

I. ON THE CONTEMPT OF DEATH.
II. ON BEARING PAIN.
III. ON GRIEF.
IV. ON THE PASSIONS.
V. IS VIRTUE SUFFICIENT FOR HAPPINESS?

TRANSLATED

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.

By ANDREW P. PEABODY.

BOSTON:
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.
1886.

~~HU 716.65.28~~
Lc 39.665
HARVARD COLLEGE
Feb 5 1936
LIBRARY
A. L. Endicott

Copyright, 1886,
BY ANDREW P. PEABODY.

UNIVERSITY PRESS:
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE.

SYNOPSIS.

BOOK I.

§ 1. Reasons for discussing philosophical subjects in Latin.
2. Poetry and art cultivated in Rome at a comparatively late period.
3. Oratory cherished at an earlier time. Philosophy neglected.
4. Plan of the Tusculan Disputations.
5. "Whether death is an evil," proposed as the subject for the first day.
6. The stories about the under-world, fictitious.
7. The dead not miserable, if they have ceased to be.
8. Death, on that supposition, is not an evil.
9. Different theories as to the nature of the soul, and as to its fate when the body dies.
10. Aristotle's fifth element, as constituting the soul.
11. The theories of the soul inconsistent, and those consistent, with its continued life.
12. The belief of the ancients in immortality proved by commemorative rites and the honor paid to sepulchres.
13. On this, as on every subject, the common sense of mankind is the law of nature.
14. Instinctive consciousness of immortality.
15. Men crave posthumous praise because they expect to enjoy it.
16. Absurd notions as to the shades of the dead.
17. Souls must tend upward when they leave the body.

§ 18. Reasons for so believing.
19. The soul's flight traced.
20. Perception a function, not of the organs of sense, but of the soul.
21. Absurdity of the philosophy which denies the continued existence of the soul.
22. No greater difficulty in conceiving of the soul's life when disembodied, than when in the body.
23. Plato's argument for the soul's future from its past eternity.
24. Alleged reminiscences of a previous existence.
25. The powers of the soul proofs of its immortality.
26. Poetry, eloquence, and philosophy, God inspired, and therefore tokens of a divine and immortal life.
27. A quotation from Cicero's *Consolatio*, on the divine origin of the soul.
28. The greatness of the soul attested by its capacity of contemplating the universe.
29. We know the soul in the same way in which we know God. The death of Socrates.
30. What Socrates said in dying about the destiny of souls.
31. Life apart from the body the only true life.
32. Objections to immortality. The soul inherits the qualities of its parents, and therefore begins to be, and whatever begins to be must cease to be. It is also liable to disease, and therefore mortal.
33. Heredity denied. Disease belongs to the body, not to the soul.
34. If death is the end of life, it yet is no evil.
35. Instances in which death would have been preferable to continued life.
36. If death is the end of life, it involves no sense of want.
37. Instances in which death has been faced with alacrity.
38. The wise man will plan for eternity, whether he be immortal or not.

§ 39. We have no just claim to continued life beyond death.
40. The contempt of death shown by Theramenes.
41. Dying words of Socrates, quoted from the *Phaedo*.
42. Courage of the Spartans in near view of death.
43. Instances of the contempt of death on the part of philosophers.
44. Superstitions about the suffering of the unburied body after death.
45. Various modes of disposing of dead bodies.
46. Death in full prosperity to be desired rather than feared.
47. Instances in which death has been conferred by the gods as a pre-eminent benefit and blessing.
48. Instances in which death has been sought and welcomed.
49. The disposition in which death should be waited for and met.

BOOK II.

§ 1. Grounds on which philosophy is distrusted or despised.
2. Desirableness of original writings in that department, instead of depending on the Greeks.
3. Worthlessness of the Epicurean treatises that have already appeared in the Latin tongue.
4. The true work of philosophy, though not always wrought for philosophers themselves.
5. The thesis for discussion, — "Pain is the greatest of all evils."
6. Philosophers who have taken that ground.
7. Inconsistency of Epicurus.
8. Lamentation of Hercules on Mount Oeta, from the *Trachiniae* of Sophocles.

§ 9. The same, continued.
10. Lamentation of Prometheus on Mount Caucasus, from Aeschylus.
11. Wrong notions propagated by the poets, whom Plato therefore excludes from his ideal republic.
12. On this subject they have been too well seconded by philosophers.
13. If disgrace is worse than pain, this consideration alone puts pain in the background.
14. Pain subdued by courage and patience.
15. Resemblance and difference between labor and pain.
16. Power of endurance developed in military service.
17. Examples of endurance in athletes, hunters, gladiators.
18. Pain not so much in endurance as it seems in thought.
19. Epicurus, on pain.
20. Virtue, personified, treats pain as of no account when compared with moral evil.
21. What self-government means.
22. Signal examples of brave endurance.
23. How far the sense of pain may have expression.
24. The strong manifestation of suffering unworthy of a man.
25. Contrasted examples of this and its opposite.
26. The power of the sentiment of honor.
27. How the capacity of bearing pain is to be strengthened.

BOOK III.

§ 1. Sources of error in home life and nurture.
2. In the poets and in public opinion.
3. Disorders of the soul more numerous and harmful than those of the body.
4. Subject for discussion, — "The wise man is liable to grief."

§ 5. Distinction between "insanity" and "madness."
6. Grief to be not diminished, but extirpated.
7. The wise man is incapable of grief.
8. The virtues, considered separately and collectively, are incompatible with grief.
9. The wise man is never angry.
10. Nor yet liable to pity, or to envy.
11. False opinion, the cause of grief and of all other perturbations of mind. Perturbations classified.
12. Groundlessness and frequent shamelessness of grief.
13. Grief, the severest and least tolerable of the perturbations.
14. Premeditation on possible misfortune, a remedy for grief.
15. Opinion of Epicurus on this point.
16. His remedy, that of calling the thoughts away from grief, impossible.
17. Imagined protest of one of the old philosophers against the Epicurean doctrine as to grief.
18. The theory of Epicurus as to pleasure, that it consists wholly in the gratification of the senses.
19. This theory applied to the relief of sorrow under heavy calamity.
20. Epicurus contradicts himself.
21. Cicero's theory of pleasure, diametrically opposed to that of Epicurus.
22. The opinion of the Cyrenaic school, that grief owes its intensity to its suddenness.
23. How far this is true. Efficacy of example as giving relief in sorrow.
24. Examples cited.
25. In some aspects the commonness and inevitableness of grief enhance, instead of diminishing, its intensity.
26. Grief enhanced by the belief or feeling that it is under certain circumstances fitting and right.

§ 27. Grief in many cases voluntarily assumed, in some, voluntarily postponed.
28. There is then no actual necessity for it.
29. Reasons why the burden of grief is taken up.
30. That grief is removed by time while its cause remains, shows that it is unnecessary.
31. The doctrine of the Peripatetics, that in this, as in everything else, the right is the mean between two extremes.
32. Modes of administering consolation.
33. Different modes are required by different persons.
34. Philosophy proffers an entire and absolute cure for grief.

BOOK IV.

§ 1. The Pythagorean philosophy in Magna Graecia.
2. Vestiges of it in Roman history, institutions and customs.
3. The study of philosophy in Rome.
4. The subject of discussion, — "Whether the wise man is liable to perturbations of mind."
5. The soul divided by the ancients into the part possessed of reason and that void of reason.
6. Perturbation defined as "a commotion of mind contrary to reason."
7. Perturbations the consequence of false opinions.
8. Various forms of grief and of fear defined.
9. The phases of pleasure and of inordinate desire defined.
10. Diseases and sicknesses of soul, produced by perturbations.
11. The disgusts which are the opposites of these diseases and sicknesses.

§ 12. Difference between occasional and habitual perturbations.
13. Analogy between imperfections of the mind and those of the body.
14. Healthy bodies can be, healthy minds cannot be, attacked by sickness or disease.
15. Virtue, the only cure for the diseased mind.
16. All the perturbations, whether painful or joyful, in their nature and effect pernicious.
17. Freedom from perturbations makes life happy. Absurdity in this respect of the Peripatetic doctrine of a mean between extremes.
18. Moderation in what is faulty is not only evil, but dangerous.
19. The grounds on which anger and inordinate desire are commended as serviceable.
20. The grounds on which grief in moderation is justified.
21. Anger never necessary.
22. Signal instances of courage without anger.
23. Anger differs little from insanity.
24. Courage defined.
25. Inordinate desire is never serviceable.
26. Nor is emulation, detraction, or pity.
27. Curative treatment of the perturbations.
28. The best cure is the belief that they are vicious in their very nature.
29. The evil of inordinate desire is not diminished by the worth of its object.
30. Fear must be prevented or subdued by contempt for its objects.
31. All perturbations are matters of opinion, voluntary, under our own control.
32. Love, treated indulgently by the poets.
33. By some philosophers, also.
34. Platonic love unreal and absurd.
35. The cure of love.

§ 36. The sons of Atreus cited as instances of implacable anger.
37. Perturbations of mind always the result of error of belief or of judgment.
38. Therefore curable by philosophy.

BOOK V.

§ 1. Virtue, always superior to fortune.
2. Philosophy invoked as the sole safe guide and the supreme joy of life.
3. Wisdom immeasurably older than its name, "Philosophy."
4. Origin of this name.
5. Subject of discussion, — "Whether virtue is sufficient for a happy life."
6. Virtue makes man happy by freeing him from perturbations of every kind.
7. Modes of discussion employed by the Stoics.
8. Does the necessary agency of virtue in producing happiness imply that virtue is the only good?
9. Theophrastus maintains that misfortunes and calamities can make life miserable.
10. Happiness implies the absence of evil, and thus the non-reality of what are commonly called evils.
11. Cicero explains his own apparent lack of self-consistency.
12. Socrates cited, and his words, as given by Plato, quoted, as identifying happiness with virtue.
13. The soul designed and adapted for perfection.
14. Happiness must of necessity be impregnable.
15. What is not right cannot be good.
16. The objects, special or preferable, but not good, recognized by the Stoics.

§ 17. If vice produces misery, virtue, the opposite of vice, must of necessity produce happiness, the opposite of misery.
18. If virtue will not produce the happiest life possible, the worth of virtue is discredited.
19. Caius Laelius contrasted with Cinna; Catulus, with Marius.
20. The wretchedness of Dionysius, of Syracuse.
21. The story of Damocles.
22. The story of Damon and Phintias.
23. Dionysius and Archimedes compared.
24. Happiness of the wise man in the study and contemplation of Nature.
25. The fruits of wisdom in character.
26. Epicurus, though illogically, maintains that the wise man is always happy.
27. Instances in which pain is cheerfully endured and incurred.
28. A happy life can stand the severest test of torture and suffering.
29. Reserve of the Peripatetics on the question at issue.
30. Various opinions as to the supreme good.
31. Yet, if self-consistent, the Peripatetics must admit that the virtuous man alone is happy.
32. Simple living praised. Examples of contentment with little.
33. Pleasures as classified by Epicurus. His rule for estimating pleasures and pains.
34. Temperance the means of the highest enjoyment, as regards food.
35. Simple fare and gluttony contrasted. Poverty no evil.
36. The lack of popularity is not to be dreaded.
37. Nor is unmerited exile an evil.
38. Blindness does not interfere with a wise man's happiness. Cases in point.

§ 39. The blindness of Diodotus, Asclepiades, Democritus, Homer.

40. Deafness not destructive of happiness. Death a refuge from accumulated physical privations or sufferings.

41. The Stoics and Peripatetics substantially agreed as to the relation of virtue to happiness.

INTRODUCTION.

In the sixty-second year of his age (B. C. 46), Cicero was overwhelmed by a series of public and domestic calamities. Julius Caesar, virtually sovereign of the Roman world, would have purchased his adherence at almost any price; but Cicero was not a man to be bought. He remained loyal to the Republic, of whose restoration he despaired, but whose memory made the usurper's yoke intolerably galling and oppressive. Of course, there was no longer a place for a free man and a patriot in the sycophantic Senate, nor would his services as an advocate have been propitious to a client's interest, in courts of law created by, and slavishly subservient to, the ruling power. His chosen vocation, that of an orator, was thus suspended, with little hope of an opportunity for resuming it; while the Philippics, two years later, showed, in all that made him the most eloquent man of his time, if not of all time, culmination, not decline.

Meanwhile, his home, which would have been his not unwelcome refuge from the toil and care of public life, was made desolate. He was led, evi-

dently not without reasons that would have seemed more than sufficient to the most rigid moralist of that age, to repudiate his wife Terentia, after a union of thirty-two years. About the same time, his utterly worthless son-in-law Dolabella repudiated his beloved daughter Tullia, who was dearer to him than any other human being had ever been. Tullia, at her father's Tusculan villa, gave birth to a son, the offspring of that brief and ill-starred union, and died suddenly at a moment of apparent convalescence.

Under these accumulated trials Cicero had recourse to philosophy for support and relief; and, an eclectic in feeling and habit even more than in principle, he sought in the writings of the various schools with which he was conversant such remedies as they proffered. With him reading and writing seem to have been simultaneous processes. His philosophical works always have the air of being composed with his books not only close at hand, but very fresh in his recollection. In the stress of sorrow he wrote the *Consolatio,* in which he compiled all the suggestions of comfort and hope that came to him from his favorite authors, in part as they fell under his eye, in part as, inwardly digested and assimilated, they took such shape as his own mind alone could have given them. Of this treatise we know little except from him, but so much through his frequent references to it and quotations from it as to make us deeply regret its

irrecoverable loss. It was manifestly an intensely subjective treatise,—his own strong self-exhortation, bearing the deep impress of his grief-stricken soul and of the manly fortitude and courage with which he girded himself for his remaining life-work. In this treatise he laid full stress on the night-side of human experience, on the fickleness of fortune and the liability of the most prosperous life to bereavement in all that has been its joy, pride and glory; but at the same time he half lifted the veil — soon to be rent away by the Lord of life — from the realm beyond the death-shadow, expressed his trembling hope of re-union there with her from whom it had been worse than death to part, and closed with what is called her apotheosis, which simply placed her alongside of the men who had passed from earthly greatness into immortality, whom he termed gods only because they had been so named by the credulity of the earlier ages.

Thenceforward his writings had for the most part so distinctly an ethical purpose, of which we see few previous traces, that we can hardly be mistaken in believing that his disappointments and sorrows gave a new direction to his aim and endeavor. An ungrateful country spurns his services; he consecrates them now to themes of world-wide and world-enduring interest. It was after this period that he produced, in rapid succession, the works that give him as a moral teacher the foremost place among ante-Christian philosophers.

First in this series, and virtually a continuation of the *Consolatio*, we have the *Tusculan Disputations.* The five books at first sight seem to have as many different subjects, not necessarily related. Yet no one can read them without feeling, or study them without perceiving in them, as veritable a unity as exists in the five acts of a classical drama. They are in the same key; though, if we employ this metaphor, the key is, both and equally, minor and major. They throb throughout with the keen sensitiveness of a suffering soul that has survived not only all that it most prized of earthly goods, but also the capacity of enjoying them, were the past restored and the spring-tide of misfortunes rolled back. But they are full, too, of the vigor of a soul stronger than ever before, because it has retreated within itself, made its own integrity its citadel, from behind whose impregnable walls it can look on the foes to its peace with defiant scorn. Yes, scorn, contempt of human fortunes was with Cicero the summit of virtue; it remained for Him who made humanity divine to transfigure its brief and transient experiences into types, foreshadowings, foreshinings, prophecies of the eternal.

These five books have, too, a clearly defined plan, a regular sequence of thought and reasoning, which can be easily outlined and interpreted from the circumstances under which they were written.

The shadow of death still rested darkly on the Tusculan villa. The question nearest to Cicero's

heart was that which furnishes the subject for the first book, — What is death? He believed it not to be the extinction of being. He recognized in man a supra-sensual element, capable of living independently of the body. Vestiges of such belief seemed to have given shape to the rites of domestic piety, in which the men of an earlier time not so much commemorated their dead, as offered sacrifice and homage to their still living ancestors. Yet as there is no assured evidence of life beyond death, Cicero deems it necessary to meet the other alternative. If the dissolution of the body is the close of life, he shows that it is not an evil, inasmuch as it cuts off all possibility of suffering and sorrow; while prolonged life may be full of calamity; nor are there wanting conspicuous instances in which many years of prosperity have had so dreary an appendix of misfortune and grief as to make an earlier death seem eminently desirable.

But for those who do not die young the question which has priority even of that of the soul's continued existence is that of earthly well-being. Cicero had experienced the utter failure of the wonted resources for this end, and yet was clearly conscious, more so than in his prosperous days, of a happiness neither furnished by them nor impaired by their removal. He felt within his own soul a double selfhood, — the one bereaved and wrecked; the other, not only unimpaired, but enriched and ennobled by all that he had suffered. This better

self must, however, wage severe conflicts. Bodily pain must be encountered by almost every one, and all need to be armed against it. Epicurus — constantly the object of Cicero's ridicule or invective — regarded pain as the greatest of evils, painlessness as the supreme good; yet maintained that pain can be borne cheerfully by the thought that if severe it must be brief, by the continued enjoyment of the pleasures that are not forfeited if the pain be moderate, and by the memory of past and the expectation of future pleasures. This entire structure of hedonism Cicero demolishes in his second book, and shows that pain can be neutralized only when moral evil is regarded as the sole evil, or as so immeasurably the greatest of evils that the ills of body and of fortune are held to be infinitesimally small in comparison with it. The argument based on this foundation, which pursues its continuous, though somewhat devious, course throughout the book, is interspersed with maxims of patience, fortitude and courage, and with impressive examples of brave endurance.

Next to pain comes grief, which is the subject of the third book. The argumentative treatment of this is closely parallel to that of pain. But Cicero at the same time dwells largely on the selfishness of grief. He has much to say, also, on the degree to which it depends on opportunity, — it being postponed or omitted in stress of need or peril; on fashion, — the outward show which prolongs the

feeling being often put on or continued solely because the world expects it; and on a false estimate of the causes of grief, — deficiencies in wisdom and virtue, which ought to be the objects of the profoundest sorrow, occasioning less regret than is produced by comparatively slight disappointments or losses.

Pain and grief (in its simplest form) come to us without our seeking or responsibility, and may be so met, borne and overcome as not to interfere with our happiness and our permanent well-being. Still more hostile to our peace are the passions, for which we are responsible, and which are the subject of the fourth book. These Cicero classes under four divisions, — grief (including its malignant forms, such as envy) and fear, excessive gladness and immoderate desire. Each of these is many-headed, and the several morbid affections of mind and soul included in each are specified and carefully defined. They all result from false opinions as to evil and good, — grief and fear, from the belief that their objects are real and great evils; undue gladness and desire, from the belief that their objects are real and great goods. The only preventive or remedy is the regarding, with the Stoics, of virtue as the sole good, and moral depravity as the sole evil, or, at the least, with the Peripatetics, considering moral good and evil as so immeasurably the supreme good and the extreme of evil that no good or evil of body or of fortune can be of any comparative value or significance.

Pain and grief disarmed, the passions silenced and stultified, Virtue alone remains, and the fifth book is devoted to the demonstration of her peerless radiance and her queenly power,—of her entire sufficiency for a happy life, under all possible vicissitudes, in poverty, in exile, in blindness, in deafness, nay, in the maw of the bull of Phalaris. The discussion has a wide range, is rich in illustrations both of happiness and of misery as contingent on character and independent of circumstances, and is unequalled in pre-Christian literature for the exaltation of Virtue as the source of all in this earthly life that is worth living for.

It will be seen that Cicero throughout the Tusculan Disquisitions gives a foremost place to the philosophy of the Stoic school; while as a disciple of the New Academy which adopted the ethical system of Aristotle, he constantly endeavors to show that his main positions are not invalidated by admitting the goods and evils of the body and of fortune to the inferior and subordinate place which the Peripatetics claimed for them. This place, indeed, was virtually assigned to them by the later Stoics in admitting the class of objects which they designated as "preferable" or "desirable" (*praecipua, producta, sumenda*), though not worthy to be called "goods," which their disciples were at liberty to seek as secondary objects, without swerving from their allegiance to virtue as the sole good. Indeed the terms "supreme" and "sole" as applied to the

Good, will cover the entire ethical difference between the two schools as to this point. As to the ethical doctrine of Aristotle, that virtue is the mean between two extremes, Cicero here and always repudiates it. Indeed, he always shows himself a Stoic in his ethical sympathies, though tenderly disposed toward even the admitted errors of the New Academy.

I cannot forbear quoting here a few sentences from the Preface of Erasmus to a new edition of the *Tusculan Disputations.*

"A fresh perusal of the Tusculans has been of vast benefit to me, not barely in giving freshness to my style, which I count as of no little service, but much more in helping me to govern and bridle my passions. How often, while reading, have I thought with indignant scorn of the fools who say that if you take away from Cicero his pompous array of words, there remains nothing remarkable! What proofs there are in his works that he possessed all that the most learned of the Greeks had written on right and happy living! What choice, what abundance of the soundest and the most holy maxims! What knowledge of history, earlier and more recent! What loftiness of thought on man's true happiness! . . . When we see Pagans making so good a use of a leisure so sad as Cicero's, and instead of seeking the distraction of frivolous pleasures, finding consolation in the precepts of philosophy, how is it that we are not ashamed of our vain babbling and our luxurious living? I know not what others think; but for myself I confess that I cannot read Cicero on the art of living well without believing that there was in his soul a divine inspiration, whence these writings came."

The Brutus to whom the *Tusculan Disputations* are inscribed was Marcus Junius Brutus, best known as Julius Caesar's friend and assassin. Though he had served not without credit in various military and civil offices, he had been commonly regarded as deficient in worldly wisdom, — an opinion which his subsequent career only too well justifies. But he was a man of great learning, and had written several philosophical works, among which were treatises "On Duties," "On Virtue," "On Patience." He belonged to the Peripatetic school.

The form of dialogue was, as is well known, a favorite method with the philosophers, from Plato downward, perhaps before him. The *A.* and *M.* of the *Tusculan Disputations* have been variously understood to denote respectively, *Auditor*, *Adolescens*, *Atticus*, and *Aulus;* and *Magister*, and *Marcus.* I am inclined to believe that they stand for *Auditor* and *Marcus.*

I have used Moser's text; in a very few instances, however, adopting a reading from the edition of Otto Heine. My aim, as in previous translations from Cicero, has been not to give what is commonly called a "literal" version, but to put Cicero's thought unaltered into the best English forms at my command.

In the Preface to my translation of the *De Officiis* I expressed my belief that many of the "connective and illative words that bind sentence to sentence"

used by Latin prose writers, which seem superfluous to the English reader, were "employed as catch-words for the eye, and that they served the purpose now effected by punctuation and by the capital letters at the beginning of sentences." On this subject I take pleasure in submitting to my readers the following letter from my friend Charles R. Lanman, Ph.D., Professor of Sanskrit in Harvard University: —

"Your opinion respecting the use of connectives and illatives as catch-words for the eye is confirmed in an interesting way by the usages of the writings of the second period of Vedic literature, the Brahmanas. Their style is so peculiar, that it would, in cases unnumbered, be extremely hard to tell where one sentence ends and another begins, were it not for the frequent particle *atha*, which marks the beginning of a new clause, and the postpositive *vāi*, which marks the preceding word as the first of its clause. It would often be quite wrong to translate them by a definite word. For written language, they do the work of our modern marks of punctuation; and in spoken language, they must be rendered by inflection or by stress of voice. I may add that in the absence of capital letters, proper names are constantly distinguished from appellatives of identical form by the added word *nāma*, 'by name' or 'named.'"

CICERO'S TUSCULAN DISPUTATIONS.

BOOK I.

ON THE CONTEMPT OF DEATH.

1. At a period when I was entirely or in great part released from my labors as an advocate and my duties as a senator, chiefly by your advice, Brutus, I betook myself again to those pursuits which, never out of mind, though suspended by the demands upon my time, I renewed after a long interval; and since the theory and practice of the arts that belong to the right mode of living are comprised in the study of that wisdom which is termed philosophy, I deemed it fitting for me to discuss subjects of this class in Latin. Not that philosophy might not be learned from Greek books and teachers; but it has always been my opinion that those of our own country either surpassed the Greeks in wisdom as to original thought, or made essential improvement in whatever, derived from the Greeks, they regarded as worthy of elaboration. Thus we certainly order the habits and rules of life, and everything appertaining to the home and the family,

with more propriety and dignity than they; and it is equally certain that our ancestors were their superiors in the laws and institutions with which they maintained the well-being of the State. What shall I say of military affairs? in which the men of our country have owed their eminent success, largely indeed to prowess, still more largely to discipline. Indeed, as to what they have attained by nature, not by books, they are far beyond the Greeks or any other nation; for what weight of character, what firmness, magnanimity, probity, good faith, what surpassing virtue of any type, has been found in any other people to such a degree as to make them the equals of our ancestors?

Greece surpassed us in learning and in every description of literature, — in which it was easy to excel when there were no competitors; for while with the Greeks the poets held the earliest place among men of culture if, as is believed, Homer and Hesiod lived before Rome was built, and Archilochus during the reign of Romulus, our poetry bore a later date. It was about five hundred and ten years after the foundation of Rome that Livius[1] wrote his first play, in the consulship of Caius Claudius, the son of Caecus, and Marcus Tuditanus, a year before the birth of Ennius, who was older than Plautus and Naevius.

2. It was, then, at a late period that poets were

[1] Livius Andronicus, whose plays, Cicero says, are not worth a second reading.

known to our people or received[1] among them. It is, indeed, recorded in Cato's "Origines"[2] that the guests at entertainments used to sing the praises of eminent men with the accompaniment of the flute; but that poets were not held in honor appears from one of Cato's speeches, in which he makes it a reproach to Marcus Nobilior[3] that he took poets with him into one of the provinces, — he having, as we know, when consul, taken Ennius to Aetolia. Meanwhile, the less the honor paid to poetry, the fewer there were who cultivated it; though such few of our people as showed great genius in this art did not fail to deserve equal reputation with the Greeks. But if Fabius,[4] a man worthy of the highest distinction, had received due praise as a painter, can we suppose that there would not have been many among us to emulate the fame of Polyclętus and Parrhasius? Honor nourishes the arts, and all are inflamed by the love of glory to the

[1] None of the early Roman poets were natives of Rome. Thus Livius came from Tarentum; Naevius and Lucilius, from Campania; Ennius, from Calabria; Plautus, from Umbria; Terence, from Carthage.

[2] A work of Cato, purporting to give the history of Rome from its "origin" till the author's own time, together with the "origins" of the old towns and cities of Italy.

[3] Marcus Fulvius Nobilior, who, as a lover of Greek literature and art, drew upon himself Cato's hostility. Cato used to make sport with his name, calling him *Mobilior*.

[4] Caius Fabius Pictor, who painted the temple of Salus, on the Quirinal Hill, about 300 B. C. He was the earliest Roman of distinguished rank who professed to be an artist.

pursuits by which it may be won, while those pursuits that are held in disesteem languish in neglect. The Greeks regarded singing and playing on stringed instruments as the highest accomplishment. Thus Epaminondas, whom I consider as the greatest of the Greeks, is said to have been eminent as a singer and a lute-player, while, some years earlier, Themistocles was thought to be poorly educated because he declined to perform on the lyre at an entertainment. Therefore musicians flourished in Greece, and all learned music, nor was one who was ignorant of it thought to be properly educated. Geometry also was in the highest esteem among them, and none were more illustrious than the mathematicians; while in this art we go no farther than is needful for the purpose of measuring and calculating.[1]

3. But, on the other hand, we early showed favor to orators, who at first had little culture, but were possessed of a fitness for public speaking, to which they afterward added a suitable education; for the tradition is that Galba, Africanus, and Laelius were learned men, that Cato, who was their senior, was a man of studious habits, and so in later time were Lepidus, Carbo, the Gracchi. Thence till now we

[1] With some exceptions. Cicero (*De Officiis*, i. 6) speaks of Caius Sulpicius as versed in astronomy, and of Sextus Pompeius as equally an adept in geometry. As Caius Sulpicius is known to have calculated an eclipse, he must have been conversant with mathematical no less than with descriptive astronomy.

have had a series of orators so deservedly eminent that Greece has little or no advantage of us. Meanwhile philosophy has been neglected down to the present day, nor has it had a single Latin author who has thrown light upon it. My purpose is so to illustrate it and place it before the public mind that if in my busy life I have been of any service to my fellow-citizens, I may, if possible, serve them in my leisure. It is incumbent on me to be the more elaborate, because it is said that there are already in this department many Latin books carelessly written, by men who are indeed very good, but not sufficiently learned.[1] One may think correctly, yet be unable to give elegant expression to what he thinks; and in that case for a man to commit his thoughts to writing when he can neither arrange them, nor illustrate them, nor attract readers by anything that can give them delight, is the part of a man who outrageously abuses both leisure and letters. Such writers read their own books with their intimate friends, nor does any one else touch them except those who crave for themselves like liberty of writing. If then by my industry I have won any reputation as an orator, with all the

[1] We have the names — hardly anything more — of several writers of the Epicurean school who were before Cicero. One of these was Amafinius, whom Cicero elsewhere criticises as deficient in arrangement and in style. Catius also is mentioned by Cicero as a writer not otherwise than agreeable, but of little substantial merit. Cicero always speaks contemptuously of the Epicurean philosophy and its expounders.

more strenuous industry I shall open the fountains of philosophy, from which my success has flowed.

4. But as Aristotle, a man of consummate genius, learning, and versatility of resource, moved by the fame of Isocrates, the rhetorician, began himself to teach young men to speak, and thus to unite wisdom with eloquence, so it seems good to me, without laying aside my old pursuit of oratory, to busy myself in this greater and more fruitful department of philosophy; for I have always thought it the perfection of philosophy to be able to discuss the most momentous questions copiously and elegantly. To this exercise I have devoted myself so zealously that I would now even dare to hold disputations after the manner of the Greeks. Thus lately, after you had left Tusculum, several friends being with me, I tried what I could accomplish in this way; for as I used to declaim forensic pleas, and did so longer than any one else, so this is now the declamation of my old age. I asked for the naming of a subject on which any person present wanted to hear me speak, and I discussed it either sitting or walking. I have here put the disputations — *schools*[1] the Greeks call them — of five days into as many books. When he who started the discussion had said what he wanted to say, I answered him. This is, as you know, the ancient and Socratic method of discoursing against another person's opinion; for Socrates thought this the best

[1] Σχολαί.

way of determining what has the nearest semblance to truth. In order to put our disputations into a more convenient form, I will write them out in dialogue, not in narrative. So then we will begin.

5. *A.* Death seems to me an evil.

M. To those who are dead, or to those who are going to die?

A. To both.

M. It is then a cause of misery, since it is an evil.

A. Certainly.

M. Then both those to whom death has already happened and those to whom it is going to happen are miserable.

A. So I think.

M. Therefore there is no one who is not miserable.

A. Absolutely no one.

M. In truth, if you mean to be consistent with yourself, all who ever have been born or will be born are not only miserable, but also perpetually miserable. For if you were to call those miserable who were going to die, you could except no one of those who were living, since they all must die; yet there might be an end of misery in death. But since the dead also are miserable, we are born to eternal misery; for those must be miserable who died a hundred thousand years ago, — indeed, this must be true of all who were ever born.

A. Such is my opinion.

M. Tell me, I pray you, are you terrified by such

things as the three-headed Cerberus in the infernal regions? The murmur of the current of Cocytus? The ferry across the Acheron? Tantalus

"Half-dead with thirst, up to his chin in water"?[1]

Or the story

"Of panting Sisyphus, rolling the rock,
Which still rebounds, and never nears the summit"?[2]

Or, perchance, of those inexorable judges, Minos and Rhadamanthus? before whom neither Lucius Crassus nor Marcus Antonius will defend you, nor yet, while the judges are Greeks, can you command Demosthenes as your advocate, but must plead your own cause before a vast multitude. You perhaps fear these things, and therefore regard death as an eternal evil.

6. *A.* Do you think that I am such a fool as to believe these things?

M. Do you not believe them?

A. By no means.

M. I am sorry to hear you say so.

A. Why? pray.

M. Because I could be eloquent in talking against those stories.

A. Who would not be eloquent on such a theme? What difficulty is there in showing the falsity of the horrors invented by poets and painters?

M. Yet the books of philosophers are full of arguments against these very things.

[1] A verse from some lost poem. [2] From Lucilius.

A. This is utterly needless; for who is so feeble-minded as to be moved by them?

M. If then there are no miserable beings in the underworld,[1] there are no beings at all in the underworld.

A. That is precisely what I think.

M. Where then are those whom you call miserable? Or what place do they inhabit? For if they exist, they cannot be nowhere.

A. But I think that they are nowhere.

M. Then do you think that they do not exist?

A. Precisely so; and yet I regard them as miserable for the very reason that they do not exist.

M. Now I would rather have you afraid of Cerberus, than that you should utter yourself about these matters so foolishly.

A. What do you mean?

M. You deny and affirm the existence of the same person. Where is your discernment? For when you say that a dead person is miserable, you say that he exists who does not exist.

A. I am not so stupid as to say this.

M. What do you say then?

A. That Marcus Crassus, for instance, who lost that immense fortune by death, is miserable; that Cneius Pompeius, who was deprived of such great glory, is miserable; in fine, that all are miserable who lack the light of this world.

M. You come round again to the same point;

[1] Latin, *apud inferos.*

for if they are miserable, they must of necessity exist; but you just now denied the existence of those who are dead. If then they are not, they cannot be anything, — therefore they are not miserable.

A. I perhaps fail to express what I mean; for I think it the extreme of misery not to be, after having been.

M. What? More miserable than never to have been at all? So those who are not yet born are already miserable, because they do not exist; and we, if we are going to be miserable after death, were miserable before we were born. But I do not remember having been miserable before I was born. If you have a better memory, I should be glad to know what you recollect about yourself.

7. *A.* You are in jest in representing me as calling those who are not born, and not those who are dead, miserable.

M. You at least say that those who are dead are miserable.

A. Yes, — I say that they are miserable because they are not, yet have been.

M. Do you not see that you are uttering contradictory things? For what can be so contradictory as to say that he who is not is miserable, or is anything else whatever? When as you leave the city by the Capena gate you see the tombs of Calatinus, the Scipios, the Servilii, the Metelli, do you think those men miserable?

A. Since you take umbrage at a mere word of mine, I hereafter will not say that they are miserable, but will only call them miserable for the very reason that they are not.

M. You do not say then, "Marcus Crassus is miserable," but only "Miserable Marcus Crassus."

A. That is what I mean.

M. As if it were not necessary that whatever you thus speak of either is or is not. Are you not conversant with the rudiments of logic? This is among its first principles: — Every proposition — for thus I would, as now advised, express what is meant by ἀξίωμα;[1] I will afterward give another definition if I find a better — every proposition asserts that its predicate is either true or false as to its subject. When therefore you say, "Miserable Marcus Crassus," you either say, "Marcus Crassus is miserable," so that it can be determined whether the assertion is true or false, or you say nothing at all.

A. I grant that those who are dead are not miserable, since you have compelled me to confess that those who do not exist at all cannot be miserable. Yet are not we who live miserable, seeing that we must die? For what pleasure can there be in life, while by day and by night we cannot but think that we may die at any moment?

[1] *Axiom.* The term, however, is not used in its mathematical sense of *a self-evident truth.* It is employed to denote *a logical proposition.* The logical principle here referred to is the law of Excluded Middle, — "Everything must either be or not be."

8. *M.* Do you not then understand of how much evil you have relieved the condition of man?

A. How?

M. Because if death made the dead miserable, we should then have among the conditions of life a certain infinite and eternal evil. But now I see a goal, which reached, there is nothing more to be feared. But you seem to me to follow the opinion of Epicharmus, a man of discernment, and, for a Sicilian,[1] not without good sense.

A. What does he say? for I do not know.

M. I will give you what he says, in Latin, if I can; but you are aware that I am not wont to put Greek into Latin any more than Latin into Greek.

A. And you are in the right there; but I want to hear this opinion of Epicharmus.

M. "I dread to die, but dread not being dead."[2]

A. I recognize the Greek[3] in this. But since you have compelled me to grant that those who are

[1] Epicharmus was born in Cos, but was taken in his infancy to Sicily, and lived for the rest of his days, first in Megara, and then in Syracuse. He was both a comic poet and a Pythagorean philosopher; and in the fragments of his comedies that are extant there is a strange mixture of buffoonery and philosophy. Though he wrote much expressly on philosophical subjects, the verse quoted here is evidently from one of his comedies.

[2] The Greek verse of Epicharmus is lost, though among his fragments there are sentiments not unlike that expressed in Cicero's translation. Cicero's verse is, —

"Emori nolo; sed me esse mortuum nihil aestumo."

[3] The Greek weakness, effeminacy, timidity, as opposed to the defiant hardihood and bravery in which the Romans took pride.

dead are not miserable, convince me, if you can, that it is not misery to be under the necessity of dying.

M. This will give me no trouble; but I shall attempt yet greater things.

A. How can this give you no trouble? And what are the greater things of which you speak?

M. To answer your first question, — Since after death there is no evil, death surely is not an evil. Immediately succeeding it is the time after death, in which you grant that there is no evil. Therefore the necessity of dying is not an evil; for dying is but reaching the condition which, as you and I agree, is not an evil.

A. I beg you to explain this more clearly; for these somewhat subtile arguments compel me to admit their force before I feel fully convinced. Then too, what are the greater things which you promise to attempt?

M. To teach you, if I can, that death is not only no evil, but a good.

A. This I by no means claim from you, yet I shall be glad to hear your reasoning; for though you may not fully accomplish your purpose, you will at least prove that death is not an evil. But I will not interrupt you. I would rather hear a continuous discourse.

M. What do you mean? If I ask you a question, will you not answer?

A. To refuse to answer would, indeed, be inso-

lent; but I would rather that you would not ask me anything, unless it be necessary.

9. *M.* I will do as you say, and will explain these things to the utmost of my ability, yet not with the assurance befitting the Pythian Apollo, that all that I say is certain and beyond dispute, but as an ordinary man[1] endeavoring to conjecture what is probable; for I will go no further than to state probabilities, while those will speak with certainty, who both maintain that these things can be ascertained with precision, and profess themselves to be possessed of infallible wisdom.

A. Take the course that seems to you best. I am ready to listen.

M. We ought, then, first to see what death, which seems to be thoroughly well known, really is. There are those who think that death is a separation of the soul from the body, and others who maintain that there is no separation, but that soul and body perish together, the soul being extinguished in the body. Of those who think that the soul leaves the body, some say that it is immediately dispersed so as to have no longer a separate existence; others, that it continues long in being;[2] others still, that it lives on forever. Then again, there is a wide difference of opinion as to what the

[1] Latin, *homunculus unus e multis*, literally, "One little man out of many."

[2] Many of the Stoics believed that the human soul would retain its individual existence till the dissolution of the material universe, when it will be reabsorbed into the soul of the universe.

soul is, or where, or whence. Some suppose that the heart is the soul, whence the terms *heartless*,[1] *foolish-hearted*,[2] *of kindred heart*,[3] and the name given to that wise Nasica who was twice consul, *Dear Little Heart*,[4] and

"The *noble-hearted* Catus Aelius Sextus."[5]

Empedocles thinks that the blood diffused through the heart constitutes the soul. Some suppose that a certain portion of the brain holds the sovereignty that belongs to the soul. Others are not satisfied with regarding the heart or any part of the brain as the soul, and of these some say that the soul has its seat or dwelling-place in the heart; some, in the brain. Yet others — and such is the general opinion in my school of philosophy — think that the breath or spirit constitutes the soul. Indeed, we use the term *breath* or *spirit*[6] to denote soul, as to *draw* and to *exhale the vital breath*,[7] and *spirited*,[8] and of *right spirit*,[9] and *in harmony with one's spirit*.[10] Moreover our word for *soul* is derived from the word that means *breath*.[11] Still further, Zeno the Stoic supposed the soul to be fire.

10. These beliefs as to the soul's being heart, blood, brain, breath, fire, have been largely diffused; others have had a more limited acceptance. Many

[1] *Excordes.* [2] *Vecordes.* [3] *Concordes.*
[4] *Corculum*, a diminutive, used as a term of endearment.
[5] A verse of Ennius. [6] *Anima.*
[7] *Agere animam et efflare.* [8] *Animosi.*
[9] *Bene animati.* [10] *Ex animi sententia.*
[11] *Animus*, from *anima.*

of the ancients, and latest among them Aristoxenus, who was both a musician and a philosopher, maintained that the soul is a certain tension of the members and organs of the body analogous to what is called harmony in singing or in stringed instruments, so that the various movements of the human being are called forth from the nature and conformation of the body, like sounds in music. Aristoxenus adhered to his theory, and yet its real significance and value had long before been stated and explained[1] by Plato. Xenocrates denied that the soul has form or anything corresponding to body, but said that it consists of number, which, as Pythagoras had already taught, is the greatest force in nature. Plato, the teacher of Xenocrates, made the soul threefold, placing its sovereign, reason, in the head; while he separated the two parts subject to its command, anger and desire, giving to anger its seat in the breast, and to desire, under the diaphragm. Dicaearchus, in the three books which purport to contain the discussions of certain learned men at Corinth, introduces many speakers in the first book, and in the other two, Pherecrates,[2] an old

[1] Latin, *explanatum*. Wyttenbach proposes, instead of this, *explosum* as a conjectural reading, as in the *Phaedo* there is an elaborate demonstration of the baselessness and inadequacy of this theory. But a theory must be explained in order to be exploded, and the structure of the sentence is such that *explanatum*, while in better taste, would be equivalent to *explosum*. Aristoxenus was a disciple and the expectant successor of Aristotle.

[2] A fictitious name, under which Dicaearchus probably stated his own theory of the soul.

man from Phthia, whom he calls a descendant of Deucalion, who maintains that the soul is nothing at all, that it is a mere empty name, that such terms as *animals* and *animated beings*[1] are unmeaning, that there is no soul or mind in either man or beast, and that all the force with which we either act or feel is equally diffused in all bodies, and is inseparable from body, indeed, has no existence of its own, so that nothing exists save body sole and simple, so shaped that it can live and feel by virtue of its natural organism. Aristotle, far transcending all but Plato in genius and in industry, recognizing the four primitive elements in which all things had their origin, maintains that there is a fifth natural substance from which mind is derived; for it appears to him that to reflect, to foresee, to learn, to teach, to invent, and so many other things, to remember, to love, to hate, to desire, to fear, to be grieved, to be glad,—these and the like cannot have their source in the four elements. He adds to them a fifth, for which he finds no existing name, and he therefore calls the soul by a new name, ἐντελέχειαν,[2] as if it were prolonged and perpetual motion.

11. Unless some have escaped my memory, these are nearly all the opinions concerning the soul; for we may leave out of account Democritus, who,

[1] *Animalia* and *animantes*, names which denote in their structure the presence of soul or mind, *animus* or *anima*.

[2] *Intellect.* Probably ἐντελέχεια was originally written ἐνδελέχεια, which implies continuity.

great man as he was, yet regarded the soul as resulting from a certain fortuitous concourse of smooth and round particles of matter. Forsooth, in the opinion of philosophers of this class, there is nothing which cannot be brought to pass by the swirl of atoms. Which of the opinions that I have named is true, some god must determine; which is the most probable is the great question for us. Shall we attempt to discriminate among them, or shall we return to our original purpose?

A. I should be glad of both, were it possible; but it is difficult to pursue both lines of discussion together. Therefore, if without treating of these opinions we can get rid of the fear of death, let this be our present endeavor; but if this requires the previous discussion of the origin of souls, such discussion must have the precedence, and the other subject must be postponed.

M. I regard the course which you propose as the more suitable; for reason will show that, whichever of the opinions that I have named may be true, death is either no evil, or — still more — is a good. For if the soul is heart, or blood, or brain, since it is body, it will perish with the rest of the body; if it is breath, it will be dissipated; if fire, it will be quenched; if the harmony of Aristoxenus, it will be dissolved. What shall I say about Dicaearchus, who asserts that the soul is nothing at all? According to all these opinions nothing that belongs to any man can remain after

death; for consciousness is lost equally with life, and to one who has no consciousness no event, prosperous or adverse, can be of any concern. The opinions of the other philosophers whom I have named offer the hope — if that gives you pleasure — that the soul when it departs from the body may pass on to heaven, as to its own proper home.

A. This hope is truly delightful to me. I would desire it first of all, and even were it not true, I should want to be convinced of it.

M. What need then is there of any help from me? Can I surpass Plato in eloquence? Study carefully his book about the soul,[1] and you can ask for nothing more.

A. I have done so, by Hercules, and indeed over and over again; but somehow, while I am reading I agree with Plato; when I lay down the book, and reflect in my own thoughts on the immortality of souls, all that assurance vanishes.

M. How is this? Do you admit that souls either continue in being after death, or perish at the moment of death?

A. Certainly.

M. What is the case if they continue in being?

A. I grant that they are happy.

M. What, if they perish at death?

A. I grant that they are not miserable, because they are not in being; for this you forced me to admit a little while ago.

[1] The *Phaedo.*

M. How, then, or why do you say that death seems to you an evil, since it will make us either happy if our souls continue in being, or not miserable if we are no longer conscious?

12. *A.* Unless it will give you too much trouble, show first, if you can, that souls continue in being after death, — then, if you are not entirely successful (for the task is a difficult one), you shall teach me that death is absolutely free from evil; for I still cannot help fearing that, if not the lack of consciousness, the necessity of incurring this lack may be an evil.

M. I can adduce the highest authority in behalf of the opinion which you would gladly have established; and this, both of right and of usage, is of the utmost avail on all subjects. In the first place I would refer you to the whole ancient world, which, because less remote from the origin and divine parentage of the race, may have had a clearer view of the reality of things. Thus it was the deep-seated belief of those of the Latin race whom Ennius describes as of the greatest antiquity,[1] that there is consciousness in death, and that by the cessation of life man is not so destroyed as to perish utterly. This, while shown in many other ways, may be inferred from the pontifical law[2] and

[1] Latin, *quos cascos appellat Ennius*, "whom Ennius calls *casci*." *Cascus* means *ancient*, is itself an old word of Oscan origin, and was almost obsolete when Ennius used it.

[2] The Roman religion was a State institution, governed both

the ceremonies connected with sepulchres.[1] These observances men of the highest genius would not have maintained with so great scrupulousness, nor have so attached to their violation inexpiable guilt, unless they had been firmly persuaded that death is not a catastrophe that takes away and blots out everything, but is, so to speak, a migration and a change of life, which in the case of eminent men and women they supposed to be transferred to heaven, while for others they believed it to be continued in the underworld[2] indeed, but none the less perpetual. Hence our ancestors thought that

"With gods in heaven Romulus still lives,"

as Ennius says, in accordance with the general tradition; and among the Greeks Hercules is regarded as a god of surpassing greatness and helpfulness, insomuch that from them his fame has extended to us, and even to the shores of the Ocean. Thus it was that Liber, the son of Semele, passed into the company of the gods, and a like illustrious destiny belongs to the twin sons of Tyndareus, who are accounted as not only having helped the Roman people to subdue their enemies in battle, but also

by custom, which corresponded to our common law, and by express statutes. Of course a very large portion of the provisions of this branch of law related to funeral rites and observances commemorative of the dead.

[1] This argument is again employed by Cicero in the *De Amicitia*, § 4.

[2] Latin, *humi*, literally *on the ground*, but undoubtedly meaning *beneath the ground*.

as having carried the tidings of their victory.[1] What? Was not Ino, the daughter of Cadmus, deified by the Greeks under the name of *Λευκοθέα*,[2] and by us as Matuta? What? To cite no other single instances, is not all heaven almost filled with the human race?

13. Indeed, should I attempt to search into ancient traditions, and to draw from them what Greek writers have transmitted to us, it would be found that even those gods who are regarded as of the highest rank went from us mortals to heaven.

Ask whose sepulchres[3] are shown in Greece; recall, since you are among the initiated, what was delivered to you in the mysteries;[4] and you may

[1] They were said to have fought for and with the Romans against the Latins in the battle of Lake Regillus, again, against Perseus in the battle of Pydna, and a third time, against the Cimbrians at Verona. In the second instance they were believed to have carried the news of the victory to Rome.

[2] *Leucothea*, the white goddess. *Matuta* is equivalent to *matutina*, — the goddess of the morning; and her Greek name probably refers to the white light of the dawn succeeding the darkness of the night.

[3] Tombs of gods, and even of the greater divinities, as that of Demeter at Eleusis.

[4] The Eleusinian mysteries. What these were can only be conjectured, or inferred from incidental allusions. But there is reason to believe that a purer theology and a higher philosophy of spiritual things than would have been tolerated in earlier times by the popular superstition, or at a later period by law, formed the subject-matter of the traditions and teachings thus transmitted to minds capable of receiving them. It is almost certain that these mysteries comprised the immortality of the soul; and there

then understand how extensive this belief is. But the ancients, who had not yet learned anything of physical science, which began to be studied long afterward, derived their convictions on this subject from the teachings of nature; they knew nothing of the reasons and causes of things. They were often led by certain visions, and these chiefly by night, to believe that those who had passed out of this earthly life still lived. Now it seems to be considered as the strongest reason for maintaining the existence of gods, that there is no race so rude, no man so savage as not to be imbued with the belief in gods. Though many have depraved notions about the gods in consequence of their own defective characters,[1] yet all admit that there is a divine nature and power; nor has this belief been brought about by the conference or consent of men, nor established by institutions or enactments. But on every subject the common sense of nations is to be regarded as the law of nature. Who is there, then, who does not feel deep sorrow for the

is strong probability that they also taught the human origin and the non-deity of the popular gods, and the unity of the Supreme Being, — monotheism with a pantheistic penumbra.

[1] Men always make to themselves gods after their own likeness. This is true even in the Christian church, and the non-Christian notions of the Divine character that have prevailed in it have been but the reflections of the characters of those who have taught or believed them. Thus there is profound philosophy no less than the highest ethical wisdom in the words of the Divine Teacher: "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."

death of his friends, chiefly because he imagines that they are deprived of the comforts of the earthly life? Remove this idea, and you will take away the bitterness of sorrow. No one is profoundly afflicted merely by his own loss. For this men may grieve and be sad; but lugubrious lamentation and agonizing tears flow from the thought that he whom we have loved is deprived of the comforts of the earthly life, and is conscious of his privation.[1] Thus we feel the continuity of life after death under the leading of nature, with no help from reason and from science.

14. But the strongest argument is that Nature herself bears tacit testimony to the immortality of souls in the fact that all men feel concern, and even the greatest concern, as to what will take place after they are dead. "One plants trees for the benefit of a coming generation," as says a character in the Synephebi;[2] but what can he have in view, unless succeeding generations belong to him?

[1] Cicero does not here intimate that the dead, even those that remain in the underworld, are not happy. The feeling to which he refers has — though it may be doubted whether it ought to have — its frequent utterance among Christians who profess to have no doubt of the continued and happy life of their departed friends. Many of our wonted expressions of sorrow, especially for those who die young, imply a certain pity for them that they are cut off from what they most enjoyed here, even when there is a sincere belief that they have entered upon a happier state of being.

[2] A lost play of Caecilius Statius. Cicero quotes these words again, in the *De Senectute*, § 7.

The careful husbandman then will plant trees none of whose fruit he will ever see. Will not the great man in like manner plant laws, institutions, the commonwealth? What signify the production of children, the prolonging of a name, the adoption of sons, care in the making of wills, epitaphs on tombs, unless we are taking thought for the future? What does all this mean? Have you any doubt that in every department of nature the best specimens should furnish its types? What nature then in the race of man is better than that of those who think themselves born to help, defend, preserve mankind? Hercules went to the gods. He would never have gone to them, had he not, while among men, built his own road. These traditions are ancient, and are hallowed by the religious reverence of all men.

15. What can we suppose that so many and so great men in our republic had in view in being slain for their country? That their conscious fame would be bounded by the term of their earthly life? No man without a strong hope of immortality would offer himself to death for his native land. Themistocles might have led a life of ease; so might Epaminondas; so might I, not to multiply ancient and foreign instances. But somehow there is inherent in the mind what seems a presage of coming generations, and this exists in its utmost strength and betrays itself most readily in men of the greatest genius and of the loftiest soul. Were this taken

away, who would be so mad as to live in labor and peril? I speak thus of men in public station. What shall I say of the poets? Do not they want to be ennobled after they are dead? Whence comes this, —

> "Romans, behold the form of Ennius;
> Your fathers' noble deeds his verse records"?[1]

He craves the meed of praise from those whose fathers he had crowned with glory. He says, too,

> "Let no one grace my funeral with tears;
> A living soul, I fly where floats my song."

But why do I dwell on the poets? Artists equally wish to be ennobled after death. What did Phidias mean when, not permitted to inscribe his name, he enclosed his likeness, in the shield of Minerva? What do our philosophers have in mind? Do they not inscribe their names in the very books that they write about the contempt of fame? Now, if the consent of all men is the voice of nature, and if all everywhere agree that there still exists something belonging to those who have departed this life, we certainly ought to be of the same opinion. Still further, if we think that those whose souls are pre-eminent in genius or in virtue, because of their superior endowments, have the clearest view of what nature teaches, it is probable, since every

[1] Verses written by Ennius for his own epitaph, and undoubtedly inscribed beneath his bust on the monument erected in memory of him, which was still standing in the sepulchre of the Scipios in Cicero's time.

man of superior excellence devotes himself with the utmost zeal to the service of posterity, that there is something of which he will have the consciousness after death.

16. But as we learn from nature the existence of the gods, and ascertain their character only by reason, so while we are convinced of the immortality of souls by the consent of all nations, where they dwell and in what condition must be determined by reason, the neglect of which has given rise to the figment of the infernal regions and to those terrors for which you just now rightly expressed your contempt. For as bodies fall to the ground, and are covered with earth[1] (whence our word *inter*[2]), it was supposed that the dead pass the rest of their life under the earth. This belief led to great errors, which the poets made still greater. The crowded seats of the theatre, containing many feeble-minded women[3] and children, are deeply moved on hearing such grandiloquent verses as these:[4] —

> "From Acheron I come, — an arduous way,
> Through caverns built of vast, rough, hanging rocks,
> Where dense infernal darkness ever broods."

This erroneous belief — now, it seems to me, done

[1] *Humo.* [2] *Humari.*

[3] *Mulierculae*, a diminutive, but freely used as a term of contempt.

[4] These verses are probably derived from the opening words of the *Hecuba* of Euripides, in which the ghost of Polydorus appears on the stage.

away — prevailed to such an extent that, though men knew that bodies were burned, they yet imagined that things were done in the infernal regions, which could be neither done nor conceived of without bodies. For they could not take into their minds the idea of souls living by themselves, and so they sought to invent some form and shape for them. Hence the entire *νεκυία*[1] of Homer. Hence the scheme of *νεκρομαντεῖα*[2] which my friend Appius devised. Hence the beliefs attached to Lake Avernus in my neighborhood,[3] —

[1] *Necrology, or the story of the dead,* — the title of the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*, which describes the visit of Ulysses to the infernal regions.

[2] *Necromancy.* Appius Claudius Pulcher, long a friend and correspondent of Cicero, afterward his enemy, and probably never worthy of his friendship, was an augur, wrote a treatise on augural law which he dedicated to Cicero, and is said to have been himself a believer in augury and grossly superstitious. He consulted the Delphic oracle as to his own fortune in the civil war, followed Pompey, and died before the battle of Pharsalia.

[3] Tusculum was not very near the Lake Avernus ; but several of Cicero's villas were in its vicinity, which was the favorite summer resort of rich Romans. I regard as highly probable what is often called a fanciful derivation of Avernus from ἀ privative and *ὄρνις, a bird,* denoting *birdless,* and implying that birds cannot or do not fly over it. The whole region steams with mephitic vapors, the very oysters from the Avernus have a strong volcanic flavor, and during the many centuries for which Vesuvius was inactive the adjacent country may have been more offensive in its exhalations than since they have had their vent in the now ever-burning mountain. Were we believers in a sulphureous underworld for departed souls, we should not go far from Avernus for its gate.

"Whence from the open gate of Acheron
By bloody rites the shadowy dead are summoned."

These shades of the dead are supposed to speak, which they cannot do without tongue, nor without palate, nor without the form and action of jaws, ribs, lungs. Those who thought thus could discern nothing by the inward vision, but referred everything to the outward eye. It is the work of surpassing genius to separate the mind from the senses, and to divert thought from its accustomed channels. I have no doubt that there were very many in the earlier time who so believed, but Pherecydes of Syros is the earliest extant writer who said that souls are immortal. He lived while the founder of my family was king.[1] This opinion of his received the strongest confirmation from his disciple Pythagoras who, coming to Italy in the reign of Superbus, held the foremost place in Magna Graecia[2] by the renown of his school and the authority of his wisdom, insomuch that the name of a Pythagorean had such reputation for many generations afterward that none who did not bear it were accounted as learned men.

17. But I return to the early philosophers of that school. They gave hardly any reasons for their opinion, save such as needed to be explained by numbers or diagrams. It is said that Plato, in

[1] Servius Tullius, whom the Tullian family regarded as their ancestor.

[2] A region of Southern Italy almost wholly peopled by Greek colonists.

order to become acquainted with the Pythagoreans, came into Italy, and learned all the philosophy of Pythagoras, and especially that he not only had the same opinion with him about the eternity of souls, but also gave reasons for it, which if you have no objection, we will pass over, and leave without farther discussion this entire subject of the hope of immortality.

A. Do you say so? When you have brought me to the summit of expectation, will you leave me? I would rather, by Hercules, err with Plato, for whom I am well aware of your unqualified esteem, and whom I admire on your authority, than hold the truth with those other philosophers.

M. I give you joy on feeling thus; for I too would not have disdained to err with one so wise. Do we then doubt — as we do in many matters, but least of all in this, in which we have the positive assurance of mathematicians — that the earth, situated in the middle of the universe, is with reference to the entire heavens like the point which they call the κέντρον?[1] This being admitted, the nature of the four elements from which all bodies are generated[2] is such that they spontaneously assume different directions. Earthy and humid substances by their own tendency and weight are borne perpendicularly toward the earth and the sea. As they tend by gravity and weight toward the

[1] *Centre.*

[2] Earth, water, air and fire.

centre of the universe,[1] so the others, fire and air, fly in straight lines into the celestial region, either of their own nature seeking a higher place, or, because they are lighter, naturally expelled by heavier substances. Since such is the law of nature, it ought to be clearly understood that souls when they leave the body, whether they be breath, that is, aerial, or whether they be of fire, are borne aloft. But if the soul be a certain number, as some call it with more subtlety than lucidness, or if it be that fifth element rather unnamed than not understood, these are so transcendently perfect and pure that they must rise very far above the earth. Now the soul is one of these essences that I have named; for we cannot admit that a mind so active lies in heart or brain, or, as Empedocles maintains, in the blood.

18. We may omit farther mention of Dicaearchus, with his contemporary and fellow-disciple Aristoxenus, of whom the former seems never to have pitied himself for having no soul, while the latter is so charmed with his music that he attempts to transfer its laws to these subjects now under discussion. We can indeed understand that harmony proceeds from the intervals between sounds, of which diverse combinations produce a corre-

[1] Which is the centre of the earth. We have here an anticipation of the law, by which all terrestrial bodies gravitate toward the earth's centre. The cosmogony here sketched is more fully drawn out in *Scipio's Dream.*

sponding diversity of harmonies; but I do not see how the position of the limbs and organs and the conformation of body without soul can create harmony. But he, learned as he really is, may well leave these matters to his master Aristotle, and confine himself to the teaching of music. That is a good rule which is prescribed in the Greek proverb,

"Let each man ply the art which best he knows."[1]

We may also throw entirely out of question the fortuitous concourse of single smooth and round atoms, which yet Democritus supposes to have acquired by their combination heat, and breath, and the properties of animal life. But the soul which, if it belongs to the four elements from which all things are said to have their being, consists of air ignited (as I perceive to be very decidedly the opinion of Panaetius), must of necessity rise into the higher regions of space; for air and fire have no downward tendency, and always ascend. Thus if they are dissipated, they are so at a height far above the earth; or if they remain and preserve their primitive condition, they must of necessity be borne up to heaven, breaking through this thick and dense air nearest to the earth; for the soul is warmer, or rather more intensely hot, than this air which I have called thick and dense, as we may learn from the fact that our bodies, made of the earthly element, are heated by the ardor of the soul.

[1] The converse of the familiar proverb, *Ne sutor supra crepidam.*

19. Still farther, the soul can the more easily escape from and break through this lower air of which I have repeatedly spoken, inasmuch as there is nothing possessed of greater velocity than the soul, no speed that can compare with the speed of the soul. If it remains uncorrupt and like itself, it must needs be borne upward with so strong an impulse as to pierce and part this entire lower heaven in which clouds, showers and winds gather, and which is made moist and dark by exhalations from the earth. When the soul has transcended this region, it comes into the contact and recognition of a nature like its own; it alights on fires in which buoyant air and tempered sun-heat are blended, and aims no loftier flight. Having then attained a buoyancy and warmth like its own substance, as if poised by balanced weights, it moves on neither side; and it has reached at length its natural abode, when it has penetrated to that which is like itself, in which, lacking nothing, it will be fed and sustained by the same food with which the stars are sustained and fed. Now since we are wont to be inflamed by the torches of bodily craving to various kinds of desires, and are stirred to a more fervent heat because we emulate those who possess what we want to have, we shall assuredly be happy when, our bodies left behind, we shall be rid equally of desires and of emulation; and what we now do when released from cares, so that we can examine and investigate things that we want

to know, we shall then do much more freely, and shall wholly devote ourselves to contemplation and research. This must be so; for there is in our minds an insatiable desire to behold the truth, and the very confines of the region where our flight will end will impart at once the greater desire to know heavenly things and the easier attainment of such knowledge. It was this beauty of the heavens as seen even on the earth that called into being what Theophrastus terms the national and hereditary philosophy,[1] which is kindled by the desire for knowledge. And those, indeed, will have the highest enjoyment of it in heaven, who while inhabiting this world were encompassed by darkness, yet sought to penetrate it by the mind's keen vision.

20. If those think that they have accomplished something of importance, who have seen the mouth of the Pontus, and the narrow passage through which sailed the ship named Argo because

> "In her the Argive heroes, chosen men,
> Ploughed the salt sea to seek the golden fleece,"

or who have beheld the straits of the Ocean

> "Where the swift wave parts Libya and Europe,"

what may we imagine the spectacle to be, when we can behold the whole earth, — at once its site, form and circumference, and all its habitable regions,

[1] Physics, or natural philosophy, first cultivated by Thales, lying at the basis of the systems of not a few of the Greek philosophers, and ignored by hardly any of them.

and then again, those parts of it that remain uncultivated on account of excessive cold or heat? In our present state, it is not with our eyes that we behold what we see, nor does any one of the senses reside in the body; but — as not only adepts in natural science, but equally physicians who have examined the human body with its interior parts opened and exposed to view, assert — there are, so to speak, certain paths bored through from the seat of the soul to the eyes, to the ears, to the nostrils. Therefore it is that often, when hindered by being absorbed in thought or by some morbid affection, we neither see nor hear, though both the eyes and the ears are open and in a healthy state, so that it may be readily inferred that it is the soul that sees and hears, and not those parts which are like windows of the soul, but through which the mind can perceive nothing unless it be actively present. Again, how is it that with the same mind we comprehend things the most utterly unlike, as color, taste, warmth, smell, sound, which the soul could never learn from the five messengers, unless all their reports were brought to it, and it alone were the judge of all? These things however will be perceived much more distinctly and clearly when the free soul shall have arrived at the goal to which nature points the way. For now, indeed, although these passages open to the soul from the body have been fashioned by nature with the most exquisite skill, yet they are somehow obstructed by concrete

material substances; but when there shall be nothing but soul, there will be nothing to hinder our perceiving the nature and the qualities of every object.[1]

21. I might, indeed, were it desirable, tell at great length how many, how various, how grand will be the scenes placed before the soul in the heavenly regions. When I think of these things I cannot help often marvelling at the absurdity [2] of some philosophers,[3] who admire the study of natural

[1] Henry More must have had this discussion in view when he wrote the following quaint stanzas: —

"Like to a light fast locked in lanthorn dark,
Whereby by night our wary steps we guide
In shabby streets, and dirty channels mark;
Some weaker rays from the black top do glide,
And flusher streams perhaps through the horny side.
But when we 've passed the peril of the way,
Arrived at home, and laid that case aside,
The naked light how clearly doth it ray,
And spread its joyful beams as bright as summer's day!

"Even so, the soul in this contracted state,
Confined to these straight instruments of sense,
More dull and narrowly doth operate;
At this hole hears, the sight must ray from thence,
Here tastes, there smells. But when she 's gone from hence,
Like naked lamp she is one shining sphere,
And round about has perfect cognoscence
Whate'er in her horizon doth appear;
She is one orb of sense, all eye, all airy ear."

[2] Latin, *insolentiam*, which literally means *unusualness*, and may be fitly used of anything abnormal no less than of what is commonly called *insolence*.

[3] The Epicureans.

science, and render thanks with expressions of joy to its first discoverer and teacher,[1] reverencing him as a god, because they have been freed by him from the severest tyranny, from unceasing terror, from fear by day and by night. From what terror? From what fear? What old woman is so far demented as to fear what you perhaps might have dreaded, if you had been entirely ignorant of natural science, —

> "The lofty temples by the Acheron,
> The pallid forms that wander on its banks,
> The clouds and darkness ever resting there?"

Is it not shameful for a philosopher to boast that he is not afraid of these things, and that he has ascertained that they are false? It may thus be seen how discerning they are by nature, if they would have believed these things had they not been taught to the contrary. But I know not what great good it has done them to learn that when the time of death comes they will utterly perish. If this be the case (and I now say nothing against it), what is there in such a prospect to be rejoiced in or gloried over? I indeed find no valid objection to the opinion of Pythagoras and Plato. Even if Plato gave no reasons for his belief — see how much confidence I have in the man — he would break down my opposition by his authority alone; but he brings forward so many reasons as to make it perfectly obvious that he is not only

[1] Thales.

fully persuaded himself, but desirous of convincing others.

22. But there are many who strenuously maintain the opposite opinion, and doom souls to death as if they were convicted of a capital crime; nor do they give any reason why the eternal existence of souls seems incredible to them, except that they cannot understand or imagine what sort of a being the soul is without the body, — as if, forsooth, they understood what is the nature, shape, size, location of the soul while in the body, so that could they now behold collectively all that is in man, the soul would fall under their view, or else would be so subtile as to elude their inspection. I would ask those who say that they cannot understand the soul without the body, to consider what they understand the soul to be in the body. To me, indeed, when I look into the nature of the soul there is greater difficulty and obscurity in imagining what sort of being the soul is, while it is in the body, as in a home not its own, than when it shall have gone forth and come into the free heaven as into its own proper home. It must be borne in mind that if we are incapable of understanding the nature of what we have never seen, we can form no idea of God himself and of the divine soul which has no body. Dicaearchus, indeed, and Aristoxenus, because they found it difficult to understand the being and nature of the soul, said that there was no soul at all. Undoubtedly it is the highest possible exercise of

our powers for the soul itself to see the soul, and this is the peculiar meaning of the precept of Apollo in which he admonishes every one to know himself; for he does not, I suppose, bid us to know our limbs, or stature, or form. We are not bodies, nor am I, while I am saying these things to you, talking to your body. When, therefore, the oracle says, "Know thyself,"[1] it says "Know thy soul." It is what your soul does that you do. Unless the knowledge of the soul were a divine endowment, this precept would not have been given by any soul of more than ordinary acuteness of discernment. That it is ascribed to a god implies that it is possible to know one's self. Even if the soul does not know the nature of the soul, tell me, I pray you, need it therefore be ignorant of its own existence? Of its own movements? It is the movements of the soul that form the subject of the reasoning of Plato in the *Phaedrus*, as drawn out under the name of Socrates, which I have also quoted in the Sixth Book of my *Republic*.[2]

23. "That which is ever in motion is eternal; but that which imparts motion to aught else, and is at the same time moved by any foreign substance, must of necessity with the end of motion have the end of life. That only which moves itself,

[1] The tradition is that this precept was one of three inscribed by Chilon the Lacedaemonian on the wall of the temple at Delphi. Hence it came to be ascribed to the god of the temple.

[2] In *Scipio's Dream*.

because it is never deserted by itself, never ceases to move; while to other things that are moved this is the fountain, this the beginning,[1] of motion. But the beginning has no origin; for from the beginning all things spring, while it cannot itself be born from aught else, since that would not be a beginning which derived its birth from any source except itself. But if it never begins to be, it surely never ceases to be. For the beginning, once extinguished, can neither be re-born from any other being, nor create anything from itself, if it be indeed necessary that all things should spring from a beginning. Thus it is that the beginning of motion is that which is self-moving. But that which is self-moving can neither be born nor die. Were it to die, the whole heavens would collapse and all nature stand still, nor could it find any force by which a first impulse could be given to motion. Since then it is clearly evident that whatever is self-moving is eternal, who is there who can deny that this nature belongs to souls? For whatever is moved by impulse from without is soulless; but whatever has a soul is stirred by a movement interior and its own. Now this is the peculiar nature and power of the soul, which, if it is the only one of all things that is always self-moved, certainly was not born, and is eternal."[2] Although all plebeian philosophers —

[1] Latin, *principium*, which has *beginning* for its primitive meaning, and is Cicero's rendering of Plato's ἀρχή.

[2] The past eternity of the soul is, as it appears in this extract,

for so those who dissent from Plato and Socrates and from that school seem not unfitly termed — unite in the endeavor, they will not only never make so graceful an explanation of anything, but will not even understand with what subtile skill the conclusion of this argument is reached. The soul, then, is conscious of motion, and with this consciousness it is at the same time conscious that it is moved by force not from without, but its own; nor is it possible that it can ever be deserted by itself. Hence its eternity is proved, unless you have some answer to this reasoning.

A. I have easily prevented any objection from coming into my mind, I regard this opinion with so much favor.

24. *M.* Let me ask, do you attach less weight to those arguments which prove that there are certain divine elements in men's souls? As to these, if I saw how they could be born, I could see also how they might die. For as to blood, bile, phlegm, bones, nerves, veins, in fine, as to the entire form of the limbs and the whole body, I think that I can tell whence they were put together and how they were made. Even as to the soul itself, if there were nothing in it but the principle of vitality, I should suppose the life of man sustained by nature,

the basis of Plato's reasoning in behalf of immortality. That he believed the soul to be immortal we cannot doubt; but his arguments evidently flowed from his belief rather than his belief from his arguments.

like that of the vine or the tree; for we say that they live. So too, if the soul of man had nothing in it but desire or fear, it would have this in common with the beasts. But it has, in the first place, memory, and a boundless memory of innumerable things, which Plato, indeed, regards as the recollection of a former life; for in the book entitled *Meno*, Socrates asks a little boy some geometrical questions about the dimensions of the square. These the boy answers as any child might; but by questions easily framed on an ascending scale he gradually reaches in his answers the position that he would have occupied if he had studied geometry. From this Socrates infers that to learn is merely to recollect. This subject he explains with much greater precision in his discourse on the very day of his death; for he there maintains that a man who seems entirely destitute of culture, and yet gives suitable answers to one who questions him, shows that he is not then learning what he knows, but is recognizing these things as he recalls them to memory; nor, according to him, could it be possible that even from early childhood we could have intuitions[1] — the Greeks call them *ἐννοίας*[2] — of so many and so important things sown and as it were sealed in our souls, unless the soul before it entered

[1] Latin, *notiones*.

[2] Ἔννοια literally means *thought*, or whatever is in the mind. Plato uses it in the sense of *intuition*, and I have accordingly employed that term as here the proper rendering of *notiones*.

the body were well versed in the knowledge of things. Since, as Plato constantly maintains, nothing that begins and ceases to be really exists, and the only actual existence is what he terms ἰδέαν[1] and we call *species*, the soul, while shut up in the body, as he thinks, cannot acquire the knowledge of these ideas or species, but brings the knowledge of them into this earthly life, so that we need not be surprised at its knowing so many things. These elements of previous knowledge the soul does not see with perfect clearness, when it suddenly migrates into a dwelling so unwonted and in so disturbed a condition; but when it becomes self-collected and refreshed, it remembers and recognizes them. To learn, then, is merely to recollect. But I am all the more amazed at memory. For what is the faculty by which we remember? What is its power? Whence does it spring? I am not concerned to know how great a memory Simonides[2]

[1] Ἰδέα literally means a *sight*, or an object perceived by the organs of sight. Thence it comes to mean what is apprehended by the inward vision; thence what is seen *only* by the mind's eye; thence, species, or general terms, which according to Plato and the realists have an actual existence, while the nominalists regard them as names and nothing more. The meaning of this sentence is, that the soul, while in the body, which in the proper sense of existence does not really exist, becomes subject to the limitations of the body, and thus cannot acquire the knowledge of *ideas*, or *species*, or really existing things, but must of necessity possess this knowledge solely by recollection.

[2] He is said to have invented some artificial system of mnemonics.

is said to have had, or Theodectes,[1] or Cineas[2] whom Pyrrhus sent as an ambassador to the Senate, or, more recently, Charmadas,[3] or Metrodorus of Scepsis[4] who died but a little while ago, or my friend Hortensius.[5] I am speaking of the memory common to mankind, and especially of the memory of those who are proficients in any one of the higher departments of learning or art, of whom it is difficult to say how much of mind they may have, so much do they owe to memory.

25. To what does our discussion lead? I think it possible to understand what this power of memory

[1] It was said that he could repeat any number of verses, word for word, on hearing them once.

[2] It is related of him that on the day after his arrival at Rome he was able to salute every member of the Senate and of the equestrian order by name.

[3] In the *De Oratore* Cicero speaks of having seen him at Athens. He used, perhaps invented, a mnemonic system, which has been repeatedly imitated down to the present day, in which one arranges in his thought, it may be on the walls, floor and ceiling of an apartment, a series of images or pictures, and in order to remember a series of facts, events or ideas, connects them in thought *seriatim* with these successive images. Cicero says that Charmadas never lost the remembrance of anything thus committed to memory.

[4] He was still living at Scepsis, in Asia Minor, when the *De Oratore* was written. He was also remarkable for his always successful use of a mnemonic system like that of Charmadas.

[5] The great orator, Cicero's rival rather than friend. It was related of him that on one occasion, challenged to a trial of memory, he sat through a whole day at an auction-sale, and at the close rehearsed without a mistake the goods sold, the prices, and the names of the buyers.

is, and whence it comes. It certainly does not belong to heart, or blood, or brain, or atoms. Whether it may be air or fire I know not; and I am not ashamed, like those who deny that there is a soul, to confess my ignorance of what I do not know. But if as to any other matter not perfectly plain I could make a positive assertion, I could swear that the soul, if it be either air or fire, is divine; for I appeal to you whether such an immense power of memory seems to you either sown in or compounded from the earth under these cloudy and misty heavens. If you do not see what this faculty is, you see of what sort it is, or if not that, you certainly see how great it is. What then? Can we imagine that there is in the soul room for stowage into which the things that we remember are poured as into a vessel? That indeed is absurd; for what can be the bottom, or what the shape of such a soul, or what its entire capacity? Or can we suppose that the soul receives impressions as wax does, and that memory consists in the vestiges of the things thus stamped upon the mind? What can the vestiges of words be, or of things themselves? Then too, what space is large enough to have so many impressions made upon it? To pass to another point, what is the power of searching out hidden things, which is called invention and excogitation? Does it seem to you to be composed of an earthy and mortal and perishable nature? Who first gave all things their names, which Pythagoras

regarded as the work of unequalled wisdom? Or who assembled scattered men together, and brought them into the life of society? Or who comprised the sounds of the human voice, which seem infinite in number, in a few written characters? Or who marked out the courses, the relative movements, the laws of the wandering stars? All these were great men; but greater still were they who invented agriculture, raiment, houses, the modes of decent living, the means of defence against wild beasts, by whose agency men, tamed and refined, have gradually passed from the arts essential to life to those of the more elegant type. For now we derive great pleasure through the ears from the discovery and modulation of musical tones of widely various nature; and we look up with intelligent admiration to the stars, both to those which always hold the same place in the heavens, and to those that are wandering in name, though not in fact. The soul that understands all their circuits and motions proves itself a soul like that of him who created them in the heavens. For when Archimedes combined in his artificial sphere the motions of the moon, the sun and the five planets, he accomplished the same thing with Plato's god in the *Timaeus*, who made the universe, in one cycle of revolution comprehending motions differing most widely as to velocity. If in the universe this could not be done without a god, no more could Archimedes without a god-

derived genius have imitated the same motions in his planetarium.[1]

26. To me, indeed, none of these more honored and renowned pursuits of men seem to lack a divine power, so that I cannot imagine a poet producing verse of grand import and perfect rhythm without some heavenly inbreathing of the mind, or eloquence flowing in high-sounding words and fruitful thoughts without more than earthly impulse. Philosophy, too, mother of all arts, — what else is it than, as Plato terms it, a gift, an invention of the gods? This led men first to the worship of the gods, then to those mutual rights that are inherent in human society, then to modesty and magnanimity; and at the same time it dispelled darkness from the soul as from the eyes, so that we could see all things, above, beneath, beginning, end, and middle. This which effects so many and so great things is evidently a divine power. For what is the memory of things and of words? What, still further, is invention? Certainly that than which nothing greater can be conceived of in a god. For I do not think that the gods rejoice in ambrosia or nectar, or in Juventas[2] filling their cups; nor do I believe Homer when he says that Ganymede was stolen for his beauty to become Jupiter's cupbearer.

[1] Of this planetarium there remains no detailed description; but from what we learn of it, it must have revolved by machinery like that of the modern orrery.

[2] An *alias* for Hebe.

This was no sufficient reason for inflicting such a wrong on Laomedon. Homer in these fictions transferred to the gods what belongs to man. I would rather that he had transferred divine things to us. What are the things divine? To be strong, to be wise, to invent, to remember. Therefore the soul which, as I say, is divine, Euripides even dares to call a god. Indeed, if God is either air or fire, the soul of man is the same; for the celestial nature is free from the elements of earth and water, and the human soul equally lacks them both. But if there is the fifth nature first introduced into philosophy by Aristotle, this is the nature alike of gods and of souls.

27. To this last opinion I gave expression in my book entitled *Consolation.*[1] "No earthly origin can be found for souls; for there is in souls nothing that is mixed or compounded, or that seems to be of earthly birth or fabrication, nor indeed anything that partakes of the nature of water, or of air, or of fire. For in these elements there is nothing that has the power of memory, mind, thought, nothing that can keep its hold on the past, foresee the future, and comprehend the present,—properties which are exclusively divine,—nor can any source be found whence they can come, unless they come from God. The soul, then, has a certain nature and power of

[1] *Consolatio,*—a book written by Cicero for his own consolation after the death of his daughter. It is lost, except so far as the author himself gives fragments of it in his other writings.

its own, distinct from these natures within our familiar knowledge. Thus whatever that is, which feels, which knows, which lives, which has an interior principle of life, is heavenly and divine, and must therefore of necessity be eternal. Nor can the God whom we understand be understood except as mind, unbound and free, separate from all mortal admixture, perceiving and moving all things, and itself endowed with the power of perpetual motion."

Of this order of being, and of the same nature with that of the gods, is the human mind. Where then is that mind, or how may it be described? Where is yours, and how may it be described? Can you say? If I have not all the means for understanding it which I might wish to have, will you not permit me to use such as I possess? The soul cannot see itself; but, like the eye, the soul, not seeing itself, sees other things. It does not, you say (a matter of small concern), see its own form, — perhaps not, yet it may; we may leave this out of the question — it certainly does see, as its own, sagacity, memory, motion, celerity. These are great, divine, eternal. How the soul looks, or where it lives, there is no need of asking. When we behold, first, the beauty and brightness of the heavens, — then their revolution faster than we can think, — then the alternation of day and night, and the fourfold change of seasons, adapted to the ripening of the harvest and the healthful condition of our bodies, — the sun, the

ruler and guide of all, — the moon, whose light waxes and wanes as if to mark and designate our religious festivals,[1] — then in the same sphere, with its twelve divisions, the five planets[2] borne along, keeping with the utmost precision their unchanging orbits, though with different velocities, — then this earthly globe, projecting from the ocean, fixed in the centre of the entire universe, habitable and cultivated in two opposite zones, the one lying toward

> "The polar Wain, whence the fierce northern blast
> Heaps in vast gelid piles the driven snow;"

the other in the south, unknown to us, called by the Greeks *ἀντίχθονα*;[3] the rest of the world uncultivated, while where we live, in fitting season,

> "The heavens shine, the trees put forth their leaves,
> The joy-dispensing vine its clusters ripens,
> The trees bend low their heavy-laden boughs,
> With harvest wealth the yellow grain-fields teem,
> The fountains gush, and grass the meadows clothes,"

— then the abundant supply of domestic animals, some for food, some for field-work, some for draught, some to furnish clothing, — and man himself framed

[1] The lunar month, as distinguished from the month of the calendar, has in all ages and countries been largely recognized in the adjustment of religious festivals, as it is now in determining the Passover or Easter, which to a considerable extent governs the ecclesiastical year, Jewish and Christian.

[2] Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn.

[3] Literally, *the opposite region*, corresponding to our anglicized Greek word *antipodes*.

as if to contemplate the heavens and the powers above and to worship the gods, — and all land and sea submissive to man's service, — when we discern these things, and more beside than we can number, can we doubt that there presides over them some creator, if, as Plato thinks, they began to be, or if, as Aristotle maintains, they were from eternity, some ruler of a system so vast and so munificent? So, though you see not the mind of man, as you see not God, yet as you recognize God from his works, so would I bid you to recognize the divine power of the human mind from its memory of things, from its inventive capacity, from its swiftness of motion, from all the beauty of its virtue.

29. Where then is it? I think that it is in the head, and I can give reasons for so thinking. But, waiving the question where the soul is, it is certainly within you. What is its nature? Peculiar, I think, and its own. But admit that it consists of air or of fire, — it is a matter that has no bearing on our discussion. Consider this alone, — As you know God, although you know neither his dwelling nor his countenance, so you ought to know your own soul, even if you do not know its habitation or its form. We so far know the soul that, unless we are utterly stupid[1] in our conceptions of natural science, we are sure that in souls there is nothing mixed, compounded, joined together, compacted, double. Since this is so, the soul cannot

[1] Latin, *plumbei*, literally, *leaden*.

be separated, or divided, or torn apart, or drawn in sunder, and therefore cannot die; for death is, so to speak, the disuniting, dividing and separating of those parts which before death were somehow held together. By these and similar reasons Socrates was induced to dispense with the services of an advocate in his capital trial, and to omit all appeal to the mercy of his judges, before whom, under the inspiration, not of pride, but of true greatness of mind, he uttered himself with freedom and firmness; and on the last day of his life he discoursed largely on immortality. So too, when a few days before, he might have been easily released from confinement, he rejected the opportunity, and when the fatal cup was ready to be put into his hand, he so spake that he seemed as one not about to be forced to die, but on the point of ascending to heaven.

30. He believed and taught that there were two ways and a double course for souls on leaving the body, — that for those who had contaminated themselves by the vices to which men are addicted, had given themselves up entirely to sensual lusts, and, blinded by them, had become defiled in private life by habits of gross profligacy, and for those who had incurred inexpiable guilt by plotting against their country, there was a devious road, leading far from the company of the gods; while those who had preserved their integrity and chastity, had derived the least possible contagion from the body,

had always kept themselves independent of it, and in human bodies had imitated the life of the gods, had opened for them an easy return to those from whom they came. Therefore he says that all good and wise men should be like the swans, which, consecrated to Apollo, not without reason, but because they seem to have the power of divination, and foreseeing how much of good there is in death, die with songs and joy. Nor could any one doubt this, unless the same thing should befall us when earnestly meditating on the soul which happens to those who in looking intently at the setting sun lose it altogether from sight. In like manner the eye of the mind in profound introspection sometimes becomes dull, and for that reason we relax the intensity of contemplation. Thus doubting, looking around on every side, hesitating, in dread of what may be adverse, our reasoning on these themes is tossed to and fro like a ship on the vast ocean. These things are old, and from the Greeks. But in our own time Cato[1] departed from life as if he rejoiced to have found a reason for dying. The god who rules within us forbids us to go hence without his command; but when that god himself

[1] Cato Uticensis. Cicero in the *De Officiis*, I. § 31, justifies Cato's suicide on the ground of his massiveness of character, which made it impossible for him to look upon the face of a tyrant, but says that for a man of less weight of character it would have been unjustifiable. The Stoics, after the example of their founder, Zeno, generally regarded suicide as a right, or even as a duty, under irretrievable calamity.

gives good reason for so doing, as of old to Socrates,[1] of late to Cato, often to many, the wise man will rejoice to go forth from this darkness into that light. He will not have broken the bonds of his prison; for the laws forbid it. But as if released by a magistrate or some legitimate authority, he will have gone forth as summoned and set free by God. Indeed, as Socrates says, the entire life of philosophers is a meditation on death.

31. For what else are we doing when we separate the soul from pleasure, that is, from the body, from the management of property, which is the minister and servant of the body, from public charge, from business of every kind? What, I ask, are we then doing, unless we are calling the soul to itself, forcing it into its own society, and — chief of all — leading it away from the body? But separating the soul from the body is nothing else than learning to die. This, even while we remain on earth, will be like the life of heaven; and when, released from these bonds, we shall be borne thither, our souls will be the less delayed on their way. For those who have always lived in the fetters of the

[1] Cicero is wrong in classing Socrates with Cato as a suicide. Socrates could, indeed, have saved his life; but he was legally condemned, and might fittingly have regarded it as wrong to evade even an unrighteous sentence pronounced by competent authority. His case is much more nearly parallel to that of those Christian martyrs who have preferred being the victims of rightful authority wrongfully exercised, to saving life by means not strictly lawful.

body, even when they are released, make slower progress, like those who have been for many years bound with iron chains. When we shall have come to heaven, then at length shall we live. For this life, indeed, is death, and if I chose, I could make lamentation over it.

A. You have lamented sufficiently over it in your *Consolation*, which when I read I desire nothing else save to leave these earthly things, but much more in hearing what you have now said.

M. The time will come, and speedily indeed, and alike whether you hold back or are in haste; for life flies. But death is so far from being the evil that it seemed to you a little while ago, that I apprehend, not that there is nothing else that may not be an evil, but rather that there is no other good, if indeed we are going to be gods, or to live with the gods.

A. What matters it, which of the two will be our condition?

M. There are those present who are not of my opinion; but I will never let you go from the sound of my voice in a state of mind in which death can for any reason seem to you an evil.

A. How can it so seem when I know what I have heard from you?

M. How can it, do you ask? There come crowds of those who hold the contrary opinion. Not only the Epicureans, whom indeed I do not despise;[1] but somehow men of superior learning

[1] Latin, *non despicio.* Probably ironical; for the Epicureans

in general hold my belief in contempt; while my favorite author, Dicaearchus, has argued with great acuteness against this immortality of souls. He wrote three books, called *Lesbiacs* because the scene of the Dialogues that they contain is laid at Mytilene, in which he aims to show that souls are mortal. But the Stoics grant us an extended lease of life, as the crows have. They say that souls will live long,[1] but not forever.

32. Will you not then hear why, if those who deny the immortality of the soul are in the right, death still is not to be reckoned among the evils?

A. As you please. But no one shall drive me from the hope of immortality.

M. This indeed is to your credit, but one ought not to be over-confident on any subject; for even on matters that are comparatively clear we are often moved by the conclusion of some skilfully managed argument, and afterward yield our ground and change our opinion, and there is certainly some obscurity in the subject now in hand. Let us then be armed, in case our ground should be assailed.

A. You are in the right, no doubt; but I will take care that nothing of this kind shall happen to me.

M. Is there then any reason for not dismissing

are contrasted with the men of superior learning. *Non respicio* is a reading of the opposite sense, and expresses Cicero's actual opinion of the Epicureans; but though received by some editors, it rests on very slight authority.

[1] Till the destruction by fire of the now existing universe.

my friends,[1] the Stoics? I mean those who think that souls live after leaving the body, but not forever.

A. We certainly need not trouble ourselves about those who admit what is the most difficult of all to believe, that the soul can survive without the body, yet do not concede what is not only easy of belief, but follows as a consequence of their admission; namely, that when the soul has long lived in its separate state it cannot die.

M. Your objection is sound. The matter is as you say. Can we then agree with Panaetius wherein he differs from his master Plato? He constantly calls Plato divine, supremely wise, the holiest of men, the Homer of philosophers, but rejects this one belief of his as to the immortality of the soul. His reasoning is, that whatever is born must die, and that souls are born, as appears from the resemblance of children to their parents, which is evident in mind no less than in body. He gives yet another argument. Nothing can suffer pain that is not also liable to disease; whatever can become diseased will die; souls suffer pain,—therefore they die.

33. These arguments can be answered; for they

[1] Latin, *amicos nostros*, which I render *my* friends rather than *our* friends, because Cicero was really, in most particulars, more of a Stoic than of an Academic, and he always speaks of the Stoic philosophy and its teachers with both familiarity and reverence, while he is in the constant habit of using the plural of the first person instead of the singular.

come from one who does not know that when the immortality of souls is spoken of, it is affirmed of the mind, which is always free from every disturbing emotion, not of those parts of the man in which sickness, angry passions and lusts have their field, and which his opponent regards as separated and shut off from the mind. As for the likeness of children to parents, it is seen in beasts, whose souls are destitute of reason. But in men the likeness exists chiefly in the conformation of the body, and it is, indeed, a matter of great importance in what sorts of bodies souls are quartered; for many things proceeding from the body give keenness to the mind, and many things from the same source make it dull. Aristotle, forsooth, says that all men of genius are of melancholic temperament,[1] so that I might not be sorry if my own temperament were of a less lively type. He names many instances, and as if it were an undoubted fact, he adduces a reason for it. But if those things that are born in the body have so great an influence on the habit of the mind — and it is these, whatever they are, that create the likeness — the resemblance between parent and child is no proof that souls are born. I will not dwell on the cases of non-resemblance. Yet I should be glad if Panaetius were here, as he lived in the family of Africanus. I should like to ask him which of his family the grandson of the brother of

[1] Or, a *bilious* temperament. Melancholy, by its derivation, means *black bile*.

Africanus[1] resembled, so like his father in face, in life so like the most abandoned men that he might easily have been taken for the worst of them all. Whom did the grandson of Publius Crassus,[2] that wise and eloquent and eminent man, resemble? The same question may be asked about the grandsons and the sons of many other distinguished men whom there is no need of naming. But what are we about? Have we forgotten that we proposed, when we had said enough concerning immortality, to show that, even were souls to die, there is no evil in death?

A. I had not forgotten it; but I readily suffer you, while talking about eternity, to wander from your plan.

34. *M.* I see that you look high, and want to migrate to heaven.

A. I hope that this may be my lot. But suppose that, as the philosophers whom you have mamed think, souls do not remain in being after death, — if this be so, it seems to me that we suffer loss in being deprived of the hope of a happier life.

[1] Quintus Fabius Maximus, a man of unsurpassed vileness and profligacy, and so notoriously infamous that the city praetor would not suffer him to administer his father's estate.

[2] Publius Licinius Crassus Dives, known principally for his prodigality. Inheriting great wealth, he early became a bankrupt. The contrast with his grandfather was all the greater because the latter had proposed and carried through a much-approved sumptuary law to prevent extravagance and gluttony in and at festive entertainments.

M. Yet, in truth, what evil comes to us in that case? For suppose that the soul dies as the body does, is there therefore any pain, or any feeling at all, in the body after death? No one says that there is. Though Epicurus accuses Democritus of saying so, the disciples of Democritus deny it. Nor can any feeling remain in the soul; for it is nowhere. Where then is the evil, since beside body and soul there is no third substance? Is it that the departure of the soul from the body does not take place without pain? Admitting this to be the case, how slight is the pain! But I think that there is none. In most cases death occurs without the consciousness of dying, in some with pleasure; and however it may be, the whole of dying is of comparatively little importance, for it is momentary. What gives pain, even agony, is the departure from all the goods that belong to life. Consider whether it might not be said with greater truth, from all the evils. Yet why should I now make lamentation over human life, as I might with truth and right? When my aim is to show that we cannot anticipate any misery after death, why need I make life even more wretched by mourning over it? I have done this in the book in which I gave myself all the consolation that I could. If then we want to know the truth, death takes us from evil, not from good. Indeed this proposition was maintained by Hegesias, the Cyrenaic philosopher, with such a wealth of argument, that Ptolemy is said to have prohib-

ited him from lecturing in the schools of philosophy, because many of his hearers committed suicide. There is, too, an epigram of Callimachus on Cleombrotus of Ambracia, who, as the poet says, without having encountered anything adverse, threw himself into the sea after reading one of Plato's books. The book of Hegesias to which I referred is *Ἀποκαρτερῶν*,[1] in which a man who is starving himself to death is arrested in his purpose by his friends, whom he answers by enumerating the discomforts of human life. I might do the same, but not so thoroughly as he who thinks life not worth living for any one. Not to mention others, is it expedient for me to live? Deprived as I am of the comforts and adornments both of home and of public life, certainly, if I had died before I lost them all, death would have removed me from evil, not from good.

35. Take the case, then, of one who has nothing evil in his lot, and has received no wound from Fortune, — Metellus, for instance, with his four honored sons; Priam, with his fifty, seventeen of them by his lawful wife. Fortune had equal power over both of them; she exercised it in the case of one. Metellus was placed on the funeral pile by a multitude of sons, daughters, grandsons, granddaughters; Priam, bereaved of all his children, and fleeing to the altar, was slain by the hand of an enemy. If he had died while his sons were living and his kingdom safe,

[1] *The self-starver.*

"In all the splendor of barbaric wealth,
With fretted ceilings, and with towering walls,"[1]

would he have departed from good, or from evil? From good, it would certainly have seemed. But it surely would have been better for him; for then we should not have had the mournful strain,

"I saw in flames the palace and the city,
The death of Priam in the holy shrine,
Jove's altar foully sprinkled with his blood,"[1]

as if at that time anything better could have happened to him than the stroke by which he died. Now if he had died at an earlier time, nothing at all of this kind would have befallen him; but when he did die, what he lost was the consciousness of evils. My friend Pompey, when he was severely ill at Neapolis, seemed to fare prosperously. On his recovery the Neapolitans wore crowns, so did the people of Puteoli, and public congratulations came from the neighboring towns. It was, indeed, a foolish fashion, a Greek way of doing things; yet it betokened his good fortune. Now if he had died at that time, would he have departed from good things, or from evil? Certainly, from wretchedness. For in that case he would not have made war against his father-in-law; he would not have commenced hostilities without due preparation; he would not have abandoned his home; he would not have fled from Italy; he would not have lost his army and fallen defenceless into the hands and upon the

[1] These poetical quotations are from the *Andromache* of Ennius.

swords of slaves; his children would not have been blotted out of being; all that he had would not have come into the possession of his conquerors. Had he died then, he would have passed away in the fulness of prosperity. By the prolonging of his life, how many, how great, how incredible calamities was he doomed to bear!

36. These things are escaped by death, even though they might not have happened, because they may happen; but men are not wont to think that such things can befall them. Every one hopes for himself the fortune of Metellus, just as if there were more fortunate than unhappy persons, or there were something worthy of reliance in human affairs, or it were wiser to hope than to fear. But grant that men are deprived of good things by death, do the dead therefore want[1] the comforts of life, and are they made miserable by that want? This is what is implied in saying that the dead are unhappy. But can he who does not exist want anything? Want is a sad word; but there lies under it the meaning: — he had, he has not, — he desires, — he craves, — he needs. Herein consists the discomfort of him who is in want. He wants eyes; blindness is annoying. He wants children; bereavement is

[1] The reasoning of this section turns entirely on the word *careo* and its inflections, which in every instance I have rendered *want*. Of the several English definitions of the Latin word, this, I think, is the only one that would bear the precise treatment here given to *careo*.

wretchedness. This is so among the living. But of the dead no one wants, not only the comforts of life, but life itself. I am speaking of the dead, who, as we are now supposing, do not exist. As for us who do exist, though we have neither horns nor wings, does any one say that we want them? Certainly not. But why not? Because when you do not have what is fit for you neither by custom nor by nature, you do not want it, though you are conscious of not having it. This argument should be urged again and again, it being established beyond a doubt that, if souls are mortal, there must be so entire a destruction of being in death, that there is not the least suspicion of consciousness remaining. This then being well determined and settled, we must ascertain precisely what it is to want, lest there may lurk some error in the use of the word. To want, then, means to be destitute of that which you desire to have. Desire is included in the signification of want, unless when the word is employed in an entirely different sense, as you might use it about a fever. In this other meaning one is, indeed, said to want what he has not and is conscious of not having, yet is very willing to dispense with. Ordinarily we do not speak of wanting an evil; nor would this be a subject for regret. We speak of wanting a good, which want is an evil. But a living man does not want a good unless he needs it. Yet in the case of a living man, I should be understood were I to say that you want a king-

dom. But this could not be said of you with strict accuracy, though it might have been properly said of Tarquin after he had been expelled from his kingdom. The term cannot be used at all of a dead person; for want can be affirmed only of a being that is conscious, and a dead person has no consciousness, and therefore is not capable of want.

37. But what reason have we for philosophizing in this matter, when we see that it is hardly in need of philosophical treatment? How often have not only our commanders, but even whole armies, rushed to certain death! But if death had been feared, Brutus would not have fallen in battle to prevent the return of the tyrant whom he himself had expelled; nor would the elder Decius in fighting with the Latins, his son with the Etruscans, his grandson with Pyrrhus, have exposed themselves to the weapons of the enemy; nor would Spain have seen in the same war two Scipios falling for their country; nor would Cannae have witnessed the death of Paullus and Geminus, Venusia that of Marcellus, Litana that of Albinus, Lucania that of Gracchus. Is any one of these men wretched to-day? No; nor have they been so since they drew their last breath. Nor can any one be miserable when deprived of consciousness. Do you say that the very absence of consciousness is sad? It would be sad if it implied want. But since it is perfectly plain that nothing can exist in him who himself does not exist, what can there be sad in

him who neither wants nor is conscious? At the risk of too frequent repetition, I will say that here [1] is the reason of the shrinking of the soul for fear of death. If one will sufficiently consider what is clearer than the light, that when soul and body are consumed, the entire living being blotted out, and a complete destruction effected, that which was endowed with life becomes nothing, — he will plainly see that there is no difference between the Centaur who never existed and king Agamemnon, and that Marcus Camillus makes no more account of the present civil war than I do of the capture of Rome in his time.

Why then would Camillus have grieved, had he thought that what is taking place now would take place nearly three hundred and fifty years after his time? And why should I feel sorrow if I supposed that ten thousand years hence another race will have possession of our city? Because so great is the love of country, that we measure it not by our consciousness, but by the country's own well-being.

38. Therefore death, which is daily impending from unforeseen casualties, and on account of the shortness of life can never be very remote, does not deter the wise man from consulting for the enduring good of his country and of those under his special charge, or from feeling that the posterity of which he will have no knowledge belongs to him.

[1] In the feeling that the dead retain some kind or degree of consciousness.

Thus he who regards the soul as mortal may plan for eternity, not from the desire of a fame of which he may be unconscious, but from the impulse of virtue, which fame must of necessity follow, even though it be not held in view. The order of nature is such that as our birth brings to us the beginning, so may death bring the end of all things. As nothing belonged to us before we were born, so nothing will belong to us after we are dead. What evil can there be in this, since death appertains neither to the living nor to the dead? The latter do not exist; it does not yet touch the former. Those who make light of death represent it as very closely analogous to sleep, as if one would be willing to live ninety years, on condition that after sixty he should sleep the rest of the time. Not even the swine would crave this; much less a human being. Endymion is fabled to have gone to sleep, I know not when, on Mount Latmus in Caria, and, I think, is not yet awake. Do you suppose that he cares when the Moon is in trouble,[1] though she is said to have put him to sleep that she might kiss him in his sleep? What can he care, not being even conscious? You have in sleep the image of death; you daily clothe yourself with it; and can you doubt whether there may not be unconsciousness in death, when you see that there is no consciousness[2] in its image?

[1] On the wane, or in eclipse.

[2] Latin, *sensus*, which may mean either *feeling* or *consciousness*.

39. Away then with the almost anile folly that it is a wretched thing to die before one's time. What time, forsooth? The appointed time of Nature? But Nature has given us the use of life, as we might have that of money, with no day fixed for repayment. What reason for complaint is there, then, if she demands it at her pleasure? It was on that condition that we received it. Those who make such complaint admit that when a little child dies the event should be borne with equanimity, nay, if it be only an infant in the cradle, that there is no reason for regret. Yet Nature has in this case been the opposite of indulgent in demanding what she had given. The reply is that the child has not had a taste of the sweetness of life, while one somewhat older is already anticipating the great things which he has begun to enjoy. But as in other matters it is thought better to obtain a part than none at all, why not as to life? Yet Callimachus says with truth that Priam had wept oftener than Troilus. But those are regarded as specially fortunate who die full of years. Why? I think that there are some old men whose life would grow more pleasant were it prolonged. There certainly is nothing that a man enjoys more than he does wisdom, and this old age assuredly brings, if it deprives one of other things. But what lifetime is

With either definition the analogy is lame, as both feeling and consciousness continue in sleep, though only in part, or not at all, corresponding to things as they are.

really long? or what is there appertaining to man that can be termed long? Does not old age,

> "Close following on boyhood and on youth,
> Arrest men's steps before they think it near?"

But because we have nothing beyond, we call the life of the old long. All things that Nature gives us are either long or short in proportion to their utmost allotted time. On the River Hypanis, which flows from some part of Europe into the Euxine Sea, Aristotle says that there is a certain species of insects that live only a day.[1] One of them that died at the eighth hour of the day would have died at an advanced age; one of them that died at sunset, especially at the summer solstice, would have been decrepit. If we compare our life with eternity, we shall find ourselves of almost as brief a being as those insects.

40. Let us then despise all these absurdities (for why should I give a less severe name to such light-mindedness?) and let us consider the entire capacity of happy living as consisting in strength and

[1] Pliny quotes and reaffirms Aristotle's story about these insects. He says that at the summer solstice the River Hypanis (now Bog) brings down membranous particles looking like grape-stones, from which issue quadripedal insects that live but for a day. Cuvier thinks that the description probably designates the genus *Phryganea*, which comprehends some peculiarly short-lived species. They are not, however, confined to the River Bog. Aelian describes under the name of *ephemera* insects of still shorter lives, that are bred in wine, and when the flask is opened, fly out and die immediately.

greatness of mind, in looking with contempt and scorn on the vicissitudes of human life, and in the practice of every virtue. For now we are prone to be made effeminate by the most enervating habits of thought, so that if death comes earlier than the astrologers[1] predicted it, we feel as if we were robbed of certain great goods that were ours of right, and were both mocked and defrauded. But if we are, while living, held in suspense, in torture, distressed by expectation and longing, — by the immortal gods, how pleasant should be the journey, which once finished, there can be no more care or anxiety! How much delight do I take in Theramenes![2] What loftiness of soul do we see in him! For though his story makes us weep, yet there is nothing to be pitied in the death of this illustrious man, who, when cast into prison by the thirty tyrants, drank the poison eagerly, as if he were thirsty,

[1] Latin, *Chaldaeorum*. The earliest astrologers were from the remote East, and the name of *Chaldaei* was therefore given to all who professed to predict human fortunes by consulting the stars. In Cicero's time faith in astrology was very rife, and astrologers were in great credit, and were consulted even by wise and eminent men.

[2] The record of the life of Theramenes is less honorable than that of his death. That he performed great services for his country there can be no doubt, and with some historians he is the subject of unqualified eulogy; but he seems to have been something less than a rigidly upright man, if not a traitor. He consented to be one of the thirty, as his eulogists say, in order to check their violence. If so, his conduct was like that of a man who should ship on board a piratical vessel in order to prevent murder with robbery.

and so dashed the dregs from the cup that they fell with an echo, on hearing which he said laughing, "I drink this to the health of fair Critias," — the man who had been his greatest enemy; for the Greeks in their banquets always name the guest to whom they are going to pass the cup. This excellent man joked with his last breath, when his vital organs were already in the grasp of death; and to the man to whose health he had drunk the poison his was a true prophecy of the death which ensued very soon afterward. Who would praise this calmness of a very great soul in dying, if he thought death an evil? A few years later Socrates goes into the same prison and drinks the same cup, by a crime of the judges like that of the tyrants who doomed Theramenes to death. What then does Socrates say in the speech which, as reported by Plato, he made before the judges after he had received the death-sentence?

41. "I have a strong hope," he says, "that it will be happy for me, judges, that I am doomed to death. For one of two things must of necessity be the case, — either that death takes away consciousness altogether, or that at death one migrates from these regions to some other place. But if consciousness is blotted out, and death is like that sleep which, unbroken by dreams, sometimes gives us supremely peaceful rest, ye good gods, what gain it is to die! How many days can be found preferable to such a night, which if the whole coming

eternity shall resemble, who can be happier than I? But if it is true, as it is said, that death is migration to regions inhabited by those who have departed from life, this is even much more happy for me. To escape from those who want to be accounted as judges, to come to those who can with truth be called judges, Minos, Rhadamanthus, Aeacus, Triptolemus, and to meet those who have lived uprightly and in good faith, — can such a change of abode seem to you a small affair? Then again, how much do you think it is worth to have the opportunity of conversing with Orpheus, Musaeus, Homer, Hesiod? Indeed, were it possible, I would gladly die often, were I sure of finding these things of which I speak. How should I delight to meet Palamedes,[1] Ajax,[2] and others who were unrighteously condemned! I should also make trial of the wisdom of that greatest king of his time who led the largest army to Troy, and of Ulysses, and of Sisyphus, nor should I be condemned to death for searching into the truth[3] as I did here. Nor ought

[1] There were several mutually inconsistent stories about the death of Palamedes. The one referred to here doubtless is, that Ulysses, whose feigned insanity Palamedes had detected, in revenge induced him to descend into a well to search for hidden treasures, and that Ulysses and Diomedes stoned him there.

[2] The most prevalent, not to say authentic, myth about Ajax was that he died by his own hand. Reference, however, is evidently here made to some other story.

[3] Latin, *quum haec exquirerem*. But the *haec*, as it seems to me, cannot refer to anything in this sentence or in this immediate connection. It refers undoubtedly to the opinions and inves-

you among the judges who voted for my acquittal to have any fear of death; for nothing evil can befall any good man, whether living or dead. The immortal gods will never neglect aught that concerns his welfare. This has not happened to me by chance. Nor have I any cause of complaint against my accusers or those who voted for my condemnation, unless it be that they thought that they were doing me harm." In this way he continued to speak. But there is nothing better than his close. "But it is time," he says, "to go hence, — I to die, you to live on. Which is to be preferred the immortal gods know; I do not believe that any man knows."

42. I verily would much rather have this soul than the fortunes of all those who passed judgment on it. But what he says that no one save the gods knows, whether life or death is better, he himself knows; for he has already spoken of death as the better of the two. Yet he maintained to the last his custom of refraining from positive assertion on any subject. But let us hold fast to the principle that nothing which is appointed by nature for all is an evil, and let us bear it in mind, too, that if death be an evil, it is an eternal evil; for a wretched life seems to find its end in death, while if death is miserable, there can be no end to the misery of life. But why should I commemorate Socrates or

tigations which formed the substance of the capital charge against Socrates.

Theramenes, men of surpassing fame for virtue and wisdom? I might speak of a certain Lacedaemonian whose name tradition has not preserved, who so despised death, that when under a capital sentence he was taken to execution by the magistrates with a glad and gleeful countenance, and some enemy asked him, "Do you scorn the laws of Lycurgus?" he answered, "I indeed render the most hearty thanks to him who fined me with a penalty which I can discharge without borrowing or paying interest." Oh, man worthy of Sparta! who had so great a soul that it seems as if he must have been condemned without guilt. Our republic has borne more such men than we can number. But why name commanders and those in high station, when Cato[1] writes that whole legions have often gone with alacrity to places whence they had no expectation of returning? With like greatness of soul the Lacedaemonians fell at Thermopylae, on whom Simonides wrote:—

> "At Sparta, stranger, tell that here we lie
> In loyal service to our fatherland."

What does their leader Leonidas say? "Go on, Lacedaemonians, with a brave soul. To-day, perchance, we shall sup in the underworld." This was a brave race, while the laws of Lycurgus were in full force. One of them, when a Persian enemy in a boastful strain said, "Our darts and arrows will

[1] In the *Origines*.

be so thick that you cannot see the sun," replied, "We shall fight all the better in the shade." I am speaking of men. What a noble woman was that Lacedaemonian mother, who had sent her son to battle, and hearing that he had been slain, said, "I gave birth to him that he might be one who would not hesitate to meet death for his country!"

43. The Spartans, it must be admitted, were a brave and hardy race. The training of citizens under the rule of the State has great efficacy. But do we not in like manner admire Theodorus of Cyrene, a philosopher of no mean reputation, who said when King Lysimachus threatened to have him crucified, "Make these horrible threats, I beg you, to your purple-clad courtiers; to Theodorus it is of no concern whether he rots in the ground or in the air?" This saying of his reminds me that mention ought to be made of interment and sepulture; nor is it a difficult subject, especially when we consider what was said a little while ago about unconsciousness in death. How Socrates felt about it appears in the book concerning his death[1] of which I have said so much. When he had been discoursing on the immortality of souls, and the moment of his death was now close at hand, Crito asked him how he would wish to be buried, and he replied, "I have indeed, my friends, employed much labor in vain; for I have not convinced my friend Crito that I am going to fly away hence, and to

[1] The *Phaedo*.

leave nothing of myself here. Nevertheless, Crito, if you can follow me, or can find me anywhere, bury me as you please. But, believe me, no one of you will overtake me when I shall have gone hence." This was well said, at once giving the desired liberty to his friend, and showing his own entire unconcern about anything of the kind. Diogenes was of harder make, and of the same opinion, which he, as a Cynic, expressed in a coarser way, giving orders that his body should be thrown out unburied. When his friends asked, "Thrown to the birds and the wild beasts?" he replied, "By no means; put my staff by me, that I may drive them away." "How can you do it?" said they. "You will have no consciousness." He rejoined, "What harm then can it do me to be torn by beasts, if I know nothing about it?" Anaxagoras expressed himself happily when he was dying at Lampsacus. His friends asked him whether, if anything happened,[1] he would wish to be carried to Clazomene, his native place, and he replied, "There is no need of it; it is as far to the underworld from one place as from another." On this whole subject of burial one thing is to be kept in mind, — that burial belongs to the body alone, whether the soul dies or continues to live. But it is very plain, that if the soul either is blotted out or passes away, no consciousness remains in the body.

[1] Latin, *si quid accidisset*, literally corresponding to our accustomed euphemism in speaking of death.

44. But we are constantly encountering errors in this matter.[1] Achilles drags Hector bound to his chariot. He thinks, I suppose, that Hector is lacerated, and feels the suffering thus occasioned. He therefore imagines that he is avenging himself on his enemy. In the tragedy we hear one[2] mourning over this intensest extremity of woe: —

> "What Hector suffered I beheld; I saw him
> Dragged in the dust behind the chariot-wheels."

What Hector? Or how long will he be Hector? Attius[3] comes nearer the truth, and according to him Achilles, on one occasion at least, understands the case as it really is.

> "I gave the body; Hector I removed."

It was not Hector that you dragged, Achilles, but the body that had been Hector's. So, another personage of the drama springs from the ground, who will not let his mother sleep.[4]

[1] Latin, *sed plena errorum sunt omnia. Omnia* of course includes everything that is read, or heard in the theatre.

[2] Latin, *illa*, referring to some known personage in a tragedy then extant, probably the *Andromache* of Ennius, in which case *illa* may denote Andromache. One manuscript of some authority reads, instead of *illa*, *Eccuba*, i. e. Hecuba.

[3] The greater part of such fragments of Attius as are extant are preserved by Cicero.

[4] This is from the tragedy of *Iliona*, by Pacuvius. The story is that Iliona married Polymnester, king of the Thracian Chersonesus, and adopted her brother Polydorus, giving him the place in her household belonging to her own son, whom she called Polydorus. The Greeks, wishing to exterminate the race of Priam, hired Polymnester to kill Polydorus, and he killed his own son,

"Mother, from quiet and unpitying sleep
I pray thee wake and rise, thy son to bury."

When these verses are sung in slow and mournful strains, filling the whole theatre with sadness, it is hard not to account the unburied as wretched.

"Haste to my rescue ere the birds of prey
And wild beasts rend my body, limb from limb."

He fears that he may not be able to make good use of his limbs if they are lacerated. He has no such fear if they are burned.

"Nor let what 's left of me, my fleshless bones,
Foul with black gore, be rudely torn asunder."

I do not understand what he dreads when he pours forth to the accompaniment of the flute these high-sounding iambics.[1] We must then keep it in mind that there is nothing to be cared for after death, even though many persons do wreak vengeance on their enemies after they are dead. In some perfectly intelligible[2] verses of Ennius[3] Thyestes heaps curses on Atreus, chief of all, hoping that he may perish by shipwreck,—a hard fate indeed; for such a death is not without severe suffering. But what follows is utterly devoid of sense:—

"Transfixed on crags that beetle o'er the main,
Sprinkling the rocks with blood, and disembowelled."

supposing him to be the desired victim. The real Polydorus and Iliona took vengeance on him by first putting his eyes out, and then killing him.

[1] Latin, *bonos septenarios.*

[2] Latin, *luculentis sane versibus.*

[3] In his tragedy of *Thyestes.*

Not the rocks themselves are more entirely destitute of feeling than the man "transfixed on crags," on whom Thyestes here imagines that he is invoking torture. But this is even more exceedingly foolish: —

> "Nor may his body find a sepulchre,
> A port where it can rest from bitter woe."

You see how full of error all this is. He thinks that there is a port for the body, and that the sepulchre is a place of rest for the dead. Pelops was very much to blame for not instructing his son, and teaching him how far any specific object or event was worth his caring for it.

45. But why need I take notice of the errors of individuals, when the various errors of entire nations may be passed in review? The Egyptians embalm their dead and keep them in their houses; the Persians preserve theirs by smearing them with wax, that they may last as long as possible. It is the custom of the Magi not to bury the bodies of the members of their order till they have first been torn by beasts. In Hyrcania the common people keep dogs that are public property, the principal men, dogs of their own (and we know that they are a noble breed),[1] and each person provides according to his ability for being torn by dogs, regarding this

[1] The Hyrcanian dogs were probably at once the most intelligent and the bravest of their species. Aelian says that they were trained for military service, and that no Hyrcanian went into battle without his dog.

as the best mode of sepulture. Chrysippus,[1] in his curious antiquarian researches, has collected many other modes of disposing of the dead, some of which are so offensive that the tongue and pen refuse and dread to name them. As to ourselves, this whole subject may be treated as one of utter indifference; but with regard to our friends we should not neglect it, though all the while we, the survivors, are aware that the bodies of the dead have no consciousness. Let the living take care that due concessions be made to custom and general opinion, yet with the understanding that these matters are of no concern to the dead. But undoubtedly death is met with the greatest tranquillity of soul, when closing life can find comfort in its own good desert. No one has had a short life, who has completed a career of perfect virtue. I myself have seen many occasions when death would have been timely.[2] Would to heaven that this had been my fortune; for no good has come to me by the delay. The duties of life had been fully performed; the conflict with fortune remained. If then reason does not suffice to produce an absolute indifference to death, the experience of life may make us feel that we have lived long enough and too long; for though

[1] A Stoic philosopher celebrated for his various erudition, and for the number and variety of his writings. It is said that he was versed in all departments of learning except mathematics and the exact sciences. He left more than seven hundred works, not a word of which remains extant.

[2] His exile, the death of his daughter, the ruin of the republic.

the dead may be unconscious, they do not in their unconsciousness lack their own peculiar property of merit and fame, — though as to fame, there is nothing in it that should make it an object of desire; but it follows virtue like its shadow.

46. The approving verdict of the multitude, when they pass it, is indeed much more to their credit than for the happiness of those whom they praise. Yet, whatever sense may be given to my words, I cannot say that Lycurgus and Solon lack fame for their legislative and administrative wisdom, or Themistocles and Epaminondas for their valor in war. For sooner will Neptune submerge Salamis itself than the trophies there won, and the Boeotian Leuctra will be obliterated before the glory of the battle of Leuctra shall cease. Much later still shall fame abandon Curius, Fabricius, Calatinus, the two Scipios, the two Africani, Maximus, Marcellus, Paullus, Cato, Laelius, and others more than I can number, whose likeness he who shall in some measure have attained, estimating it not by popular applause, but by the genuine praise of good men, if the occasion demands, will with a trusting soul march on to death, in which we have seen that there is either supreme good or no evil. Moreover, he will even prefer to die while in full prosperity; for the accumulation of good things cannot give pleasure equal to the pain of losing them. This, it seems to me, was meant by that utterance of the Lacedaemonian who, when Diagoras of Rhodes, himself ennobled as

a victor in the Olympic games, saw his two sons victors at Olympia, came to the old man and said by way of congratulation, "Die, Diagoras; for you are not going to ascend to heaven."[1] The Greeks regard these honors as great, and perhaps they place too high an estimate upon them, or rather they did then; and he who said this to Diagoras, deeming it the summit of happiness that three Olympian victors should have come from one house, thought it useless for him to remain longer in life, exposed to the caprices of fortune. On this subject I might have answered you sufficiently, as it seemed to me, in few words; but I have prolonged my argument because here is to be found our greatest consolation in bereavement and sorrow. For we ought to endure with moderation such sorrow as is confined to ourselves or as we incur on our own account, lest we seem to love ourselves too well; but it torments us with unendurable grief to imagine that those of whom we are bereaved are with any degree of consciousness exposed to the evils which in the common belief they endure. I wanted for myself to exterminate this opinion by the roots, and I have perhaps been too long in so doing.

47. *A.* You too long? Not indeed for me; for

[1] That is, "You can rise no higher, and if you live, you may not keep your present elevation." Aulus Gellius tells the story differently. He says that Diagoras had three sons, all victors in different contests on the same day, and that when they brought their crowns and put them on his head, the old man died in their embrace.

the first part of your discourse made me desire death, while the latter part has made me feel, sometimes that I should not be unwilling, sometimes that I should not be sorry, to die. But the entire discourse has brought me to the state of mind in which it would be impossible for me to account death as an evil.

M. Do we need then a rhetorical peroration, or may we now entirely dispense with the rhetorical art?

A. You certainly ought not to abandon the art which you have always adorned, — and, indeed, of good right; for, to tell the truth, it has adorned you. But what is your proposed peroration? For I want to hear it, whatever it is.

M. Philosophers in the schools are wont to cite the decisions of the immortal gods concerning death, — decisions which are not figments of theirs, but rest on the authority of Herodotus and of not a few others. Mention may first be made of Cleobis and Bito, sons of a priestess in Argos.[1] When, as was her wont, she was to be drawn in a chariot to a solemn and stated sacrifice, it being a considerable distance from the town to the temple, and the beasts that should have drawn her not having arrived, the young men whom I have named stripped off their clothes, anointed their bodies with oil, and were yoked to the chariot. The priestess, having arrived at the temple, thus drawn by her sons, is said to

[1] This story is told by Herodotus.

have prayed to the goddess that for their piety she would give them the greatest reward that a god could bestow upon a man. The young men, having shared the feast with their mother, went to sleep, and were found dead in the morning. Trophonius and Agamedes are said to have offered a similar prayer. After they had built a temple to Apollo at Delphi, while worshipping the god, they asked of him no small reward for their care and toil, not specifying what they craved, but desiring whatever it was best for man to have. Apollo signified to them that on the third day following he would grant their request, and on the dawn of that day they were found dead. This is cited as the decision, not only of a god, but of him to whom the rest of the gods had conceded superior power of divination.

48. There is added to these narratives the story of Silenus, who, when captured by Midas, is said in recompense for his release to have taught the king that by far the best thing for man is not to be born; the next best, to die as soon as possible. This is the sentiment expressed by Euripides in his *Cresphontes:*[1] —

> "Bewailing strains befit the fated house
> Where man is born, and whence he must go forth
> To meet the varied ills of human life;
> But friends with sympathetic joy should follow
> Him who from toil and pain rests in the grave."

[1] A lost tragedy, of which Varro has preserved some fragments, and this among the rest.

There is something not unlike this in the *Consolation*[1] of Crantor; for he there says that a certain Elysius of Terina, oppressed with grief for the death of his son, went to an oracle of the dead[2] to inquire what was the cause of so great a calamity, and received on a tablet these three verses:—

> "In life men wander[3] with beclouded mind;
> By fate divine Euthynous dwells[4] in death;
> Thus was it better far for him and thee."

On this and like authority it is maintained that the case has been actually decided by the immortal gods. Alcidamas indeed, among the most distinguished of the earlier rhetoricians, wrote a treatise even in praise of death, consisting of an enumeration of the evils of human life. His book was deficient in such reasons as philosophers compile with superior skill; but in richness of diction there was no lack. The orators represent the far-famed deaths of those who have sacrificed life for their country

[1] The title of this book is Περὶ Πένθους, *On Grief.* Cicero made great use of it in his *Consolatio*, and also in the third of the *Tusculan Disputations.* Plutarch gives some extracts from it in his *Consolation to Apollonius.*

[2] These oracles were places where it was pretended that the dead were called up to hold communion with the living. The necromancy of our time has had its parallel superstition in almost every age and country. There is a very close analogy between the witch of Endor and the *medium* of the nineteenth century.

[3] Latin, *errant.*

[4] Latin, *potitur.* There is an intended contrast between the unsettled condition of the living and the permanent habitancy of the dead.

as not only glorious, but happy. They go back to Erechtheus,[1] whose daughters earnestly craved death for the life of their fellow-citizens. Then they name Codrus, who plunged into the midst of the enemy in the dress of a servant, lest he might be recognized by his royal attire, an oracle having announced that if her king were slain, Athens would conquer. They do not omit Menoeceus,[2] who, in accordance with an oracle, freely poured out his blood for his country. Iphigenia, too, at Aulis, was led to be sacrificed at her own command, that by her blood the blood of the enemy might be made to flow.

49. They come down to later time. Harmodius and Aristogiton are eulogized. Leonidas the Lacedaemonian and Epaminondas the Theban flourish in undecaying fame. The authors that I have quoted had no knowledge of our fellow-countrymen, whom it is an arduous labor to enumerate, so many are they whom we see to have made choice of death with glory. Yet although this is the case, great eloquence must be employed, and not only so, a

[1] According to one of several mutually incompatible myths, the Athenians having killed a son of Poseidon, it was demanded of them in expiation that one of the four daughters of Erechtheus, the king, should be sacrificed. One was drawn by lot, and the others fulfilled a previous agreement that if one should die, her sisters should die with her.

[2] His was a myth that seems to have been copied from that of Codrus. According to some authorities Tiresias, according to others the Delphian oracle, promised victory to the Thebans, if Menoeceus would sacrifice himself.

weight of authority as if the appeal were made from some loftier standing ground, to persuade men either to begin to prefer death, or, at the least, to cease to fear it. Now if that last day leads not to the extinction of being, but to a change of place, what is more desirable? But if it destroys and blots out being altogether, what is better than to fall asleep in the midst of the labors of life, and so, closing the eyes, to be lulled in eternal slumber? If this be so, Ennius speaks of death more wisely than Solon. Ennius says: —

> "Let no one honor me with tears, or make
> A lamentation at my funeral."

But that wise man[1] Solon writes: —

> "Let not my death lack tears. Grief to my friends
> I fain would leave, as they surround my bier."

As for ourselves, if such a thing should be that we should seem bidden by God to depart from life,[2] let us obey gladly and thankfully, considering ourselves as released from prison and lightened of our bonds, that we may either return to the eternal home which is evidently our own, or may lack all feeling and all trouble. But if we shall receive no such

[1] Solon was on the list of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, and the aim of the comparison is to bring to view the superior wisdom of Ennius, Cicero's favorite poet, who was never termed pre-eminently wise.

[2] What Cicero means to say here is, "If there should ever be justifiable reason for suicide," the liberty of which in extreme cases was claimed by the Stoics.

command, let us still be so disposed in mind that we may regard that day, so horrible to others, as fortunate for us, and may reckon among evils nothing that is appointed either by the immortal gods or by Nature, the mother of all. For we were not born and created at random and haphazard; but there was certainly some power which consulted for the well-being of the human race, and could not have produced or nourished that which, when it had filled out its term of labor, should fall in dying into eternal evil. Rather let us think that we have a port and a refuge made ready for us, whither we might well wish to be borne with full sail. Yet if we are thrown back on our course by contrary winds, we must of necessity reach our destination, though a little later. But can what is necessary for all be a source of misery to one? You have my peroration, so that you may not think that anything has been passed over or left out.

A. I am sure that nothing has been omitted, and indeed this peroration has strengthened me in my belief.

M. I rejoice that is so. Now let us give some attention to health; but to-morrow and the rest of the time that we are together here in the Tusculan villa, let us discuss subjects of this kind, and especially those which may lighten our pains, fears and desires, which is the richest fruit that philosophy can yield.

BOOK II.

ON BEARING PAIN.

1. NEOPTOLEMUS is made by Ennius in the tragedy[1] to say that he found it necessary to philosophize, but only as to a few things; for as a general pursuit it gave him no pleasure. I regard it as necessary for me to cultivate philosophy; (for what else can I do, especially now that I have no regular employment?) but not, like him, as to a few things. For in philosophy it is difficult for one to know a few things, who is not conversant with many or all.[2] Indeed, the few things can be chosen only out of many; nor yet will he who has obtained the knowledge of a few things fail to pursue what still remains unknown with like zeal. But yet in a busy career, and in a military life, as that of Neoptolemus then was, the few things are often of benefit, and bear fruit, if not as much as can be reaped from the entire range of philosophy, yet sufficient to yield us in some degree occasional relief from desire,

[1] A tragedy of which these few words are the only fragment extant.

[2] A truth for all time, — that no man can be successful as a specialist who is not possessed of a broad general culture.

or grief, or fear. Thus the discussion which I lately held in my Tusculan villa seemed to result in the entire contempt of death, which is of no little worth in freeing the soul from fear; for he who fears what cannot be avoided, cannot possibly live with a quiet mind. But he who has no fear of death, not only because one must needs die, but because there is nothing in death to be dreaded, obtains for himself great help toward a happy life. Yet I am not unaware that I shall encounter the earnest opposition of many, which I could avoid only by writing nothing at all. For if my orations, in which I meant to satisfy the judgment of the people at large, — eloquence being a popular talent, employed with a view to the approval of the hearers, — yet found some who would praise nothing which they did not feel able to imitate, who assigned to good speaking only the limit which they hoped to reach, and when overwhelmed with the affluence of thoughts and words, said that they preferred leanness and baldness to wealth of thought and richness of diction (whence sprang the so-called Attic style, which in its true sense was beyond the comprehension of those who professed to practise it, who now have become silent, having been driven by ridicule out of the very courts of justice), what can I expect, now that I cannot have in the least degree the countenance and sympathy of the people, which I was formerly wont to have? For philosophy is content with the judgment of the

few, purposely shunning the multitude, by which it is in its turn both suspected and hated, — so that if one wishes to cast reproach on philosophy as a whole, he can do so with the approval of the people; while if he attempts to assail the philosophical doctrines which I specially advocate, he can derive great assistance from the teachings of other schools of philosophy.

2. But I have answered those who heap contumely on all philosophy, in my Hortensius;[1] while I think that in my four Books of Academics[2] I have drawn out at sufficient length what ought to be said in behalf of the philosophy of the Academy. Yet I am so far from not wishing to be written against, that I very greatly prefer it; for philosophy would never have attained such honor in Greece, unless it had flourished by means of the controversies and disputes of the most learned men. I therefore urge all who can do so to wrest superior merit in this department from Greece, now in her decline, and to make it the property of our own city, as our ancestors by their zeal and industry transferred hither all the other arts that were desirable. Thus while the glory of our orators, raised from the lowest point, has reached the summit whence — as is the law of nature as to almost everything — it must lapse into senile decay and

[1] *De Philosophia*, — a lost work.

[2] An exposition of the philosophy of the New Academy, extant only in part.

shortly come to nought, let philosophy in its Latin garb have its birth at this very time; and let us give it our aid, and suffer ourselves to be argued against and refuted. This, to be sure, is borne reluctantly by those who are, so to speak, devoted and consecrated to certain fixed and determinate opinions, and bound by a necessity which compels them for consistency's sake to defend what they do not heartily approve. On the other hand, we who seek the probable,[1] and assert of no proposition anything more than its truthlikeness in our own view, are ready to refute without obstinacy, and to be refuted without anger. But if these studies shall be transferred to our people, we shall no longer need the Greek libraries,[2] in which there is an infinite number of books, on account of the multitude of writers; for the same things are said over and over again by many writers, so that their books are crammed with repetitions. This indeed will be the case with our people, if many shall crowd into these studies. But if we can, let us rouse those who are liberally educated to philosophize with reason and method, and at the same time to consult elegance of diction in their discussions.

3. There is, indeed, a certain class of men who

[1] It will be remembered that the disciples of the New Academy, to which Cicero professed adherence, denied the possibility of attaining absolute truth, or certitude.

[2] When their place shall be supplied by Latin writers.

want to be called philosophers,[1] who are said to have written many Latin books, which I do not despise, because I have never read them; but inasmuch as their authors profess to write with neither precision, nor system, nor elegance, nor ornament, I omit reading what can give me no pleasure. For no moderately learned man is ignorant of what those of that school say and think. If then they take no pains as to the way of saying it, I do not understand why they should be read, unless so far as those of the same opinions read one another. As, while all, even those who do not agree with them, or care very little about their opinions, read Plato and the rest of the Socratic school and their successors, none but their own disciples ever take up a book of Epicurus or Metrodorus, so these Latin writers are read only by those who are in harmony with them. But to me it seems fitting that whatever is committed to writing should be prepared with a view to its being read by all men of learning; and even if one cannot fully reach this end, I feel that it should none the less be aimed at. I therefore have always been pleased with the custom of the Peripatetic and Academic philosophers, that of discussing both sides of every question, not merely because there is no other way of ascertain-

[1] Cicero here undoubtedly refers to Amafanius and other Epicureans, who were the earliest writers on philosophy in the Latin tongue, none of whose writings are preserved, so as to verify or falsify Cicero's estimate of their value.

ing what is probable, but because this method furnishes the best exercise for speaking, the opportunity for which was first made availing by Aristotle,[1] and then by those who followed him. Within my memory Philo, whom I often heard, used to make an arrangement at certain times to teach rhetoric, at other times philosophy. I have been induced by my friends to adopt this method for the time that we have spent together at Tusculum. Thus, having given the forenoon to speaking, as we did on the previous day, in the afternoon we went down into the Academy,[2] in which I will give you our discussion, not in a narrative form, but, as nearly as possible, in the very words employed on either side.

4. Our conversation was thus held while we were walking, and began somewhat in this way.

A. It is impossible to say how much I was delighted, or rather helped, by your yesterday's discussion; for though I am conscious of never having been over-desirous of life, yet I sometimes felt a certain dread and pain in the thought that there must at one day be an end of its light and a loss of all its comforts. Believe me, I am so entirely freed from trouble of this kind, that there is nothing that now seems to me less worth my care.

[1] In his public lectures.

[2] Cicero had in his Tusculan villa an apartment which he called *Academia*, devoted entirely to philosophical lectures and discussions.

M. This is by no means wonderful; for such is the work of philosophy. It cures souls, draws off vain anxieties, confers freedom from desires, drives away fears. But this efficacy which belongs to it is not equally availing with all; it accomplishes the most when it takes hold of a congenial nature. Not only does Fortune, as the old proverb says, help the brave; Reason does so still more, by certain of her precepts, so to speak, intensifying the force of that which is already brave. Nature, forsooth, made you aspiring, and lofty of spirit, and disposed to look down on human fortunes, and thus a discourse aimed against the fear of death found its easy lodgment in so brave a soul. But do you suppose that these same considerations would be of avail, save in exceedingly few cases, with the very men who have thought them out, and reasoned about them, and committed them to writing? How few philosophers are to be found who are such in character, so ordered in soul and in life, as reason demands; who regard their teaching not as a display of knowledge, but as the rule of life; who obey themselves, and submit to their own decrees! You see some of them so frivolous and boastful that it were better if they had remained unlearned, some greedy of money, some of fame, some the slaves of lust, so that there is an amazing contrast between their teaching and their living, which indeed seems to me in the lowest degree disgraceful. For as when one who professes to be a grammarian talks

inelegantly, or when one who wants to be considered as a musician sings out of time and tune,[1] he disgraces himself all the more for his failure in that in which he pretends to be a proficient, so the philosopher who is faulty in his manner of living is worthy of the greater infamy, because he fails in duty of which he desires to be a teacher, and while professing the art of true living, is delinquent in the practice of that art.

5. *A.* If what you say is true, is there not fear that you may be decking philosophy with a glory that does not belong to it? For what stronger proof can there be of its uselessness than that some accomplished philosophers lead disgraceful lives?

M. It is no proof at all; for as all cultivated fields are not harvest-yielding, and as there is no truth in what Attius says,—

> "Though seed be sown on unpropitious soil,
> It springs and ripens by its innate virtue,"[2]

so all cultivated minds do not bear fruit. To continue the figure: as a field, though fertile, cannot yield a harvest without cultivation, no more can the mind without learning; thus each is feeble without the other. But philosophy is the culture of the soul. It draws out vices by the root, prepares the mind to receive seed, and commits to it, and, so to speak, sows in it what, when grown, may bear the most abundant fruit. Let us go on then

[1] Latin, *absurde.*

[2] From the *Atreus* of Attius.

as we began. Name, if you please, the subject which you wish to hear discussed.

A. I think pain the greatest of all evils.

M. Greater than disgrace?

A. That indeed I dare not affirm; and yet I am ashamed to be so soon thrown down from my position.

M. It would have been a greater shame to have maintained it; for what is more unworthy than that anything should seem to you worse than disgrace, crime, baseness? To escape these what pain should be not only not shunned, but voluntarily sought, endured, welcomed?

A. So I am now inclined to think. But if pain be not indeed the greatest evil, it is certainly an evil.

M. Do you not see then how much of the fearfulness of pain you have thrown aside on account of the few words that I have spoken?

A. I see it plainly; but I want more.

M. I will attempt to give you more; but I need on your part a mind not unwilling.

A. That you shall have indeed; for as I did yesterday, I will now follow Reason whithersoever she shall lead me.

6. *M.* First then I will speak of the weakness of many philosophers of various schools, of whom the foremost both in authority and in antiquity, Aristippus, the disciple of Socrates,[1] did not hesitate to

[1] His disciple, but not his follower. He was a luxurious liver,

call pain the greatest of evils. Then to this nerveless and womanish opinion Epicurus offered himself a ready disciple. After him Hieronymus of Rhodes said that the supreme good implies exemption from pain, so much of evil did he regard as being included in pain. Others, with the exception of Zeno, Aristo and Pyrrho, have taken nearly the same ground with you, that pain is indeed an evil, but that there are other things that are worse. Is it then true, that Philosophy, the mistress of life, persists for so many ages in maintaining what Nature herself and a certain generous feeling of the virtuous mind so loathe and spurn,[1] that you could not regard pain as the greatest evil, but were driven from that opinion the moment that the alternative of pain or disgrace was presented? What duty, what merit, what honor can be so great that he who shall have persuaded himself that pain is the greatest evil, will incur bodily pain for its sake? Then again, what ignominy, what degradation will not one endure to escape pain, if he shall have determined pain to be the greatest of evils? Still farther, who is there that is not miserable, not only in the future when he shall be weighed down by the utmost severity of

and probably illustrated in his practice the ethical doctrine, so far as we know first promulgated by him, that actions are morally indifferent; having no characteristics of their own as good or evil, but deriving their character solely from their consequences.

[1] Latin, *respuit*, literally, *spits out.*

pain, if he thinks it the greatest of evils, but even in the mere knowledge that such may be his lot? And who is there to whom this may not happen? With this possibility no person whatsoever can be happy. Metrodorus, indeed, thinks him perfectly happy whose body is in a good condition, and who is sure that it will always be so. But who is there that can be sure of this?

7. But Epicurus says what seems to have been designed to provoke laughter; for in one place he says, "If a wise man is burned or put to torture"—you expect him to add, it may be, "He will endure it, he will bear it to the end, he will not yield to it," which, by Hercules, would be a great merit, and worthy of the very Hercules by whom I swear; but for Epicurus, rough and hard man as he is, this is not enough;—"If he shall be in the bull of Phalaris, he will say, How sweet this is! How utterly indifferent to me!" Sweet, forsooth? Is it too little for one not to find it bitter? But the very persons who deny that pain is an evil are not wont to say that it is sweet for any one to be tortured. They say that it is vexatious, hard to bear, annoying, contrary to nature, yet not an evil. Meanwhile he who calls pain the only evil and the extreme of all evils, thinks that a wise man will call it sweet. I do not ask of you that you should define pain by the same terms by which Epicurus, a voluptuary, as you know, designates pleasure. He indeed would have said the same things in the

bull of Phalaris which he would have said in bed. I do not ascribe to wisdom such power against pain. That one be brave in enduring it, is enough for duty; I do not ask that he should rejoice in it. It is doubtless a sad thing, vexatious, bitter, hostile to nature, difficult to be borne and endured. Look at Philoctetes. We must grant him the liberty of groaning; for he has heard Hercules himself howling on Mount Oeta in the greatness of his sufferings. The arrows which Hercules gave him, therefore, afford him no comfort when

> "From viper's bite the veins imbued with poison
> Throb in the entrails with intensest torture;"

and so he cries, craving help, and longing to die,

> "Oh who will hurl me from the lofty cliff
> Into the waves that dash against its base?
> I perish even now; the burning wound
> Consumes my soul in hopeless agony." [1]

It seems hard to say that he who is forced to utter such cries is not suffering evil, and indeed great evil.

8. But let us look at Hercules when broken down by pain, while by death itself he was seeking

[1] These verses are from the tragedy of *Philoctetes*, by Attius. Homer simply says that Philoctetes, on his way to Troy, was left by his followers on the Island of Lemnos because he was wounded in his foot and disabled by the bite of a snake, and afterward returned in safety. He was a celebrated archer; hence the myth of the arrows given to him by Hercules. He was a frequent subject of tragedy, and the snake-bite, its occasion and its issue, form the subject of a great diversity of mutually irreconcilable myths.

immortality.[1] What are the words which Sophocles puts into his lips in the *Trachiniae?* When Dejanira had put upon him the garment that had been dipped in the Centaur's blood, and it stuck to his entrails, he says: —

"What woes unspeakable and past endurance
Have racked my body and my soul tormented!
Not Juno's wrath[2] nor vengeful Eurystheus
Could heap such tortures on my suffering frame
As Oeneus' mad daughter[3] piles upon me.
She snared me with the fury-woven shirt,
Which, cleaving to my side, my entrails tears,
Draws panting breath from palpitating lungs,
And from my burning veins sucks out the blood.
My body putrifies in noisome gore,
And in this textile plague fast bound, I perish.
No hand of enemy, nor earth-born giant,
Nor bi-formed Centaur with impetuous rush,
By spear or battle-axe has laid me low;
Nor Grecian force; nor savage cruelty,
Nor the fierce races among which I journeyed,
To give them laws, and teach them arts humane, —
A man, by woman's hand I meanly die.

9. "My son,[4] of thy true fatherhood give proof,
Nor let a mother's love make void my prayer.

[1] The myth is that he built his own funeral pile, ascended it, and obtained the services of a shepherd who was passing by to light it.

[2] She was angry with him from, or rather before, his birth, because Zeus was his father; and the story is that in his juvenile assault on the gods, he wounded Hera (or Juno), and thus made her wrath implacable.

[3] Dejanira.

[4] Hyllus, his eldest son by Dejanira, whom Sophocles, in accordance with the mythical narrative, makes present at his father's death, or rather, translation to heaven from the funeral pile.

With pious hands bring her for my revenge, —
Thus show if she or I prevail with thee.
Behold, my son, have pity on thy father.
Nations shall mourn my fate, that he who quailed not
Before the direst forms of mortal ill
Now like a hapless maiden weeps forlorn, —
Valor till now unconquered, nerveless, powerless.
Come, son, stand by. Thy father's wretched body
See torn and disembowelled. Look ye all.
And thou, the father of the host of heaven,
Launch upon me thy flaming thunderbolt.
Now creeps the hidden fire through all my bones;
Now writhe my limbs in agony. Oh hands,
Oh brawny breast, oh arms that never
Of victory failed, strangled in your embrace
The lion of Nemea ceased to breathe;
By this right hand the Lernean hydra fell;
To this the Centaur host succumbed in battle;
This laid in dust the Erymanthian boar;
This from Tartarean darkness dragged to light
The triple-headed dog that guards its portal;
This slew the unslumbering dragon by the tree
Where hung the golden apples. Other deeds
Unnumbered bear the record of my prowess,
Nor was a trophy ever taken from me."

Can we despise pain, when we see even Hercules suffering so impatiently?

10. Let us now listen to Aeschylus, who was not only a poet, but, as we are told, a disciple of Pythagoras. How does he make Prometheus bear the pain inflicted on him for his theft at Lemnos,

"Whence fire was first dispensed for mortal use?
Prometheus stole it from the forge of Vulcan,
And for his craft, by the decree of Jove,
He paid in full the grievous penalty."[1]

[1] These verses are from the *Philoctetes* of Attius.

Under this sentence, nailed to Caucasus, he says,[1] —

"Oh heaven-born Titans, partners of my blood,
Behold your brother bound to flinty rocks.
As timid sailors fasten ships by night
With line and anchor when the waves dash high,
So has the son of Saturn nailed me here
By iron-working Vulcan's power and skill.
These spikes with cruel cunning he has driven
Through flesh and bone into the beetling cliff;
And in this camp of Furies I must dwell.
Each third day, as it dawns, with fateful wing
Jove's carrion bird fastens his talons on me,
And fiercely feeds upon my quivering entrails;
Then with my liver crammed and satiate,
With hideous shriek he takes his flight on high,
And brushes with his tail my trickling blood.
Then as my liver grows he comes again,
And fills and stuffs anew his hateful maw.
Thus feed I still this keeper of my prison,
Whose gluttony is my unceasing woe;
For, as you see, in adamantine bonds,
I cannot drive the foul bird from my breast.
So on this lonely crag I bear my torment,
Praying for death to close my term of ill.
But far from death the will of Jove repels me.
This ancient doom, through centuries of horror,
Has held me in its grasp since first the snow,
Thawed by the sun-heat on the mountain's summit,
Coursed down the rugged sides of Caucasus."

It seems hardly possible not to call such a sufferer

[1] These verses are not found in the *Prometheus Vinctus*, which was the first of a trilogy, or series of three tragedies, of which the second and third are lost. The second was entitled Προμηθεὺς Λυόμενος, i. e. *Prometheus loosed* or *unbound*; and the verses here quoted would have been entirely in place in one of its opening scenes.

miserable; and if we call him miserable, we must admit that pain is an evil.

11. *A.* You are thus far on my side; but by and by I shall know what you have in mind. Meanwhile, whence came these verses?[1] for I do not recognize them.

M. I will tell you, by Hercules; for you are in the right in asking. Do you not see that I have ample leisure?[2]

A. What then?

M. When you were in Athens, you frequented, I think, the schools of the philosophers.

A. I did, and very gladly.

M. Did you not notice that, though none of them then were very fluent speakers, yet they always quoted poetry in their lectures?

A. Yes, and especially Dionysius the Stoic.

M. You are right. But he repeated verses by rote, as if they were dictated by some one else, with neither appropriateness nor elegance. On the other hand, my friend Philo used to quote a fitting number of choice poetical passages, and always to the point. In like manner, since I adopted this style

[1] Cicero had said that they were from Aeschylus; but his interlocutor is made to express his admiration for their perfectness as a specimen of Latin poetry. He virtually asks: "Where did you find so excellent a Latin translation?" To which Cicero replies: "(By Hercules) I do not wonder that you ask; I made it myself."

[2] Since I have given up my practice in the courts, and no longer take an active part in the proceedings of the Senate.

of senile declamation, as one might call it, I am fond of making such use of our native poets; and when they have failed me, I have often translated from the Greek, so that I might not be forced in discussions of this sort to employ directly any other than our own Latin tongue.[1] But do you not see what mischief the poets are doing? They introduce the bravest men as indulging in lamentation. They make our souls effeminate. Then, too, their strains are so sweet, that, not content with reading them, we even commit them to memory. Thus the poets have enhanced the influence of our bad domestic discipline and our easy and luxurious modes of living, so as to enfeeble all the nerves of courage. Poets were therefore rightly excluded by Plato from his ideal commonwealth, since he required there the highest type of morals and the best condition of public affairs. But we, deriving our instruction from Greece, read and learn these poems even from boyhood; and this we account as liberal learning and culture.

12. But why are we angry with the poets? Philosophers, masters of virtue, have been found ready

[1] In the *De Officiis* (I. § 31) Cicero ridicules those "who are perpetually foisting in Greek words," and his own habit is to adhere to the Latin always, except when some single term or phrase either is needed because it has no Latin equivalent, or specially craves interpretation. Unless it be in some of his familiar letters, he never quotes a passage from a Greek author in the way in which pedantic writers and speakers of our own time interlard their English with Latin quotations.

to call pain the greatest of evils. But you, young man, immediately after expressing yourself thus, when I asked you whether pain is a greater evil than disgrace, receded from your opinion at a word. I put the same question to Epicurus, and he will say that a moderate degree of pain is a greater evil than the greatest disgrace, inasmuch as there is no evil in disgrace, unless it be followed by pain. What pain then follows Epicurus for making this very assertion that pain is the greatest of evils, for which I can look for nothing more deeply disgraceful from a philosopher? You therefore conceded enough for me when you replied that disgrace seemed to you a greater evil than pain; for if you hold fast to this opinion, you will understand how pain is to be resisted, nor is it so important a question whether pain is an evil, as how the soul may be strengthened to bear it. The Stoics give paltry reasons why pain is not an evil, as if the question were one about a term, not about the thing itself. Why do you deceive me, Zeno? For I am taken in by you when you deny that what seems to be the object of intensest dread is in any degree an evil; and I want to know how it is that what I regard as the extreme of misery is not an evil in any wise. "Nothing," says he, "is evil except what is base and vicious." But I reply, You return to empty words; for you do not take away the cause of my uneasiness. I know that wickedness and pain are not the same thing. Cease to insist on this; but

teach me that it makes no difference to me whether I have pain or do not have it. "This," he replies, "has no bearing on the happiness of life, which depends on virtue alone; yet still pain is to be shunned." Why? "It is annoying, contrary to nature, difficult to bear, sad, hard."[1]

13. Here we have a multitude of words in which we may express in many different ways what we all designate by the one word, "evil." You barely define, you do not remove pain when you call it annoying, contrary to nature, difficult to be borne or tolerated. You tell the truth indeed; but while you teach that there is nothing good save what is right, nothing evil save what is wrong, one who makes such boast in words ought not to succumb in his conduct. He who thus yields barely wishes that his words were true instead of teaching that they are true.[2] But it is better and more true to class all things which Nature spurns as evils, all things which she approves, as among the goods. This established, and verbal disputes laid aside, that which those philosophers[3] fitly embrace, that which we call honorable, right, becoming, and which we

[1] Some of the Stoic moralists get over, or creep round, the difficulty here presented, by maintaining that though as to happiness the goods of life are indifferent, their possession and the absence of pain and of physical evil enable a man to be more efficiently virtuous. They therefore recognize a secondary order of goods and evils.

[2] Which can be effectively taught only by example.

[3] Latin, *isti*, evidently referring to the Stoics.

sometimes include under the general name of virtue, has such paramount excellence that all things beside which are regarded as goods of the body and of fortune seem very small and paltry, nor is any evil, nor are all evils, were they brought together and massed on one spot, to be compared with the evil of disgrace. Therefore if, as you admitted at the outset, disgrace is worse than pain, pain is evidently nothing. For so long as it shall seem to you disgraceful and unworthy of a man to groan, to wail, to lament, to be broken down, to be unnerved by pain; so long as the right, dignity, honor shall be present, and you, looking steadfastly on them, shall retain your self-possession, — pain will certainly yield to virtue, and will become enfeebled by your resoluteness of soul. Indeed, either there is no such thing as virtue, or all pain is to be held in contempt. Will you put on the list of virtues prudence, without which no virtue can be even imagined? What then? Will that suffer you to do anything by which you effect no purpose, and give yourself trouble in vain?[1] Or will temperance suffer you to do anything to excess? Or can justice be held in reverence by a man whom the power of pain can force to declare what has been told him in confidence, to betray those whose secrets are in his keeping, or to leave unperformed duties incumbent on him? How will you give account of yourself to courage and its associate

[1] To indulge in *fruitless* lamentation.

virtues, magnanimity, seriousness of purpose, patience, contempt for the vicissitudes of human fortune? While you are beaten down, and prostrate, and wailing with cries of lamentation, will any one say to you, "Oh, brave man"? Indeed, were you in that condition, no one would call you even a man. Courage then must be parted with, or pain must be buried.

14. Were you to lose one of your Corinthian vases,[1] you might have the rest of your furniture safe; but do you not know that if you shall have lost one virtue (although virtue cannot be lost), or I would rather say, if you must confess that you lack one virtue, you will have no virtue at all? Can you then call that Philoctetes in the play (for I would rather take an example other than yourself) a brave man, or a man of great soul, or patient, or of a substantial character, or in a position to despise human fortunes? Certainly he is not brave who lies on

> "A couch bedewed with tears, from which resound
> Unceasing tones of querulous complaint,
> Groans, sobs, and howls of bitter agony."[2]

I do not deny that pain is pain; else where were the need of fortitude? But I do say that pain is subdued by patience, if patience be a real quality;

[1] Latin, *tuis Corinthiis*, probably referring to vases or similar articles of Corinthian bronze, which were exceptionally costly and precious.

[2] Undoubtedly from the tragedy of *Philoctetes* by Attius.

and if it be not, why do we lavish praises on philosophy? Or what is there to boast of in its name? Pain pricks; let it even pierce deep. If you are without defence, offer your throat to its assault. But if you are shielded by the Vulcanian armor of courage, resist; for unless as a keeper of your own dignity you make such resistance, courage will leave and desert you. The laws of the Cretans indeed, enacted, as the poets say, either by Jupiter, or by Minos under Jupiter's inspiration, and the laws of Lycurgus also, train youth by laborious exercises, by hunting, by running, by enduring hunger and thirst, cold and heat. The Spartan boys under these laws are so scourged at the altar as to occasion copious internal bleeding, and sometimes, as I heard when I was at Sparta, are whipped to death;[1] yet not one of them ever cried out, or groaned. What then? Are boys capable of this, and shall not men be? Still farther, does custom have such force, and shall not reason be of equal avail?

15. There is some difference between labor and pain. They are near kindred, but yet not altogether alike. Labor is a certain function of either body or mind, of somewhat grave amount and importance;

[1] The use of the present tense here refers to things that normally take place under the laws, not to the condition of things in Cicero's own time, when those laws had long been obsolete. The idiom is the same as if I were to say, "Under the Roman law the son has no rights of property in the lifetime of his father."

while pain is a rude disturbance in the body, disagreeable to the senses. These two things the Greeks, whose language is more copious than ours, call by one name.[1] Thus they call industrious men not only busy, but painstaking;[2] we more fitly term them laborious. For labor is one thing; pain another. Oh Greece, sometimes poor in words, in which you always regard yourself as abounding! It is, I say, one thing to be in pain; another to labor. When Caius Marius had his varicose veins lanced, he was in pain; when he led his army in a time of intense heat, he labored. Yet there is a certain likeness between the two; for the habit of labor makes the endurance of pain the easier. Therefore those who gave Greece her republican institutions provided that the bodies of young men should be strengthened by labor. The Spartans transferred this same discipline to the women, who in other cities are hidden within the walls of their houses and are accustomed to the most delicate modes of living. The Lacedaemonians determined that there should be nothing of this kind —

[1] *πόνος*. There is really no lack of words to denote pain in the Greek. It may be sufficient to designate the familiar terms *ἄλγος* and *ὀδύνη*.

[2] *φιλοπόνος*, which means both *pain-loving* and *labor-loving*. The words in the text are *amantes doloris*, which I have rendered *painstaking*, simply because *pain-loving* is not an English term; while *painstaking* is a term closely corresponding to the Greek idiom under discussion.

> "Among the Spartan virgins, who delight
> In swimming, wrestling, toil, and dust, and sun,
> More than in gentler cares of motherhood." [1]

In these toilsome exercises pain sometimes intervenes. They are pushed, struck, thrown down; they have heavy falls; and labor itself produces a certain insensibility to pain.

16. As to military service — our own I mean, not that of the Spartans, whose cohorts [2] move to the sound of the flute, and receive no order except in anapaests — we see, in the first place, whence our armies derive their name,[3] and then, what labor and how great is that of the troops on their march, as they carry more than half a month's food, and carry too whatever they need for use, and carry, beside, each a stake for a palisade. For our soldiers no longer reckon shield, sword and helmet as burdens. They say that the implements of a soldier's armor are his limbs, which indeed they carry so

[1] These verses are probably from the *Meleager* of Attius. The last words in the passage are *fertilitas barbarica*, which some commentators regard as denoting the rude abundance of barbarism. I am inclined to think, however, that the reference is to such large families as are ascribed in legend to Danaus, Priam and other mythical personages of barbaric times and lands.

[2] Latin, *mora*, which, if taken as a Latin word, would mean that the Spartans move (or moved) slowly, lingeringly, which does not accord with traditions concerning them. I suppose *mora* here to be μόρα, the Greek name for a division of the Spartan army, written in Latin letters.

[3] *Exercitus*, from *exercere*, to *exercise*. This name is played upon throughout the section, as I have indicated by using *exercise*, etc., where I else might have rather employed *train* or *untrained*.

adroitly that, if need be, throwing aside their burdens, they can fight with weapons as freely as if they were limbs. How much labor is there in the exercise of the legions! How much in their running, in their forming in battle array, in their shouts! By all this their minds are prepared for wounds in battle. Bring forward an unexercised soldier of equal spirit, he will seem a mere woman. Why is there so much difference as we have found between a new and an old army? The age of the new recruits is greatly in their favor; but it is habit that teaches the soldier to bear labor and to think lightly of a wound. We indeed often see the wounded carried out of the ranks, and the new and unexercised soldier, though but slightly hurt, moans most shamefully; while he who has been exercised, and has grown old in the service, and for that very reason is the more brave, only asks for one who has skill enough[1] to apply a bandage, as Eurypylus in the play[2] says,

> "Oh Patroclus, I come to ask your aid
> Before the hostile weapon lays me low.
> Unless your greater skill suffice to stanch

[1] Latin, *medicum;* but the word cannot here denote a professional physician or surgeon, as Eurypylus, who is adduced as illustrating the disposition of a brave man wounded, says that he cannot get access to a physician.

[2] Probably the *Achilles* of Ennius. The scene is that in the 11th Book of the *Iliad*, when Patroclus, having been sent by Achilles to make certain inquiries in the Grecian camp, on his return finds Eurypylus wounded.

> The flowing blood, my life must be the forfeit;
> For wounded men so crowd upon the surgeons
> That I can find no entrance to their porch."

Patroclus replies: —

> "Eurypylus indeed, — a man well exercised,"[1]

where so much continuous suffering is endured.

17. See now how little there is that looks like weeping in his answer, — how he even adduces a reason why he should bear his fate with equanimity, —

> "The man who wields the implements of death,
> Should marvel not if they are turned against him."

Patroclus will, I suppose, lead him away, to put him to bed, and to bind up his wounds, if indeed he has the feelings of a man.[2] But in the play I see in him only the soldier and the patriot; for he proceeds to ask the wounded man the fortunes of the day: —

> "Say, do the Greeks sustain themselves in battle?"

Eurypylus replies: —

> "Words have no power to tell the deeds of might
> In which I bore my part till I was wounded.
> But cease to question me. — Bind up my wounds."

Yet though Eurypylus bears his sufferings patiently,

[1] Latin, *hominem exercitum.*

[2] Latin, *si quidem homo esset*, which might be rendered, "If he were indeed a real (and not a merely mythical) character." Cicero often speaks of personages in the semi-fabulous days of Grecian history as probably having never existed.

Aesopus[1] in taking this part on the stage could not; but he uttered as one in pain,

> "When Hector's fortune seemed in the ascendant,
> And hardly pressed upon our yielding force,"

and the narrative that follows. Thus beyond measure is the passion for military glory in a brave man. Shall then the old soldier have this power of endurance, and shall a learned and wise man lack it? He indeed can bear pain better, and not a little better. But I am at present speaking only of habit as formed by exercise, not yet of reason and wisdom. Old women will often bear the lack of food for two or three days. But take food from an athlete for a single day, he will implore the very Olympian Jupiter for whose honor[2] he is in training, and will cry that he cannot bear it.[3] Great is the power of habit. Hunters pass the night in the snow, and suffer themselves to be scorched by heat on the mountains. Then again, boxers utter no groan when bruised by the caestus. What shall we say of those to whom victory in the Olympic games seems as great an honor as our consulate used to be? Gladiators too, who are either abandoned men or barbarians, — what do they endure! How much rather will those who have been well

[1] One of the great tragic actors of the time, and Cicero's friend. He is referred to in the *De Officiis*, I. § 31.

[2] In the Olympic games.

[3] The gluttony of trained and professional athletes was proverbial.

trained receive a wound than avoid it by any show of cowardice! How often do they seem to have no desire except to satisfy their masters or the people! When prostrate with wounds, they send to their masters to learn their pleasure. Unless their masters are satisfied, they are ready to lie down to die. What gladiator of moderate reputation ever groaned, or lost countenance, or showed himself a coward, as he stood in combat, or even as he lay down to die? Or what one of them, when he had lain down and was ordered to receive the fatal stroke, ever drew his neck back? So much can exercise, thought and habit avail. Shall then

"A vulgar Samnite worthy of his calling"[1]

have this power of endurance, and shall one born for glory have any part of his mind so effeminate that he cannot make it strong by reflection and reason? The gladiatorial spectacle is wont to be regarded by some as cruel and inhuman, and I know not whether, as it is now managed, it may not be so. But when criminals fought in the arena,[2] if there may have been for the ear, there was not for the eye, any stronger discipline for the endurance of pain and death.

[1] A verse from Lucilius. The Samnites furnished Rome with many gladiators.

[2] I find no record of a time when condemned criminals were the only gladiators; but criminals were condemned to fight as gladiators, sometimes with a year's postponement of the direct execution of the capital sentence, sometimes with a provision for their release if they remained alive at the end of three years.

18. I have spoken of exercise, of habit, and of the mental self-possession resulting from it. Let us now consider reason, unless you have any reply to make to what I have said.

A. To interrupt you? I should be unwilling to do so; for what you have said commands my belief.

M. Let us then leave the question whether pain is or is not an evil to the Stoics, who by subtleties and paltry word-play which cannot reach the understanding attempt to arrive at the conclusion that pain is not an evil. Whatever it may be, I do not think that it is as much as it seems, and I maintain that men are moved far more than is due by its false appearance and representation, and that all the pain that actually falls to their lot is endurable. Where then shall I commence? Shall I touch briefly on what I have already said, that my discourse may be the more easily continued? This then is established among all, equally the learned and the unlearned, that it is the part of brave and large-minded men, of those who are self-possessed and have risen above human vicissitudes, to endure pain without yielding to it; nor was there ever any one who did not think the man who thus suffered worthy of praise. Is it not then disgraceful either to fear the approach or not to bear the presence of an endurance which is both demanded of the brave and praised when it is exhibited? Consider too, since all right affections of mind are termed virtues,

whether, instead of this being the proper name of them all, they did not rather take their name from that which alone excels all the rest. Virtue is derived from the word which designates a man,[1] and the most characteristic property of a man is courage, of which the two greatest functions are the contempt of pain and the contempt of death. These then must be exercised, if we mean to be possessed of virtue, or rather, if we mean to be men; since it is from men that virtue has derived its name. You will perhaps ask how this virtue is to be obtained, and rightly; for philosophy proposes to furnish the requisite prescription.

19. Epicurus presents himself, — by no means a bad man, or I should rather say, a very good man. He gives advice to the extent of his knowledge. He says, "Take no notice of pain." Who is it that says so? The same man who accounts pain the greatest of evils. He is scarcely consistent here. Let us hear him further. "If the pain be extreme, it must necessarily be brief." Repeat this to me; for I do not sufficiently understand what you call "extreme," or what you call "brief." "'Extreme' is that than which there can be nothing greater; 'brief,' that than which there can be nothing shorter. I despise the severity of any pain from which its brief duration will deliver me almost

[1] From *vir*, which denotes a man endowed with all manly attributes, while *homo* is a generic term embracing all men, whether manly or not.

before it comes upon me." But what if the pain is as great as that of Philoctetes?[1] "His pain seems to me very great indeed, but not extreme. Nothing but his foot pains him. His eyes are capable of pain; so are his head, his sides, his lungs. So is every part of his body. He is then very far from extreme pain. Therefore," says he, "long-continued pain is attended with more pleasure than trouble." Now I cannot say that such a man is wholly destitute of wisdom; but I think that he is making sport of us. I maintain that extreme pain (and so I call it even though there be other pain that is ten atoms greater) is not necessarily brief; and I can name not a few good men who have been tormented for many years with the acutest pain from gout. But this careful man never defines the measure of either severity or duration, so as to enable me to know what is extreme in pain, what is short in time. Let us then leave him aside as saying nothing to the purpose; and let us force him to acknowledge that the remedies of pain are not to be sought from one who regards pain as the greatest of all evils, although he may show himself somewhat brave in enduring dysentery and strangury.[2] We must therefore seek our remedy elsewhere, and chiefly indeed, if we desire consistency,

[1] See § 7, note.

[2] Epicurus suffered severely for many years from bodily infirmity and disease, which he bore not only submissively, but cheerfully. The man was far better than his philosophy.

from those to whom the right seems the supreme good, the wrong the greatest of evils.[1] In their presence you certainly will not dare to groan and to toss yourself restlessly; for Virtue herself will talk with you through their voice.

20. "When you have seen boys at Lacedaemon, youths at Olympia, barbarians in the arena, receiving the heaviest blows and bearing them in silence, will you, if any pain happens to give you a twinge, cry out like a woman? Will you not bear it with a composed and quiet mind?"—"It is impossible; it is more than nature can endure."—"I hear. Boys bear pain, led by the hope of fame; others bear it from shame; many for fear;[2] and yet do we apprehend that Nature cannot endure what is fully borne by so many and in so many situations? Indeed, she not only bears it, but even demands it; for she has nothing more excellent, nothing which she more earnestly craves than honor, than merit, than dignity, than gracefulness of character. By these several names I mean to express one thing; but I use them all that I may put into my words the fullest significance possible. I want to say that by far the best thing for a man is that which is to be chosen for its own sake, that which proceeds from virtue or resides in virtue, which is

[1] The Stoics, whose founder, with a philosophy that ought to have been a tonic, committed suicide to escape the growing infirmities of age.

[2] For fear of ridicule.

praiseworthy in its very essence, which indeed I would rather call the 'only good' than not term it the 'supreme good.'[1] Moreover, as these things are true concerning the right, their opposite is true concerning the wrong. There is nothing so foul, nothing so detestable, nothing more unworthy of a man." If you believe this — and you said at the outset that there seemed to you to be more evil in disgrace than in pain — it remains that you exercise command over yourself, though I hardly know how to say this, implying as it does that we are two, one commanding, the other obeying.

21. Yet there is scientific truth in this form of speech; for the soul is divided into two parts, of which one possesses reason, the other lacks it. When therefore we are commanded to govern ourselves, the precept implies that reason should restrain impulse. There is naturally in the soul of almost every man something soft, low, earthy, in a certain degree nerveless and feeble. But reason is at hand, mistress and queen of all, which by its own force striving and advancing upward, becomes perfect virtue. A man must take care that this have under its command that part of the soul which ought to obey. Do you ask how? Either as a master commands his servant, or as the general his soldier, or as a father his son. If that part

[1] The rigid Stoics termed virtue the "only good;" the Peripatetics, and the disciples of the New Academy, who accepted their ethical philosophy, called it the "supreme good."

of the soul which I have called "soft" shall conduct itself most disgracefully; if it shall surrender itself effeminately to lamentation and tears, — let it be bound and constrained by the guardianship of friends and kindred; for we often see those who could not be conquered by reason subdued by shame. Such persons must then, like slaves, be kept in bonds and under custody. But those who are more firm, yet not of the most hardy type, ought to be admonished, as good soldiers recalled to the ranks, to maintain their dignity. That wisest of the Greeks, in the *Niptra*,[1] when wounded, laments not excessively, but rather moderately, when he says, —

> "Move with slow step and at an even pace,
> Lest, as you bear me, by a sudden shock
> My rankling wound may give severer pain."

Pacuvius is here to be preferred to Sophocles, who makes Ulysses lament very tearfully over his wound. Yet according to Pacuvius, when he gives even slight tokens of suffering, those who are carrying the wounded man, considering his weight of character, do not hesitate to say, —

> "You too, Ulysses, though severely wounded,
> Yet show more tokens of a feeble soul
> Than fit the soldier well inured to peril
> By land and sea, in arms, of old renown."

[1] A lost tragedy of Sophocles, translated or rather paraphrased by Pacuvius, the nephew of Ennius. The subject was the death of Ulysses by the hand of Telegonus, his son by Circe. The extracts here given seem to be all from Pacuvius.

The wise poet understands that habit is not to be despised as a master in the art of bearing pain. But in great pain Ulysses does not give way to excessive lamentation.

> "Hold; stay your steps; my anguish overpowers me.
> Ah wretched me! remove this tightened bandage."

He begins to yield, but at once recovers himself.

> "Cover my wound and leave me: put me down.
> You make my pain the keener by your touch,
> And by the jolting on the rock-strewn way."

Do you see how it is not the quieting of bodily suffering, but the chastening of the soul's suffering that produces silence? Thus at the close of the *Niptra* he also reproves others, and says in dying,

> "A man complains of fortune, not laments;
> It is a woman's part to weep and wail."

In his case the softer portion of the soul obeyed reason as the modest soldier obeys the stern commander.

22. He in whom will be perfect wisdom — whom we have not yet seen,[1] but philosophers define what sort of a man he will be if he shall ever at any time make his appearance — he, I say, or that reason which in him will be perfect and absolute, will govern the inferior part of the soul, as an impartial father governs his well-disposed children. He will

[1] The Stoics maintained that the truly wise man was an ideal that had never been realized, not even in their founder. See the *De Officiis*, III. § 4.

effect his purpose as by a mere nod, without labor, without trouble. He will put himself into an erect posture, arouse himself, equip himself, arm himself, that he may take his stand against pain as if it were an enemy. What are his arms? Energy, firmness, self-communion, in which he will say to himself, "Shun everything base, weak, unmanly." Let honorable examples become familiar to the mind, such as that of Zeno of Elea,[1] who suffered everything rather than betray those who were concerned in the plot for abolishing the tyranny. Let there be remembrance of Anaxarchus, the disciple of Democritus,[2] who, having fallen into the hands of Nicocreon, king of Cyprus, neither deprecated nor evaded any form of punishment. We have heard too of Calanus,[3] the Indian, unlearned and a barbarian, born at the foot of the Caucasus, who was burned alive by his own choice. We, if a foot or a tooth gives us pain, or if there is pain in any part

[1] He lived in the fifth century B. C. That he was engaged in attempts to extirpate a merciless tyranny is certain; but the name of the tyrant is differently reported by different authorities, nor is it certain whether he perished in the attempt to dethrone the tyrant, or survived his fall.

[2] He was shipwrecked on the coast of Cyprus, thus fell into the hands of the king to whom he had previously given offence, and was by his command pounded to death in a stone mortar.

[3] He was a Gymnosophist. He followed Alexander from India, was taken ill, and to escape imminent and future suffering, burned himself to death in the presence of the Macedonian army. His is hardly a case in point, or an example under the category in which Cicero classes him.

of the body, cannot endure it. For there is an effeminate and trivial way of thinking, no more as to pain than as to pleasure, in which, when we become dissipated and relaxed by luxurious living, we cannot bear the sting of a bee without an outcry. But Caius Marius, a man of rustic breeding, yet evidently a man, when he was to be operated upon as I have already mentioned, at the outset refused to be bound; and it is said that no one before Marius had ever been thus operated upon without being bound. Why then did others after him do the like? His authority had sufficient influence. Do you not see, then, that pain is an evil in opinion, and not by nature? Yet this same Marius showed that he felt the sharp pangs of pain; for he declined to offer the other leg for a like operation. Thus he at once bore pain like a man,[1] and like a human being[2] was unwilling without sufficient reason to bear more pain than was necessary. The whole of what is required consists in your having command over yourself. I have shown you what kind of command is needed; and this habit of thinking what is most worthy of patience, of fortitude, of greatness of soul, not only exercises restraint over the mind, but also somehow makes pain itself the lighter.

23. For as in battle a hesitating and timid soldier as soon as he sees the enemy throws down his shield and runs away as fast as he can, and for that very reason perishes, sometimes even without being

[1] Latin, *vir*. [2] Latin, *homo*.

wounded, while no such thing happens to one who maintains his ground; so those who cannot bear the appearance of pain throw themselves down and thus lie broken and dispirited, while those who have resisted very often come off superior in the conflict. There are indeed certain resemblances between soul and body. As weights are carried more easily when the muscles are in full tension, and are oppressive when the muscles are relaxed, so by a very close analogy the soul by its own strong effort excludes all the pressure of its burdens, but by the remission of its energy it is so weighed down that it cannot sustain itself. Indeed, if we would know the truth, energy of soul must be brought to bear in the faithful discharge of every duty. It is, so to speak, the sole guardian of duty. But in pain the utmost care is to be taken that we do nothing meanly, nothing timidly, nothing weakly, nothing slavishly or effeminately, and especially let outcries like those of Philoctetes be suppressed and shunned. It is sometimes permitted to a man to groan, but seldom; nor is boisterous lamentation allowable even for a woman. It is indeed such weeping that the law of the Twelve Tables[1] forbids at funerals. A brave and wise man never groans, unless it may be in the effort to gain added strength, as runners on the

[1] *Mulieres genas ne radunto, neve lessum funeris ergo habento*, i. e. "Women are forbidden to lacerate their cheeks and to howl at funerals."

race-course cry out as noisily as they can. Athletes do the same when they are in training, and pugilists when they aim a blow at an adversary groan as they throw the caestus,— not because they are in pain or are of feeble spirit, but because by this free use of the voice the whole body is brought into vigorous tension, and the blow comes with the greater force.

24. What? Do those who want to utter themselves with special force consider it enough to put into full tension the sides, the jaws, the tongue, from which we see that the voice is thrown out and poured forth? With the entire body, with tooth and nail,[1] so to speak, they aid the effort of the voice. By Hercules, I saw Marcus Antonius, when he was pleading earnestly for himself under the Varian law,[2] touch the ground with his knee. For

[1] Latin, *omnibus unguis*; literally, *with all the hoofs, claws*, or *talons*, — a proverbial saying in common use, which I have rendered as nearly as possible by an English equivalent.

[2] Marcus Antonius was the greatest orator of his time. He died in Cicero's nineteenth year, so that there was no rivalry to interfere with Cicero's evidently unfeigned admiration for him. What is known as the Varian law enacted a judicial inquiry into the complicity of such Roman citizens as might have counselled, aided or abetted, in the Social War. I can find no historical account of his prosecution under that law, which was passed but four years before his death; and yet I think that it was under such a prosecution that the speech referred to by Cicero was delivered. Commentators generally suppose that reference is made to what was probably his greatest speech. When he was on his way to the government of his province in Asia, and was legally exempted from prosecution till the close of his official term, he

as the military engines that hurl stones and those that throw weapons discharge them with the greater force, the more violently they are strained and tightened, so is the voice, the pace, the blow, the more vigorous when it proceeds from strong tension of the body. Since this tension has so much power, if groaning in pain will be of avail in strengthening the soul, we will groan; but if the groaning be mournful, imbecile, abject, tearful, I should hardly call him a man who yields to it. If our groaning really brought relief, it would still be a question what a brave and high-spirited man would do; but since it does not in the least diminish pain, why are we willing to degrade ourselves to no purpose? And what is more degrading to a man than effeminate weeping? Moreover, this precept which I give concerning pain has a wider application. With a like tension of soul, we should resist everything, not pain alone. Anger is inflamed; lust is roused, — we must resort to the same citadel; the same weapons are to be wielded. But since I am speaking about pain, I will omit other subjects. In order then to bear pain placidly and calmly, it is of great avail to think, so to speak, with the

heard at Brundusium that he was accused of a flagitious intrigue with a Vestal virgin. He returned to Rome immediately, demanded a trial, defended himself, was triumphantly acquitted, and then proceeded to his province. There might have been some other Varian law, under which this trial took place; but I think that it occurred too early for Cicero to have been present at it.

whole heart, how honorable such endurance is. We are by nature, as I have already said (for it needs to be often repeated), exceedingly earnest for and desirous of honor, of which if we get, as it were, a mere glimpse, there is nothing which we are not ready to bear and to suffer in order to obtain possession of it. It is from this pursuit and urgent endeavor of the soul with genuine merit and honor in view, that dangers are faced in battle. Brave men, while in the ranks, do not feel wounds, or if they feel them, they prefer death to the slightest departure from their honorable position. The Decii saw the swords of their enemies glittering when they rushed upon their ranks. The nobleness and glory of death relieved them from all fear of being wounded. Do you think that Epaminondas groaned when he felt his life flowing out with his blood? No; for he left his country dictating terms to the Lacedaemonians to whom he had found it subject. These are the reliefs, the emollients for the severest pain.

25. You will ask, How is it in peace? How, at home? How, in bed? You recall me to philosophers, who do not often go to war. Of these, Dionysius of Heraclea, a man of no great weight of character, having learned of Zeno to be brave, was taught the contrary lesson by pain; for when he was suffering from disease of the kidneys, he cried out among his exclamations of distress that what he had before believed about pain was false. When his

fellow-disciple Cleanthes asked him what reasoning had drawn him away from his former opinion, he answered, "That when I had devoted so much labor to philosophy I could not bear pain, is a sufficient proof that pain is an evil. I did consume many years in philosophy; I cannot bear pain: therefore pain is an evil." Cleanthes then is said, striking the ground with his foot, to have repeated the verse from the *Epigoni*,[1]

"Among the dead hear'st thou this, Amphiaraus?"

meaning Zeno, from whom he was sorry that his disciple had fallen away. But it was otherwise with my friend the philosopher Posidonius, whom I myself often saw, and I will relate a story which Pompey was in the habit of telling. When Pompey was on his way from Syria, he wanted to hear Posidonius;[2] and learning that he was severely ill, suffering greatly from the gout, he still desired to visit this most noble philosopher. When he had seen him, and saluted him, and addressed him in respectful terms, and expressed his grief at not being able to hear him, he replied, "You indeed can hear me, nor will I suffer that any pain of body should cause so great a man to come to me in vain." And so, as Pompey said, lying on his bed, he lectured impres-

[1] Of Aeschylus.

[2] Posidonius then and for many years lived and taught in Rhodes. He removed to Rome shortly before his death. He was a pupil of Panaetius, and virtually succeeded him as the great light of the Stoic school.

sively and fluently on the proposition that nothing is good except the Right; and when pain applied to him, as it were, its lighted torches, he often exclaimed, "Pain, thou art of no effect. Troublesome as thou art, I will never admit that thou art an evil." In fine, all forms of affliction, when made illustrious and noble by despising them, become endurable.

26. Do we not see among the men who hold in great honor the games called "gymnastic" that no pain is shunned by those who strive for the mastery? Among the men with whom hunting and horsemanship are held in the highest esteem, those who are versed in these arts avoid no pain. What shall we say of our own ambitions? What of our desire for places of honor? What flame is so hot, that candidates for office were not formerly ready to run through it to collect single votes?[1] Thus Africanus always had in his hands Xenophon, the disciple of Socrates, in whom he was especially delighted with the saying that the same labors are not equally burdensome to the commander and the soldier, because the very honor makes the commander's labor lighter. But yet it is a fact that

[1] Latin, *punctis singulis*. Before voting by ballot was legalized, the voter declared his vote orally, and the *rogator* entered it by a puncture in a wax tablet against the name of the candidate voted for. The candidates then employed personal solicitation on the spot in obtaining votes. The ballot was introduced on the same grounds on which it was urged, and so long in vain, in the British Parliament.

the sentiment of honor has great power with the uncultivated common people, even when they do not clearly see what it implies. They are still moved by fame and by the opinion of the multitude, regarding that as honorable which has the applause of the greatest number. I would not indeed have you, if you are before the eyes of the multitude, stand by their opinion, or regard as such what they deem supremely excellent. You must use your own judgment. If you satisfy yourself in approving what is right, you will not only have conquered yourself, as a little while ago I bade you do, but you will have conquered all men and all things. This then I lay down for your guidance, that a certain breadth of mind, together with the utmost loftiness of soul that can be attained, which is especially manifest in scorn and contempt for pain, is the one most excellent thing of all, and the more excellent, if it is independent of the people, and not seeking applause, finds delight in its very self. Indeed, all things seem to me more praiseworthy which are done without ostentation, and not in order to be seen by the multitude, — not that their observation is to be shunned (for everything that is well done craves to be placed in the light); but yet there is no greater theatre for virtue than one's own consciousness.

27. Moreover, let us consider that this capacity of bearing pain, which, as I have already often said, is to be strengthened by the soul's earnest endeavor,

should show itself the same under all circumstances. For many who, from the desire of victory or of fame, or even for the maintenance of their rights and their liberty, have received and borne wounds bravely, are unable to bear the pain ensuing from disease, the effort of the soul being suspended; for the pain which they had easily endured they had endured not by the aid of reason or wisdom, but rather for ambition and glory. In like manner, there are certain barbarous and savage men who can fight with the sword most bravely, yet cannot bear illness manfully. But the Greeks, with very little courage, yet as wise as men are capable of being, though they cannot look an enemy in the face, bear illness patiently and cheerfully. On the other hand, the Cimbri and the Celtiberi, when ill, are in deep distress; for there can be no perfect consistency which has not determinate reason for its foundation. But when you see that those who are under the leading of desire or belief are not broken down by pain in the pursuit and attainment of their aim, you ought to conclude, either that pain is not an evil, or, if you see fit to call whatever is annoying and uncongenial with nature an evil, that it is an evil of so very little magnitude that virtue may bury it out of sight. I beg you to meditate on these things day and night; for this mode of reasoning will have a wider application, and will occupy a somewhat larger space than concerns pain alone. If we do everything for the sake

of shunning disgrace and obtaining merited honor, we may despise not only the stings of pain, but equally the thunderbolts of fortune, especially since our yesterday's discussion prepares a refuge for us.[1] As were some god to say to a sailor pursued by pirates, "Throw yourself from the ship; either a dolphin is ready to receive you, as one rescued Arion of Methymna, or else those horses of Neptune sent for Pelops that are said to have drawn chariots floating on the crest of the wave will take you up and carry you where you want to go," he would feel no fear; so when annoying and hateful pains press upon you, if they are such as are not to be borne, you see where you are to take refuge. This is in substance what, as it seemed to me, needed to be said at the present time. But you perhaps remain in your former opinion.

A. By no means, indeed. These two days, I trust, have freed me from fear of the two things which I most dreaded.

M. To-morrow then to the clock;[2] for thus we

[1] Suicide, as to which Cicero seems to vacillate between the opinion and practice of the Stoics and his own better judgment. That this latter was predominant as regards himself appears from the fact that he lived on through latter years of disappointment, adversity and peril, and not from cowardice, as he met death with a calm courage worthy not only of his highest philosophy, but of the faith which, had it dawned upon the world in his time, would have found no man better prepared to welcome and embrace it.

[2] Latin, *clepsydram*, the water-clock. Advocates in the courts had allotted to them certain limited times, measured by the *clep-*

measure our exercises in rhetoric.[1] At the same time I see that for philosophy you will not leave me in debt to you.

A. So be it, — the rhetoric indeed before noon; the philosophy at the same time as yesterday and to-day.

M. We will make this arrangement, and comply with your best wishes.[2]

sydra. Hence the custom of using the clock in declamations and rhetorical exercises.

[1] Latin, *sic enim dicimus.* Some editions read *diximus.* If that reading were adopted, the rendering would be, "for so we agreed."

[2] Latin, *studiis.*

BOOK III.

ON GRIEF.

1. WHAT reason can I give, Brutus, why, consisting as we do of soul and body, the art of curing and caring for the body has been sought out, and its utility reverently ascribed to the invention of the immortal gods, while the medical treatment of the soul was not so much desired before its methods were ascertained, nor has been so much cultivated since it was known, nor is so much an object of complacency and approval with the many, while not a few regard it with suspicion and dislike? Is it that we judge by the soul of the burdens and pains of the body, while we do not feel with the body the sickness of the soul? Thus it is that the soul passes judgment on itself, when that which thus judges is itself diseased. But if Nature had so formed us that we could behold and thoroughly inspect her very self, and under her supremely good guidance could accomplish our course of life, there were certainly no need that any one should look farther for reason and instruction. Now, however, she has given us only very scanty fires, which we speedily so quench by bad habits and depraved

opinions, that the light of Nature never appears. Yet there are innate in our minds seeds of virtue, which once suffered to grow, Nature herself would lead us to a happy life. But now, as soon as we are brought forth into the light and taken up from the ground,[1] we become familiar with every form of evil-doing and with the utmost perversity of opinion, so that we almost seem to have sucked in error with the nurse's milk. When from her charge we are given back to our parents, we are delivered over to masters, and then are so imbued with various errors, that truth succumbs to falsehood, and Nature herself to confirmed opinion.

2. The poets also give their aid. Carrying the greatest prestige of learning and wisdom, they are heard, read, committed to memory, and imbedded deeply in the mind. When to their influence is added that of the people as collectively a teacher of the highest authority, and of the entire multitude in all quarters giving their approval to what is wrong, we become thoroughly infected with depraved notions, and place ourselves in revolt against Nature, so that those seem to have envied us this our best teacher, who account nothing more benefi-

[1] Latin, *suscepti sumus*. This refers to the old Roman custom, by which the father signified his purpose to keep the child or to let it perish, by taking it up from the ground or floor or suffering it to lie there. *Tollere*, in the sense of bringing up a child, has this original significance; and our phrase *to bring up*, as applied to children, is derived from this idiom, and remotely from its primeval meaning in Rome.

cial for man, nothing to be more earnestly sought, nothing more excellent than civil offices, military commands,[1] and that popularity, toward which every man of superior ability feels himself urged, and thus while seeking the true honor which nature alone demands above all things else, becomes concerned in the merest trifles, and pursues no lofty form of virtue, but a shadowy image of fame. True fame, however, is something substantial and clearly outlined, not shadowy. It is the unanimous praise of the good, the uncorrupted verdict of those capable of passing a fair judgment on excelling virtue. It corresponds to virtue as its image, and because it generally accompanies right-doing, it is not to be spurned by good men. But that popular fame which desires to imitate it, hasty and unreflecting, and for the most part ready to praise faults and vices, by deceitful appearances does discredit to the form and beauty of what is truly honorable. By the blindness thus induced, men who desired what was excellent, but knew not where it was to be found or in what it consisted, have, some of them, overthrown their States, while others have themselves perished. Indeed, those who seek what is best are deceived not so much by wrong purpose as by a mistaken course of life. Now are there no curative measures to be applied to those who are borne on by

[1] Latin, *honoribus, imperiis*, the former term almost always, and always when connected with the latter, denoting not "honor," but "office."

greed for money or by lust for sensual pleasure, and whose minds are so disturbed that they are nearly insane, which is the case with all who are unwise? Is it that sicknesses of the soul are less harmful than those of the body; or, while bodies can be cured, that there is no medicine for souls?

3. But there are more harmful disorders of the soul than of the body, and more of them; for those of the body are troublesome because they belong to the soul and disquiet it, and the grief-stricken soul, says Ennius, is always in error, nor is capable of bearing or enduring anything, and never ceases to crave. Than these two diseases, grief and desire, not to mention others, what worse disorders can there be in the body? But how can it be proved that the soul cannot cure itself? Since the soul has invented the medicine for the body, since the very bodily frame and nature are of great avail for the curing of bodily disease, and since all who suffer themselves to be cured are gradually, not suddenly convalescent,[1] should there be any doubt that souls desiring to be cured and obeying the precepts of the wise may be cured? Philosophy is certainly

[1] Since the soul has invented means for the cure of the body, much more may it devise means for its own cure. Since in medicine for the body, nature and the constitution bear a great part, there is no reason why nature and the soul's constitution should be of less efficacy in the soul's diseases. Since cures of the body are gradual, there is no analogy against the gradual cure of the soul — which certainly cannot be suddenly cured — by appropriate means.

the medicine of the soul. Its aid is to be sought not from without, as in diseases of the body; and we must labor with all our resources and with all our strength to cure ourselves. Of philosophy as a whole, how laboriously it is to be sought and cultivated, I have spoken sufficiently, I think, in my *Hortensius*. But in these books I am writing out my discussions with friends in the Tusculan villa. As in two books I have treated of death and of pain, the discussion of the third day will constitute this third volume. Going down into my Academy in the afternoon, I asked of some one present a subject for discussion, and the following conversation ensued.

4. *A.* I think that the wise man is liable to grief.

M. Is he liable also to other disturbances of soul, —to fears, lusts, resentments? For these, too, are of the class which the Greeks call πάθη.[1] I might term them diseases,[2] rendering one word by another; but it would not be in accordance with our idiom. For the Greeks call envy, strong excitement, exuberant

[1] This word denotes any affection whatever that comes to the mind or soul from a cause outside of itself. Thus it embraces bodily suffering, which originates not in the mind, but is felt only by the mind. It equally includes gladness, when it has its cause outside of the soul. Our term "affection," in its broadest sense, is the best definition of the Greek word.

[2] *Morbus*, which has as limited a meaning as our word "sickness," is commonly used only of bodily disease, yet, like "sickness," is metaphorically applied to diseases of the mind or soul.

gladness by the term just cited which designates sickness, inasmuch as they are movements of the soul not under the control of reason; but we, rightly as I think, call these same movements of an excited mind perturbations, — though you perhaps think otherwise.

A. I entirely agree with you.

M. You think then that the wise man is liable to these affections.

A. So it seems to me, without doubt.

M. That boastful wisdom then is not to be held in high esteem, if indeed it differs little from insanity.[1]

A. What? Does every commotion of mind seem to you insanity?

M. Not indeed to me alone, but I understand, marvellous as it often appears to me, that it was so regarded by our ancestors many ages before Socrates, from whom proceeds all this existing philosophy of life and morals.

A. How is this?

M. Because the term "insanity" in itself implies infirmity and disease of mind; that is, the unsoundness and feebleness of mind to which this name is usually given. Now philosophers term all disturbances of mind "diseases," and maintain that no foolish person is free from these diseases. But those who are diseased are not sane;[2] the minds of all the unwise are diseased: therefore all the unwise are

[1] *Insania.* [2] *Sani.*

insane. The same philosophers have maintained that saneness of mind has for its basis a certain tranquillity and self-consistency. The state of mind that lacks these qualities they term "insanity," because in a disturbed mind, as in a disturbed body, sanity cannot be.

5. With no less nicety of distinction philosophers have called that affection of the soul in which the light of the mind is wanting, "the loss of mind,"[1] and also being "out of one's mind."[2] Hence we must infer that those who gave these names had the same opinion, which, derived from Socrates, the Stoics have carefully retained, — that no unwise person is sane. For the mind affected by any disease (and philosophers, as I have just said, term those disturbed movements "diseases") is no more sound than is a diseased body. Thus it is, that wisdom is saneness of the soul; unwisdom, a certain kind of unsoundness, which is insanity, and also, being out of one's mind. These things are much better designated in the Latin than in the Greek, — a statement which will be found true as to many subjects. But of this I will speak elsewhere, confining myself now to the discussion in hand. As to the whole subject of our present inquiry, the very meaning of the word "insanity" shows what it is and of what quality; for since it must necessarily be understood that those are sane whose minds are disturbed by no movement that can be likened to a

[1] *Amentia.* [2] *Dementia.*

disease, those in the opposite condition must necessarily be called "insane." Thus there is nothing better than our Latin idiom by which we say that those who are drawn without bridle by either lust or anger have "passed out of their own power."[1] Anger itself, however, belongs under the head of lust; for anger is properly defined as the "lust for revenge." Those then who are said to have passed out of their own power are so spoken of, because they are not under the power of the mind, to which the sovereignty of the whole soul is assigned by nature. But why the Greeks call this *μανίαν*[2] I could not easily say. We, however, define it better than they do; for we distinguish this insanity, which, as conjoined with foolishness, has a broader meaning, from madness. The Greeks indeed want to make the distinction; but they lack the right word. What we call "madness" they term *μελαγχολίαν*,[3]—as if the mind were moved only by black bile, and not often by excessive anger, fear, or pain, in which sense we call Athamas, Alcmaeon, Ajax, Orestes mad. The law of the Twelve Tables for-

[1] *Exisse ex potestate.*

[2] *Mania*, which in Greek, as in our English use of the term, generally denotes insanity of a violent type.

[3] *Melancholy*, literally meaning "black bile," which was supposed to be the source or cause of the affection of mind thus termed. The word in its Greek use, as it seems to me, denotes not so much the utter loss of reason, as an intensity of passion that can show itself in the most desperate acts. The word is well defined by the examples given in the text.

bids one thus affected to have the charge of his own affairs. The text of the law is not "If one be insane,"[1] but "If one be mad;"[2] for those who wrote the law regarded the foolishness which lacks consistency of character, — that is, insanity, — as capable of attending to ordinary duties and observing the common and usual proprieties of life, while they considered madness as blindness of mind on every subject. While this seems to be more than insanity, it is still of such a nature that madness may befall a wise man, but not insanity. This, however, is a question alien from our present purpose. Let us return to our subject.

6. You said, I think, that a wise man seems to you liable to grief.

A. Such, indeed, is my opinion.

M. It is in accordance with human nature for you to think so; for we are not born of flint. On the other hand, there is in most souls by nature something tender and soft, that can be shaken by grief as by a storm. Nor did Crantor, who in our New Academy held a distinguished place among our greatest men, speak otherwise than sensibly when he said, "I by no means agree with those

[1] *Si insanus escit.*

[2] *Si furiosus escit.* It is by no means probable that the lawmakers had in mind the distinction which Cicero here makes. Under the term *furiosus* they undoubtedly meant to include all types of insanity, as we have often seen "madness" used in this broad sense, and as almost down to our own time an asylum for the insane has been called a "madhouse."

who bestow great praise on a certain incapacity of pain, which cannot be and ought not to be. I would rather not be ill; but if I were so, I should choose to retain my sensibility, even in case of amputation or of the removal of a tumor; for this freedom from pain can be had only at the great price of savageness in the soul or stupor in the body." But let us beware lest this may be the language of those who yield favor to our weakness and indulge our effeminacy. Let us dare, on the other hand, not only to lop off the branches of our miseries,[1] but also to pluck up all the fibres of their roots. Yet there will perhaps be something left, so deep do the shoots of folly strike; but there shall be nothing left unnecessarily.[2] Take this indeed for granted, that unless the mind be made sane, which it cannot be without philosophy, there will be no end of misery. Therefore, since we have begun, let us commit ourselves to its curative treatment. We shall be made sane, if we desire to be. I will indeed go farther; for I will not treat of grief alone, but of every kind of "mental disturbance," as I have termed it, "disease," as the Greeks call it. First, if you please, let us follow the method of the Stoics, who are wont to compress their arguments

[1] Latin, *miseriarum*, meaning "causes of grief."

[2] What Cicero means to say here is, that though, by the aid of philosophy, much of the misery of human life may be destroyed, root and branch, yet there will remain what seem causes of grief, which philosophy cannot remove, but may virtually neutralize.

within a brief space, and then I will discourse more at large in my own accustomed way.

7. The man who is brave is also trustful,[1] not to say confiding;[2] for by a bad colloquial usage confidingness is spoken of as a fault, though derived from the word that means "to confide,"[3] which is deemed praiseworthy. But he who is trustful is certainly not under the dominion of fear; for trust and fear are very far apart. Now he who is liable to grief is liable also to fear; for we fear those things impending and coming, which, when present, occasion us grief. Thus it is that grief is incompatible with courage. It is then probable that he who is liable to grief is also liable to fear and to a broken and depressed state of mind. When these befall a man, he must admit that he is in a servile condition and overpowered. He who gives them room in his soul gives room at the same time to timidity and cowardice. But the brave man is not liable to them; therefore he is not liable to grief. Now no man is wise who is not brave; therefore the wise man is not liable to grief. Still further, he who is brave must of necessity have a great soul; he who

[1] *Fidens.*

[2] *Confidens.*

[3] *Confidendo.* The following is a more nearly literal translation of this sentence. "He who is brave is also trusting [i. e. trustful] (*fidens*). [I use this word] because by a bad habit of speech 'confiding' (*confidens*) is employed to denote a fault, though derived from the verb 'confide' (*a confidendo*), which means something praiseworthy."

has a great soul must be unconquered; he who is unconquered must despise the vicissitudes of human fortune, and regard them as placed beneath him: but no man can despise aught in consequence of which he is affected by grief, — whence it follows that a brave man is never affected by grief. But all wise men are brave. Therefore the wise man is not liable to grief. Moreover, as the eye disturbed in its action is not in a proper state to discharge its office, and as the other members and the entire body when put out of their normal state are wanting to their purpose and function, so the disturbed mind is not fit to discharge its function. But the function of the mind is to make use of reason, and the mind of the wise man is always so affected as to make the best use of reason. It is therefore never disturbed, and grief is disturbance of mind; therefore the wise man will always be free from it.[1]

8. It is also probable that he who is temperate — whom the Greeks call *σώφρονα*,[2] and they term the virtue *σωφροσύνην*,[3] which I am accustomed to call

[1] It will be seen that this section consists almost entirely of syllogisms (including the *sorites*, which is a mass of truncated syllogisms), which would need very slight verbal changes in order to put them into a strictly scientific form.

[2] "Discreet," or "prudent." The Latin *temperatus* has a much broader meaning than we are accustomed to give to "temperate."

[3] "Discretion," or "prudence." The sentence commencing "It is also probable that he who is temperate," suddenly breaks off, and is succeeded by what is virtually a long parenthesis, which lasts as far as the words, "He then who is frugal," which is a

sometimes "temperance," sometimes "moderation," sometimes also "modesty."[1] But I know not whether this virtue can be rightly termed "frugality," which has a narrower signification with the Greeks, who call frugal men χρησίμους,[2] which means merely "useful." Our term has a broader meaning, for it includes every form of abstinence and all that is comprised in "innocence," which in the Greek has no corresponding term in current use, though it might employ with like meaning ἀβλάβειαν;[3] for innocence is such a frame of mind as can injure no one. Frugality embraces also the rest of the virtues; for if it were not so comprehensive, but as narrow as most persons think it, the surname of Lucius Piso[4] would never have conveyed so much praise. But because neither he who for fear has deserted his post as sentinel, which is the part of cowardice,

continuation of what Cicero began to say in the first words of the section.

[1] *Modestia.* All the words denoting character derived from *modus* signify the avoidance of extremes. "Modesty" in English means the avoidance of extremes in ostentation or self-assertion, while in Latin *modestia* often has something of the broader sense of *moderatio.*

[2] "Useful," or "gainful," is the primary meaning of the word, which is applied to frugal people as serviceable rather than as virtuous.

[3] "Harmlessness," or "innocence." It corresponds closely in meaning to the Latin *innocentia*, and there seems no reason why it should not have been in equally current use.

[4] *Frugi*, a surname that seems to have been given to him, in the sense which Cicero attaches to it, as including all the virtues that constitute a truly honorable character.

nor he who for avarice has failed to return goods intrusted to his charge, which is the part of dishonesty, nor he who from rashness has mismanaged an enterprise, which is the part of folly, is wont to be called "frugal," frugality, therefore, embraces the three virtues, courage, honesty and prudence; though it is a common characteristic of all the virtues that they are connected and bound with one another, so that there is room for our making frugality a fourth virtue, having for its special office to govern and appease all the mind's movements of desire, and always to maintain a firmness of soul hostile to lust and moderate in all things. The vice opposite to this is called "prodigality." Frugality is derived from the fruits of the ground,[1] than which the earth yields nothing better. Our word for prodigality[2] — it may seem a somewhat forced derivation; but let us try: if it is of no worth, it may be thought that I am only in sport — comes from there being nothing at all[3] in the prodigal, for which reason he is termed a "nothing."[4] He then who is frugal, or, if you prefer the terms, moderate and temperate, must of necessity be firm; he who is firm, calm; he who is calm, free from every

[1] From *fruges*, which denotes any kind of agricultural product, but especially grain.

[2] *Nequitia*, which in accordance with Cicero's derivation of it might be rendered "good-for-nothingness."

[3] *Nequicquam*, which may mean "nothing." This derivation is by no means improbable.

[4] *Nihil*. So we call a worthless man a "cipher."

perturbation of mind, therefore also free from grief; and these are the characteristics of the wise man: therefore grief will have no place with the wise man.

9. Therefore Dionysius of Heraclea shows his clear understanding on this subject, in his reasoning about the complaint of Achilles in the *Iliad*, —

> "With sorrowing anger swells my heart within me
> For fame and honor that were justly mine."

Is the hand as it ought to be, when swollen? Is not any other member of the body, when tumid or swollen, in a bad condition? Equally the mind inflated and swollen is in a faulty state. But the wise man's mind is always free from fault, is never swollen, is never tumid; while an angry mind is so. Therefore the wise man is never angry. Moreover, if one is angry, he has also inordinate desire; for it is characteristic of an angry man to desire to inflict the greatest possible amount of pain on him by whom he supposes himself to have been injured. But he who desires this must of necessity have great joy if his end be attained, so that he must rejoice in another person's misfortune. Now since this cannot be the case with a wise man, he cannot be liable to anger. But if grief would befit a wise man, anger might also, from which since he is free, he will also be free from grief.[1] Then too, if a wise

[1] Both being equally disturbances or perturbations of mind, from which the wise man, as such, is free.

man were liable to grief, he would also be liable to pity[1] and to enviousness. I say not "envy," which exists only in specific instances; while the term that I have used has an unmistakable meaning, so that we thus escape the ambiguous word "envy," which is derived from seeing too closely into another's affairs, as in that verse in the *Menalippa*, —

"Who envies me the flowering of my children?"

which seems bad Latin; while Attius is very clearly in the right, inasmuch as the verb that means "to see" (and in its compound form, "to see into," or to envy) governs the case which he connects with "envies." We indeed are not permitted by custom to employ this idiom; but the poet maintains the

[1] The Stoics regarded pity, because it is an emotion, as out of character for a wise man. He should have no self-pity, nor any emotional feeling of his own pain, and equally little feeling of another's pain. Seneca, whose ethical writings are full of precepts of humanity and kindness, writes: "Pity is a fault. The wise man will not pity, but he will succor the distressed." This part of the section can be fitly translated only by using the Latin words. The following is a nearly literal rendering: "He would be liable to pity and to enviousness (*invidentia*, a word coined by Cicero and, I believe, peculiar to him). I do not say 'envy' (*invidiam*), which is used only with reference to the specific act of envying; but *invidentia*, as derived from *invidendo* (envying), may be correctly used, so as to escape the ambiguous term *invidia* (envy), — a word derived from excessive looking into another's fortune (*in* and *video*), as in the *Menalippa*, 'Who envies (*invidit*) the flower (*florem*) of my children?' which seems bad Latin, yet is very properly used by Attius, inasmuch as *video* takes the accusative after it, though modern usage would have connected *flori*, and not *florem*, with *invidit*."

legitimate license of his craft, and writes under less restraint.

10. The same person then is liable to pity and to envy; for he who is pained by any person's adversity is also pained by some other person's prosperity, as Theophrastus, lamenting the death of his friend Callisthenes, expresses his vexation at Alexander's prosperity, and thus says that Callisthenes fell in with a man of very great power and the happiest fortune, but ignorant of the fit ways of using prosperity. As pity is grief for another's adversity, so enviousness is grief for another's prosperity. He therefore who is liable to pity is liable also to envy. But the wise man is not liable to envy; therefore, not to pity. But were a wise man wont to feel grief, he would also be wont to feel pity. Therefore grief has no place with the wise man. These things are so said by the Stoics, and their reasoning is very close and compact.[1] But there is need of a broader and fuller statement. Yet paramount regard should be felt for the opinions of those who employ the most vigorous and, so to speak, the most manly style of reasoning and thought. For the Peripatetics, with whom I am the most nearly connected, whose fluency, learning and solid sense cannot be surpassed, do not satisfy me in what they say about the moderateness of the soul's perturbations or diseases. Every evil, though moderate, is an evil, and what we want to prove is that in the

[1] Latin, *contortius*, i. e. "somewhat tight-twisted."

wise man there is no evil whatsoever. Now as the body, if moderately ill, is not sound, so in the soul that same moderateness falls short of a healthy state. Therefore our people, after the analogy of sick bodies, have applied a name denoting sickness,[1] as to many other things, to trouble, anxiety and vexation. The Greeks apply a nearly equivalent term to every kind of perturbation of the soul, using the word πάθος,[2] which includes disease, to designate whatever disturbed movement there may be in the mind. But we rightly make a distinction which they do not; for while sickness of soul bears a strong resemblance to sickness of body, lust is not like sickness, nor yet is excessive joy, which is a high and exulting pleasure of the soul. Nor has fear a very close likeness to sickness, though nearly allied to grief. But sickness of soul, as sickness of body, has properly a name not remote from pain. We must then explain the origin of this pain, that is, the cause that produces sickness in the soul, as if it were sickness in the body. For as physicians, when they have ascertained the cause of a disease, think that its cure is found, so we, having determined the cause of the soul's sickness, shall discover the mode of remedy.

11. Opinion then is the cause, not only of grief, but also of all other perturbations of soul, of which

[1] *Aegritudo.*

[2] Which may mean any affection or emotion whatsoever, whether glad, sorrowful, or neither. See § 4, note.

there are four kinds, with many subdivisions. Since every disturbance is a movement of the soul, either without reason, or in contempt of reason, or in disobedience to reason, and since every such movement is excited by a good or a bad opinion of its object,[1] the four kinds of perturbations are equally divided into two classes. There are two derived from a good opinion of their objects, of which one is exultant pleasure, that is, excessively ecstatic joy, in our high estimation of some great present good; while the other may be fitly termed "lust," which is the immoderate desire, not under the control of reason, for what is regarded as a great good. These two kinds then, exultant pleasure and lust, are excited by a good opinion of their objects, as the two others, fear and grief, are excited by a bad opinion of their objects. For fear is an opinion concerning some great impending evil, and grief is an opinion concerning some great present evil, and indeed an opinion freshly formed of an evil so great that it seems right to be distressed by it; that is, such that he whom it pains thinks that he ought to be pained by it. But these perturbations, which, like so many furies, folly lets loose and excites in the lives of men, we must resist with all our strength and with all the means at our command, if we wish to pass our allotted term of life calmly

[1] Latin, *aut boni aut mali opinione*, — an idiom which is employed with *opinio* throughout the section, but which, literally translated, would not be readily understood.

and quietly. The others we will treat of elsewhere. Let us now drive away grief, if we can, inasmuch as you said that a wise man is liable to grief, while I think that he is not so in any way or measure. For grief is a thing noisome, wretched, detestable, worthy of all contempt, to be fled from, so to speak, with sails and oars.

12. What ought you to think of

> "The son of him who stole Hippodamea,
> And stained his nuptials with her father's blood?"[1]

He was indeed the great-grandson of Jupiter. Can it be then that he is so abject and broken in spirit?

> "Friends, come not near me, not within my shadow,
> Lest foul contagion cast its blighting curse,
> Such power of guilt inheres within my body."

[1] From the *Thyestes* of Ennius. The literal rendering of these two verses could not be forced into English rhythm, even by repeating the liberty taken with the accents in *Hippodaméa*. The literal rendering is: "The grandson of Tantalus, the son of Pelops, who in former time by stolen nuptials obtained Hippodamea from his father-in-law king Oenomaus." An oracle had predicted to Oenomaus, king of Pisa in Elis, that he should die by means of his son-in-law. He therefore proclaimed that he would give his daughter to the suitor who should win a chariot-race of him, while all who failed in the race should be put to death. Pelops bribed the charioteer of Oenomaus to leave the wheels of his chariot imperfectly secured, and thus Oenomaus was thrown from it and fatally injured. The myths concerning the Pelopidae do not make Thyestes a better man than Atreus; yet it is for the atrocious crime of Atreus, in killing the sons of Thyestes and serving them at their father's table, that the tragedian represents Thyestes as in the lowest depth of sorrow.

Will you, Thyestes, thus condemn yourself, and bereave yourself of the light of life, because of the greatness of another's guilt? What? Do you not think that son of Phœbus unworthy of his father's light, of whom it is said, —

> "His eyes are sunk, his fleshless body wasted,
> His bloodless cheeks corroded by his tears;
> His bristling beard, unshaven and befouled,
> Hangs filthily on his discolored breast?" [1]

These evils, O most foolish Aeetes, were not among those which fortune had brought upon you; but you added them yourself to that evil, which had grown old, so that the swelling of the soul for it had subsided. Grief consists, as I shall show, in the fresh feeling of evil; but you are mourning because you miss your kingdom, not your daughter; for you hated her, and perhaps not without reason, while you did not take calmly the loss of your kingdom. It is indeed a shameless sorrow, when a man consumes himself with grief because he is not permitted to rule over men that have become free. Dionysius, the tyrant, when expelled from Syracuse, kept school at Corinth. He could

[1] Probably from the *Medus* of Pacuvius, or, as some commentators say, of Ennius. Medea, the daughter of Aeetes, during her flight slew her brother Absyrtus, and strewed his limbs on the way, to delay her father in his pursuit of her. It is certainly conceivable that he may not have lamented the loss of such a daughter. He subsequently was driven from his kingdom by his brother, and restored by Medea and her son Medus. The verses from the tragedy describe the condition in which Medea found him.

not dispense with that continued opportunity of commanding. But what was ever more shameless than Tarquin's making war with those who had not been able to endure his pride? It is said that, when he could not be reinstated in his kingdom by the arms either of the Veientes or of the Latini, he betook himself to Cumae, and in that city was consumed by age and grief.

13. Do you then think that it can happen to a wise man to be overcome by grief, that is, by misery? Nay more, while every perturbation of the soul is misery, grief is torture. Lust is attended by ardor, ecstatic joy by levity, fear by abjectness; but grief has, worse than all these, wasting, torment, distress, noisomeness. It lacerates, corrodes and utterly consumes the soul. Unless we so divest ourselves of it as to throw it entirely away, we cannot be otherwise than miserable. Moreover, this is perfectly plain, that grief exists when any object is so looked upon as to give the idea of a great evil present and pressing. Epicurus thinks that grief is naturally inseparable from evil, so that one who looks upon any evil of considerable magnitude, believing that it has happened to himself, must fall at once into grief. The Cyrenaic philosophers think that grief is caused, not by every evil, but by that which is unexpected and unthought of; for whatever is sudden is the harder to bear. Hence these verses are rightly praised: —

"At my son's birth I knew that he was mortal,
And when I sent him to the gates of Troy,
To deadly war, and not to feasts I sent him." [1]

14. Therefore this premeditation on future events which long beforehand you have seen coming makes their advent less grievous. For this reason the words that Euripides puts into the mouth of Theseus are held in high esteem. I beg leave, in accordance with my frequent habit, to translate them.

"I bore in mind the lessons of a sage,
And thought of ills the future had in store,
Of bitter death, or of an exile's doom,
Or some vast weight of evil hanging o'er me,
That so, if dire calamity should come,
It could not creep upon me unawares." [2]

But what Theseus says that he had heard from a sage, Euripides virtually says of himself; for he had been a disciple of Anaxagoras, who is reported to have said, on hearing of the death of his son, "I knew that I had begotten a mortal," indicating that such things are bitter to those who have not anticipated them. There is then no doubt that all reputed evils are more severe when they are sudden. Therefore, though this suddenness is not the sole factor of extreme grief, yet since foresight and preparation of mind can do much toward diminishing pain, a

[1] From the *Telamon* of Ennius, and referring to the death of Ajax, Telamon's son.

[2] These verses are not in any extant tragedy of Euripides. They are quoted by Plutarch in the *Consolation to Apollonius*, in the original, of which Cicero's is a nearly literal translation.

man ought to meditate on all things that can happen to man. Indeed, the wisdom which is pre-eminently excellent and divine consists in having human fortunes inwardly perceived and thoroughly considered, in being surprised by no event when it comes, in thinking that there is no event that has not happened which may not happen.

> "In prosperous times we best can train our souls
> For pain and sorrow, while in thought we dwell
> On peril, loss, a son's disgraceful crime,
> A daughter's illness, or a wife's decease.
> These are the common lot; expect them all.
> What comes beyond your hope account as gain." [1]

15. Now when Terence has expressed so aptly what he borrowed from philosophy, shall not we from whose fountains it was drawn both say the same things better and feel them more uniformly? This corresponds to the countenance always the same, which, as it is reported, Xantippe used to speak of in her husband Socrates, — always the same, she said, when he went from home and when he returned. Yet it was not like the face of that old Marcus Crassus,[2] who, according to Lucilius, laughed only once in all his life, but a countenance calm and serene; for so we learn. And there was rightly the same countenance, when there was no change made in the mind which moulds the face. I accept then from the Cyrenaic philosophers these

[1] From Terence's *Phormio*, Act ii. Scene 1.

[2] Surnamed *Agelastus*, i. e. "Non-laughing." Pliny says that he never laughed.

arms against accidents and events, by which prolonged premeditation breaks their force when they come; and at the same time I think that evil is so in our opinion, not in its own nature. If it were in the thing itself, why should it be less grievous when foreseen? But this is among the subjects which I can discuss more elaborately, when we have first considered the opinion of Epicurus, who thinks that all who suppose themselves to be enduring evils must of necessity suffer grief even if these evils were foreseen and expected, and equally if they are of long standing. For he says that evils are neither diminished by time nor lightened by being premeditated; that meditation on evil to come, or, it may be, on that which will never come, is foolish; that every evil is sufficiently annoying when it comes; that to him who has always thought that something adverse may happen to him that very thought is a perpetual evil; that if the expected evil should not happen, he would have incurred voluntary misery in vain; that thus one would be always in distress, either in suffering evil or in thinking of it. He depends for the lightening of grief on two things, — on calling the mind away from thinking of trouble, and on recalling it to the contemplation of pleasures. He thinks that the mind can obey reason, and follow where it leads. Reason, he says, forbids us to inspect trouble closely; it draws us away from bitter thoughts; it dulls the vision for contemplating misery, from

which when it has sounded a retreat, it again impels and urges us to behold and to consider with all our mind the various pleasures of which, with the memory of those past, and the hope of those to come, he thinks that the wise man's life is full. These things I have said in my way; the Epicureans say them in their way. But let us consider what they say; how, we need not concern ourselves.

16. In the first place, they are wrong in blaming the premeditation of things to come; for there is nothing which so blunts and lightens grief, as the lifelong habit of thinking that there is no event which may not happen,—as meditation on the condition of man,—as the law of life, and reflection on the necessity of obeying it, the effect of which is not that we are always, but that we are never, sorrowful. Indeed, he who thinks of the nature of things, of the varying fortune of life, of the weakness of the human race, does not sorrow when these things are on his mind, but he then most truly performs the office of wisdom; for from such thought there are two consequences,—the one, that he discharges the peculiar function of philosophy; the other, that in adversity he has the curative aid of a threefold consolation: first, because, as he has long thought what may happen, this sole thought is of the greatest power in attenuating and diluting every trouble; next, because he understands that human fortunes are to be borne in a way befitting

human nature;[1] lastly, because he sees that there is no evil but guilt, while there is no guilt in the happening of what man could not have prevented. In point of fact, the recalling of the thought which Epicurus prescribes, when he calls us away from looking at evils, is out of the question; for neither dissembling nor forgetfulness is in our power when those things which we regard as evil press hard upon us. They lacerate, vex, sting, inflame, take away the breath. And do you tell us to forget them, which is contrary to nature, and at the same time wrest from us the help which nature gives, that of becoming used to pain? That is indeed a slow remedy, yet of great efficacy, which comes from long endurance and the lapse of time. You tell me to think of goods, to forget evils. You would say something, and indeed what would do credit to a great philosopher, if you thought those things good which are most worthy of man.

17. Suppose that[2] Pythagoras, or Socrates, or Plato were to say to me, "Why are you cast down? Or why are you mournful? Or why do you succumb and yield to fortune, which might perhaps have had power to torment and sting you, but certainly was unable to break down your strength?

[1] Latin, *humana humane ferenda*. Possibly *humane* may be used here in the sense of *viriliter*, "in a manly way," though I can recall no instance in which it is so employed. It seems always to cost Cicero regret to omit an assonance.

[2] Or, literally, "If Pythagoras," etc.

There is great power in the virtues. Rouse them, if perchance they are asleep. Chief of all, Courage will come to your aid, which will force you to be of such a mind that you will despise and hold as of no account whatever can happen to man. Temperance will come, which is moderation, — I called it 'frugality' a little while ago, — which can suffer you to do nothing basely or meanly; and what is there more mean or base than an effeminate man? Not even Justice will permit you to behave thus, though in this matter there might seem to be very little room for the exercise of justice, which yet will tell you that you are doubly unjust when you both seek what belongs to another, you of mortal birth demanding the condition of the immortals, and at the same time take it hard that you have had to give back what was only lent for your use. Then what answer will you give to Prudence, which teaches that Virtue herself is sufficient, as for a good life, so too for a happy life? If she depends on conditions from without, and does not spring from and return to herself, embracing all that belongs to her, and seeking nothing from any other source, I do not understand why she is to be either in words so adorned with the most earnest eloquence, or in deed so sedulously sought." If it is to these goods[1] that you recall

[1] The reference is to the close of § 16, "those things which are most worthy of man." The imagined speech of one of the old philosophers closes with the words "so sedulously sought."

me, Epicurus, I obey; I follow; I take you for a leader; I forget evils, as you bid me, and the more easily as I do not believe that they are to be classed among evils. But you transfer my thoughts to pleasures. To what pleasures? To those of the body, I believe, or to those which are thought of in memory or hope for the body's sake. Is there anything else? Do I not rightly interpret your opinion? For the disciples of Epicurus are wont to deny that we know what he says. This, however, he does say, and this old Zeno,[1] that sharp little man, the most acute of Epicureans, in my hearing at Athens used to argue and proclaim with a loud voice, namely, that he is happy who enjoys present pleasures, and expects to enjoy the like during most or all of his life, without the intervention of pain, or who, if pain intervenes, bears it in mind that if very severe, it must be brief, if prolonged, attended by more of enjoyment than of evil. He who is thus disposed in mind, say they, will be happy, especially if he is content with the goods that he has already obtained, and fears neither death nor the gods.

18. You have the outline that Epicurus gives of a happy life, expressed in the words of Zeno, so that it cannot be pronounced spurious. What then? Will the proposal and thought of such a

[1] He was regarded as second in ability to no Epicurean philosopher of his time, and is repeatedly spoken of as such by Cicero in other writings.

life avail for the relief of Thyestes, or of Aeetes of whom I have just spoken, or of Telamon driven from his country, living in exile and poverty, of whom it was said in wonder,

> "Is this the Telamon, extolled to heaven,
> Admired by all and praised by every tongue?"[1]

Now if, to use the phrase of this same poet, one's "soul collapses with his fortune," the remedy must be sought from those grave philosophers of ancient time, not from these partisans of pleasure. For what is the supply of goods that they announce? Suppose that painlessness is indeed the supreme good (although this is not called pleasure; but there is no need now of dwelling on details), is that the point to which we must be brought in order to assuage sorrow? Be it so, that pain is the greatest of evils: is he who is not in pain, being freed from evil, therefore immediately in the enjoyment of the supreme good? Why do we hesitate, Epicurus, to acknowledge that we give the name of pleasure to that which you are not ashamed so to call? Are these your words, or are they not? In the book which contains all your doctrine (for I will merely translate your language literally, lest I may be thought to falsify your meaning), you say, "Nor is there anything which I can understand to be good, if we omit from our estimate those pleasures which are perceived by the taste, those which are

[1] From the *Telamon* of Ennius.

perceived by the hearing and in music, those agreeable movements which the eye perceives in external forms, and such other pleasures as are produced in the entire man by any sense whatsoever. Nor indeed can it be said that the mind rejoices only in present goods; for I have known the mind to rejoice equally in the hope of the various things that I have named above, with the expectation that the possession of them would be free from pain." This is in his own words, so that one can understand what pleasure it is that Epicurus would have recognized as such. A little farther down he says: "I have often asked those who were called wise what there was for them to leave among goods, if they took away those that I have named, unless they meant to pour forth mere empty words. I could learn nothing from them; for except as they talk boastfully of virtue and wisdom, they teach nothing except the way by which the pleasures that I have named may be obtained." What follows is in the same strain, and the whole book, which has the supreme good for its subject, is full of such words and opinions. Will you then recall Telamon to a life of this kind to lighten his grief? or if you see any one of your friends broken down by sorrow, will you give him a sturgeon rather than some treatise of Socrates? Will you exhort him to hear the notes of the organ[1] rather than the words of Plato? Will you take him to a flower-show? or

[1] Latin, *hydrauli*, i. e. a water-organ.

put a nosegay to his nostrils? or burn perfumes? or will you tell him to have his brow crowned with garlands and roses? If to these things you were to add yet one pleasure more,[1] you would then have entirely wiped away every sorrow.

19. Epicurus must admit all this, or else what I have given in literal translation from his book must be expunged, or rather the whole book must be thrown away; for it is full of pleasures. We must ask then how to remove the grief of him[2] who says,

> "My fortune fails me; not my race. From kings
> I sprang. Behold from what a height,
> What wealth, what regal splendor I have fallen."

What? Is a cup of honied wine, or something else of that kind, to be thrust upon him, that he may cease to mourn? The same poet[3] introduces another character, saying,

> "Thrown, Hector,[4] from on high, I claim thine aid."

We ought certainly to help her; for she asks assistance.

> "What succor shall I seek? Whom shall I trust
> For aid in flight, in exile for a refuge?
> Palace and city are no longer mine.

[1] There can be no doubt that Cicero here refers to a coarser pleasure than he is willing to name.

[2] Probably Telamon, though some commentators say that Thyestes is referred to.

[3] Ennius: from his tragedy of *Andromache;* and all the passages that follow belong to the part of Andromache.

[4] She invokes his shade as a living presence.

> My country's altar-stones are overthrown;
> Her ancient temples rear their blackened walls;
> Their pavements smoke with unextinguished fires."

You know what follows, and this especially:—

> "O father, country, Priam's royal house,
> O temple with thy lofty-sounding gates,
> I saw thee standing in barbaric[1] splendor,
> With fretted ceiling and rich-sculptured walls,
> With gold and ivory royally bedecked."

O admirable poet! though despised by those who sing Euphorion's[2] songs. He feels that everything sudden and unexpected is the more grievous to be borne. What does he then add to the picture of accumulated royal splendor which seemed destined to perpetuity?

> "All this I saw swept by consuming flames,
> And Priam slain within the temple gates,
> Jove's altar foully reeking with his blood."

Admirable poetry! for it is profoundly sad, alike in subject, in words and in rhythm. Let us take her grief from her. How? Let us lay her on a bed of down. Let us bring a singing-woman to her. Let us give her sweet ointment. Let us load a salver

[1] Everything Oriental was termed "barbaric," and the East was more lavish of gold and of costly ornament of every kind than Greece ever was, still more so than Rome was in the time of Ennius.

[2] A very licentious poet, whose songs, not without a certain sweetness of diction, but of the vilest type as to their moral character, had great popularity among convivialists of the baser sort. Happily but three verses of his, and they from as many different songs, have been preserved.

with delicious drinks, and provide something for her to eat. These are the goods by which the severest griefs may be removed; for you just now said that you knew nothing of any other goods. I would indeed agree with Epicurus that one ought to be recalled from grief to the contemplation of the things that are good, if we were only of one mind as to what is good.

20. Some one will say, "What? Do you think that Epicurus meant thus, and that his opinions were in favor of sensuality?" Not by any means. I see many things said by him in accordance with the severest moral principle, many things admirably said. So, as I have often said, I am treating of his subtile logic, not of his morals. Although he spurn the pleasures which he praised, yet I cannot forget what seems to him the supreme good. Not only did he use the word "pleasure," but he also defined what he meant by it, specifying "taste, and embraces, and games, and songs, and those objects of sight which affect the eyes pleasantly." Am I making this up? Do I lie? If so, I ask to be set right. For what is my endeavor save to have the truth made plain as to every part of our inquiry? Moreover, he says too that pleasure does not grow when pain is taken away, and that to be free from pain is the highest pleasure. In these few words he makes three great mistakes. First, he contradicts himself; for in the passage that I quoted a little while ago he says that he has no idea of any good

unless such as will, so to speak, titillate the senses with pleasure, and now he says that to be without pain is the supreme good. Can one be more inconsistent with himself? The second mistake is that, while there are three states, one that of gladness, then that of pain, thirdly, that in which there is neither gladness nor pain, he here identifies the first and the third, and makes no discrimination between pleasure and the absence of pain. The third mistake he makes in common with some others, namely, that while virtue is the prime object of pursuit, and resort is had to philosophy for the purpose of attaining it, he regards the supreme good as something apart from virtue. Yet he often praises virtue. In like manner, Caius Gracchus, when he had made the most profuse largesses so as to exhaust the public treasury, made speeches in the interest of the treasury. Why should I listen to words when I see deeds? Piso surnamed Frugi had always spoken against the law for distributing corn to the people; but when the law was passed, he, though an ex-consul, came to receive the corn. Gracchus saw him standing in the crowd, and asked him in the hearing of the Roman people how he could consistently apply for corn under the law which he had opposed. He replied, "I may not be willing that you should distribute my property to the people man by man; yet if you do so, I may ask for my part." Did not this grave and wise man thus declare with no little emphasis that the public property was wasted by

the Sempronian law? Yet read the speeches of Gracchus, and you will say that he had the treasury under his special charge. Epicurus denies that one can live pleasantly unless he live virtuously. He denies that fortune has any power against the wise man. He prefers meagre to luxurious living. He says that there is no time when the wise man is not happy. All these things are worthy of a philosopher; but they are repugnant to pleasure. It is said that he does not mean that pleasure to which objection is made. But whatever pleasure he may name, he names that which contains no part of virtue. Suppose, however, that we do not understand what he means by pleasure, do we not understand what he means by pain? I deny then that it belongs to him who measures the extremity of evil by pain[1] to make any mention of virtue.

21. Indeed the Epicureans, excellent men (for there is no class of people that bear less malice), complain that I talk zealously against Epicurus, as if it were a contest for honor and dignity. Yet the case is simply this, that to me the supreme good seems to be in the soul, to him in the body; to me, in virtue, to him in pleasure. On this issue they give battle, and implore the defence of their neighbors; and many there are who fly at once to their call. I, on the other hand, do not profess to be anxious in the matter, regarding as I do the ques-

[1] Or better, though less literally, "who makes pain the sole measure of evil," and thus the sole constituent of evil.

tion which they would keep open as already settled. For what? Is our controversy about the Punic war,[1] as to which when Marcus Cato had one opinion and Lucius Lentulus another, there yet was never any quarrel between them? These Epicureans are too angry, especially as they are defending a not very spirited opinion, for which they dare not plead in the senate, nor in the assembly of the people, nor with the army, nor before the censors. But with them I will argue at some other time and place, and with the purpose, not of starting a conflict, but of yielding easily to them if they speak the truth. Only I will give them my advice. If it be absolutely true that the wise man refers everything to the body, or, to speak with more propriety, does nothing that is not expedient, that is, makes utility to himself his sole standard, since these opinions are not deserving of praise, let them rejoice in them in their own bosoms, and cease to speak boastfully about them.

22. It remains for us to consider the opinion of the Cyrenaics, who think that there is grief only when anything happens unexpectedly. This is indeed an important circumstance, as I have already said. I know that it seemed even to Chrysippus[2]

[1] A controversy in itself not unlikely to be waged with warmth of feeling, while Cicero represents the question at issue between him and the Epicureans as in its nature less likely to rouse strong feeling than a discussion involving conflicting opinions about well-known men and measures.

[2] One of the most rigid of Stoics.

that what is not foreseen strikes a heavier blow; but this does not account for its entire weight, although the unwarned approach of an enemy occasions somewhat more disturbance than an expected attack, and a sudden storm at sea strikes the sailor with more terror than a storm foreseen, and the case is similar in almost every event. But when you look closely into the nature of things unforeseen, you will find the only difference to be that anything sudden seems greater than if it had been expected, and this for two reasons, — one, that we have not time to consider the actual magnitude of what happens; the other, that when it seems that the event, if foreseen, might have been guarded against, a feeling of blame connected with the evil enhances the grief. That this is so[1] the lapse of time shows; for it is so far availing in the case of lasting evils as not only to assuage grief, but often to remove it entirely. Many Carthaginians were in servitude in Rome, as many Macedonians were after the capture of King Perseus. I, when I was a young man, saw some Corinthians[2] in the Peloponnesus. These could have made Andromache's lamentation, "All this I saw;"[3] but they had perchance ceased so to sing; for in countenance, in speech, in their entire appearance and behavior, you might

[1] That suddenness makes grief the greater.

[2] After the destruction of Corinth by Memmius. These Corinthians may have been in slavery; if not, they were in enforced exile.

[3] See § 19.

have taken them for citizens of Argos or of Sicyon. Indeed, the aspect of the walls of Corinth, as it came to me suddenly, had already affected me more than it did the Corinthians, whose minds prolonged thought on their condition had made callous by the mere lapse of time. I once read a book of Clitomachus[1] which, after the overthrow of Carthage, he sent to his captive fellow-citizens for their consolation, and in this, as he said, he had copied a treatise of Carneades,[2] containing what he wrote to controvert the proposition, that the wise man would seem grieved if his country were subdued by a foreign power. In that case the philosopher applies to the fresh disaster such remedy as is not needed in a calamity of long standing; and if that book had been sent to the captives some years later, it would have been not wounds, but scars that needed healing. Gradually and step by step grief is worn away, — not that the cause of grief usually is or can be changed, but experience teaches what reason ought to have taught, that misfortunes are really less than they at first seemed.

23. What need is there at all, some one will say, of reason, or of the consolation which we are wont to offer when we wish to relieve the pain of those

[1] A disciple of Carneades, and himself a voluminous writer, having left no less than four hundred books.

[2] The founder of the New Academy, who carried his philosophical scepticism so far that Clitomachus, after years of close intimacy, said that he never knew his master's actual opinion on any subject whatsoever.

in affliction? For we can hardly fail to have this at hand, that nothing ought to seem unexpected; yet who will bear an untoward event with less discomfort for knowing that it was necessary that some such thing should happen to man? Such utterances subtract nothing from the sum of evil. They only assert that nothing has happened which might not have been anticipated. Still, sentiments of this kind are not wholly without avail for comfort, though I doubt whether they have very much power. The unexpectedness of events then has not such force that all grief springs from it. The grief perhaps is thus made heavier; but it is not their suddenness that makes them seem greater; they seem greater because they are recent, not because they are sudden. There are then two ways of ascertaining the truth, not only as to those things that seem evil, but equally as to those things that seem good. We either inquire what and how great is the thing in question in its very nature, as this is sometimes done concerning poverty, whose burden we lighten by discussion, showing how small and few are the things which nature needs; or from the subtilty of discussion we refer to examples, here mentioning Socrates, here again Diogenes, then that verse of Caecilius,[1]

"A sordid garb is oft the robe of wisdom."

For as the force of poverty is always one and the

[1] A comic poet contemporary with Ennius.

same, what reason can be given why, when Caius Fabricius found it tolerable, others should say that they cannot bear it? Closely allied to this mode of giving comfort is that which shows that what has happened belongs to human fortunes; for this not only recognizes what belongs to the human race, but signifies that things are tolerable which others have borne and are bearing.

24. Is poverty the subject? Many of the patient poor are named. Or the despising of civic honors?[1] There are brought to notice many of those who have lived without them, and indeed of those who were happier for that reason; the lives of men, specified by name, who have preferred private ease to public office are spoken of with praise; nor does one fail to quote the anapaest of the most powerful king of his time,[2] who commends an old man, and pronounces him happy, because he will reach the close of life without fame or distinction. In like manner, by way of example, those who have been bereaved of children are spoken of, and the sorrows of those who suffer severely in any way are soothed by instances of similar affliction. Thus the

[1] In general, a Roman whose birth, position or ability would make him a possible candidate for civic office, regarded it as one of the greatest afflictions that he should remain in private life.

[2] Agamemnon. In the *Iphigenia in Aulis*. Euripides, in the opening scene, represents Agamemnon as meeting by night an old man, to whom he says, "I envy thee, old man, and I envy that man who has passed through life without danger, unknown, inglorious; but I less envy those in honor."

endurance of others makes misfortunes seem much less than they would otherwise be accounted, so that the afflicted come gradually to think how largely opinion had exaggerated fact. This same thing is suggested in Telamon's

"At my son's birth I knew that he was mortal,"[1]

in that saying of Theseus,

"I thought what ills the future had in store,"[2]

and in that of Anaxagoras, "I knew that I had begotten a mortal."[3] All these men, meditating long on human affairs, came to the conclusion that they were by no means to be feared in proportion to the general opinion concerning them. Indeed it seems to me that the same thing happens to those who meditate on misfortune beforehand as to those whom time cures, with this distinction, that the former are relieved by a certain exercise of reason, the latter by nature. In either case it is learned — which is the main thing to be regarded — that the evil which is to be accounted the greatest is by no means sufficient to subvert the happiness of life. Thus it appears that the blow may be heavier from an unexpected event, but not, as some think, that when equal calamities occur to two persons, it is only the one on whom the affliction falls suddenly that is affected by grief. Nay, on the other hand, some sorrow-stricken persons are said to have been the more grievously afflicted by being reminded of

[1] See § 13. [2] See § 14. [3] See § 14.

this common condition of humanity, that we are born under the law that no one can be always exempt from evil.

25. Therefore, as I see that my friend Antiochus[1] writes, Carneades used to blame Chrysippus for quoting with approval these verses of Euripides,[2] —

> "No mortal is there unassailed by pain;
> Few households are there not bereaved of children;
> And all that dwell beneath the sun are death-doomed.
> No need then is there for distress and dread.
> Earth must be rendered back to earth, and life
> Reaped like ripe corn; for so has Fate ordained."

He said that language like this is of no avail for the assuaging of grief, but that it is only the greater reason for painful thought that we have fallen upon a necessity so cruel, and that talking about the evils endured by others is fitted to comfort only the malevolent. I indeed think very differently; for the necessity of bearing human fortunes restrains us from fighting, as it were, with God, and warns us that we are but men; while examples are adduced, not to delight a malevolent mind, but that the afflicted person may feel that he has to bear what he sees many to have borne calmly and quietly. Every possible mode of support must be employed for those who are prostrated and cannot contain themselves[3] by reason of the greatness of their

[1] One of the chief luminaries of the New Academy, and Cicero's principal teacher when he was a student in Athens.

[2] From the lost tragedy of *Hypsipyle*.

[3] Latin, *cohaerere*, literally, "stick together;" and it is in

grief. It is on account of this extremity of affliction, as Chrysippus thinks, that the Greeks call affliction λύπην,[1] as virtually the dissolution of the whole man. All this sorrow may be rooted out, as I said in the beginning, by explaining the cause of grief, which is nothing else than an opinion and judgment as to the existence of a present and pressing evil. Thus bodily pain, the very most intense, is borne with the hope of some good issue; and an honored and illustrious life yields such consolation that those who have thus lived are either untouched by grief, or very slightly pained by it.

26. But if to the opinion as to the presence of a great evil is added the opinion that it is fitting, right and a matter of duty to bear what may have happened with sorrow, then at length is brought about the severe disturbance of mind attendant upon grief. From opinion proceed those various and detestable forms of mourning, squalid attire, effeminate laceration of cheeks, breast, thighs, beating of the head. Hence Agamemnon is represented by both Homer and Attius as

> "His unshorn locks tearing in agony,"

on which Bion facetiously says, that "the great fool of a king plucked out his hair in mourning as if his

contrast with this word that *solutio*, i. e. "dissolution," or "falling to pieces," is used in the following sentence.

[1] "Grief," or "distress." Cicero evidently regards this word as allied, derivatively, with λύσις, which means "dissolution." Plato — the best authority possible — gives the same derivation to λύπη.

sorrow would be relieved by baldness." But people do all these things because they think it proper to do so. Therefore Aeschines inveighs against Demosthenes for offering sacrifice [1] the seventh day after his daughter's death. And how rhetorically, how copiously! What an array of opinions does he bring together! What words does he hurl at his antagonist! giving you to understand that there is no liberty forbidden to the orator. But no one would approve of this, unless we had it ingrafted in our minds that all good men ought to be in the utmost affliction on the death of their kindred. It is for this reason that some in distress of mind resort to solitary places, as Homer says of Bellerophon,

> "He wandered sorrowing in the Aleian fields,
> His heart devouring, human footprints shunning."

Niobe, I suppose, is turned to stone because of her unbroken silence in sorrow; while it is thought that Hecuba was changed into a dog on account of a certain bitterness and madness of soul. There are yet others who in sorrow often take delight in conversing with Solitude herself, like that nurse in the play of Ennius, —

> "Fain would I in my wretchedness proclaim
> To heaven and earth the sorrows of Medea."

[1] On the receipt of the news of King Philip's death, Demosthenes bore a prominent part in the festal offering, crowned and clad in white.

27. All these things afflicted persons do because they think them in accordance with right, truth and obligation; and that they are done from a sense of duty is shown especially by this, — that if those who would wish to maintain the position of mourners chance to act more naturally or to speak more cheerfully, they instantly recall themselves to sadness, and charge themselves with wrong because they have made an intermission in their show of sorrow. Mothers and teachers, too, are wont to reprove children, not by words alone, but even by stripes, and thus force them to mourn if they say or do anything merrily while the family mourning lasts. What? When the mourning ceases, and it appears that the sorrow has accomplished no valuable purpose, is it not perfectly manifest that it was all a matter of free choice? What does that self-punisher, the *Ἑαυτὸν τιμωρούμενος*[1] of Terence say?

> "Chremes, my son receives less harm from me
> While I become as wretched as I can."

He determines to be miserable. But does any one so determine unless of his own free will?

> "I count myself worthy of every evil."

He accounts himself deserving of evil unless he be wretched. What is to be said of those whom circumstances will not suffer to mourn? Thus

[1] The Greek name of Terence's *Heautontimorumenos*, or the "Self-punisher."

according to Homer the many slaughters and deaths of every day appease sorrow. Ulysses says:

> "So many fall around us every day
> That we can find no leisure for our grief.
> Then calmly let us bury those that die,
> And each day's sorrow end with each day's tears."

It is then in your power to cast away sorrow at pleasure, if occasion demands. Now since this thing is within our own power, is there any occasion of which we may not fitly avail ourselves for laying aside care and grief? It was evident that those who saw Cneius Pompeius falling under his wounds, while they feared for themselves in beholding that most bitter and miserable spectacle, seeing themselves surrounded by the hostile fleet, did nothing then save to urge the rowers to seek safety by flight; after their arrival at Tyre they began to mourn and lament. Fear then could in their case repel grief; shall not reason and true wisdom have equal power?

28. But what is there that can be of more avail for the laying aside of sorrow, than its being understood that it is of no profit and is endured to no purpose? Now if it can be laid aside, one can also refrain from taking it up. It must be acknowledged then that grief is assumed by one's own will and judgment. This is shown by the patience of those who, after having suffered often and much, bear more easily whatever happens, and think that they have hardened themselves against fortune,

like that character in the play of Euripides who says, —

> "If now the first sad day had dawned on me,
> Nor had I sailed upon a sea of sorrow,
> It were with me as with the colt unbroken
> That rears and plunges as the spur strikes deep;
> But woe succeeding woe has made me torpid."[1]

Since then weariness of misfortunes makes grief lighter, the necessary inference is that the event itself is not the cause and fountain of the sorrow. Do not the most eminent philosophers, while they have not yet fully attained wisdom, understand that they are enduring the greatest evil possible? For they are unwise, and there is no greater evil than unwisdom. Yet they do not mourn for this. How so? Because to this class of evils, the lack of wisdom, there is not affixed the opinion that it is right, and just, and a part of duty, to grieve, while we do affix this opinion to that kind of grief, reputed the greatest, to which the forms of mourning belong. Aristotle, blaming the earlier philosophers who thought philosophy already perfected by their genius, says that they were either the most foolish or the most boastful of men, but that considering the great progress made within a few years, it will not be long before philosophy will have reached perfection. Theophrastus, too, in dying is reported to have accused Nature because she had given to stags and crows a long life which is

[1] From a lost tragedy.

of no consequence to them, to men to whom it is a matter of the greatest concern, a life so very short; and to have said that could human life have been longer, it might have sufficed for perfection in all the arts, and for the attainment of every kind of learning. Did he therefore complain that he must cease to be when he had just begun to see these things? What? Of other philosophers do not all the best and wisest confess that they are ignorant of many things, and that they need to learn many things over and over? Yet aware that they are stuck fast in the midst of unwisdom, than which there is nothing worse, they are not weighed down by grief; for there is here no admixture of the opinion as to the duty of sorrow. What is to be said of those who think that men ought not to mourn? Among these were Quintus Maximus who carried to the funeral-pile his son, an ex-consul, Lucius Paullus who lost two young sons, Marcus Cato whose son died when he was praetor elect, and such others as I have named in my book entitled *Consolation*. What kept these men calm, except that they thought that mourning and grief do not belong to a man? Therefore as others, thinking it right, are accustomed to surrender themselves to grief, these men, thinking such compliance disgraceful, repelled grief. From this it is inferred that grief is not in the nature of things, but in opinion.

29. On the other side it is asked, who is so far demented that he will grieve voluntarily? "Grief

is brought on by nature, to which," they say, "even your own[1] Crantor thinks it necessary to yield; for it is pressing and urgent, and cannot be resisted." Thus in the play of Sophocles, Oileus, who had before comforted Telamon, was broken down when he heard of the death of his own son; and it is said of his change of mind: —

> "No comforter is so endowed with wisdom
> That, while he soothes another's heavy grief,
> If altered Fortune turns on him her blow,
> He will not bend beneath the sudden shock,
> And spurn the consolation he had given."[2]

Those who reason thus endeavor to show that nature can in no wise be withstood; yet they confess that men take upon themselves severer sorrow than nature makes necessary. What madness then is it for us, also, to require this of them! But there are reasons, it is said, for assuming the burden of sorrow. In the first place, there is the opinion of the presence of an actual evil, which seen and believed, grief necessarily follows. Then it is imagined that it is even gratifying to the dead to make great lamentation for them. To this is added a womanish superstition in the idea that the immortal gods are more easily satisfied if men confess themselves beaten down and prostrated by their stroke. But most persons do not see how mutually

[1] Your own, i. e. Cicero's own. Crantor was a Platonist of the old school, and a specially favorite author with Cicero.

[2] From a lost tragedy.

repugnant these reasons are; for they praise those who die with equanimity, and yet think those worthy of censure who bear another's death with like equanimity, as if what is said in the dialect of lovers were in any way possible, that one should have more affection for another than for himself. It is very noble, and at the same time, if we look into the matter, it is right and fitting, that we love those who are dearest to us as much as we love ourselves; but it is impossible for us to love them more. In friendship it is by no means to be desired that my friend should love me more than himself, or that I should love him more than myself. Were this so, a confusion of life and of all its duties would ensue.

30. But of this on some other occasion. It is sufficient now that we do not ascribe our misery to the loss of friends, and that we do not love them more than they desire if they are still conscious, or in any case more than we love ourselves. Now when it is said that most persons derive no relief from the consolations administered to them, and it is added that the comforters themselves confess that they are miserable when Fortune turns her assault upon them, both these assertions are easily disposed of; for these are not defects of nature, but we ourselves are to blame for them. Here we have ample right to make the charge of folly; for those who are not relieved invite wretchedness upon themselves, and those who do not bear their own

calamities in the spirit which they recommend to others are not more faulty than most other persons, for instance, than the avaricious who reproach their like, and the trumpeters of their own fame who reprove those who are covetous of fame. It is the property of folly to see the faults of others, to forget its own. But that grief is removed by time is the strongest proof that its force is contingent, not on time, but on continuous thought upon the cause of grief; for if the event is the same and the man is the same, how can there be any change in the sorrow, if there be no change either in the cause of the sorrow or in him who mourns?[1] It is then the continuous thought that there is no evil in the event, not mere length of time, that cures sorrow.

31. Some[2] speak to me of the mean between extremes which ought to be observed. If this mean as to grief be natural, what need is there of consolation? Nature will determine the measure. But if it be a matter of opinion, let the opinion be wholly removed. I think that I have made it suf-

[1] Here Cicero forgets that though the event is the same, its bearing on the happiness of the person afflicted by it may not continue the same. The fact of the death of a friend remains unchanged, and is thought of years afterward as if the grief were still fresh. But the place which he filled in his friend's outward life is in process of time more or less filled by others, and thus the occasions on which he is vividly reminded of his loss are less frequent.

[2] The Peripatetics, who maintained that in every matter of moral interest or duty the way between two extremes is the right, and the only right way.

ficiently plain that the opinion that an evil is present constitutes grief, this opinion including the feeling that grief is a matter of obligation. Zeno rightly adds to this definition that the opinion with regard to the present evil must be recent. But "recent" is so interpreted as to embrace not only what happened a little while ago; but as long as there is in the supposed evil a force which retains its vigor and freshness, it is fitly called "recent." For instance, Artemisia, the wife of Mausolus, king of Caria, who built that splendid tomb at Halicarnassus, lived in sorrow as long as she lived, and wasted away because worn out by it. To her that opinion was recent every day; but it cannot be called "recent" when time has withered it. These then are the duties of those who administer consolation, — to remove grief entirely, to moderate it, to draw it off as much as possible, to suppress it and not suffer it to flow farther, or to bring over the thoughts to other subjects. There are those who, with Cleanthes,[1] think it the sole duty of the comforter to show that the object of sorrow was not at all an evil. There are those, like the Peripatetics, who would make it not a great evil. There are those, like Epicurus, who lead the thoughts away from evils to goods. There are those who think it enough to show that what has happened might have been expected, and is therefore not an evil. Chrysippus thinks that in consolation the

[1] One of the most rigid of the Stoics.

main thing is to remove the opinion of the afflicted person that he is discharging an obligation that is just and due. Then there are some who unite all these modes of consolation. Different persons are moved in different ways. Thus in my book entitled *Consolation* I have thrown together almost every topic; for my own mind was in agitation when I wrote it, and I tried in it every method of cure. But the right time must be taken in diseases of the mind no less than in those of the body. Thus the Prometheus of Aeschylus, when it has been said to him,

> "I think, Prometheus, you agree with me
> That wrath and rage admit the cure of reason,"

answers,

> "If one apply the cure in fitting time,
> Nor with rude hands smite on the rankling wound."

32. In administering consolation, then, the first remedy is to show that what has happened is either no evil, or a very slight evil; the second, to discourse on the common condition of life, and especially on anything that may be peculiar in the condition of the person afflicted; the third, to demonstrate the extreme folly of wearing one's self out with fruitless sorrow, from which it is well understood that nothing is to be gained. The comfort that Cleanthes gives is adapted only to the wise man who is not in need of consolation; for were you to convince a person in sorrow that there is no

evil except what is morally vile, you would have taken from him not only his sorrow, but also his unwisdom.[1] But another time is more appropriate for such teaching. Yet it seems to me that Cleanthes did not see clearly enough that grief may sometimes be the consequence of that very thing which he acknowledges to be the greatest of evils. For what shall we say when Socrates had convinced Alcibiades that he was nothing of a man, and that there was no difference between him, though of noble birth, and a porter, and when Alcibiades was stricken with grief on hearing this, and with tears begged Socrates to endue him with virtue and to drive his baseness out of him? What shall we say, Cleanthes? Was there no evil in what affected Alcibiades with grief? Then again, what mean those sayings of Lycon,[2] who, making light of grief, says that it is excited by small matters, by discomforts of fortune and of the body, not by evils of the soul? What then? Did not what Alcibiades mourned consist of evils and faults of the soul? Enough has been already said about the consolation which Epicurus proffers.

33. "This does not happen to you alone," is indeed not the surest consolation, though frequently

[1] Thus making him a wise man, and therefore in no need of consolation.

[2] An eminent Peripatetic philosopher, who flourished in Athens in the third century B. C., and wrote a book on the Supreme Good, to which undoubtedly Cicero here refers.

employed and often serviceable. It is serviceable, as I have said, but not always, or to all; for there are those who reject it. But the form in which it is presented makes a difference; for it ought to be shown not how men are generally affected by this particular trouble, but how it has been borne by all who have borne it wisely. The consolation offered by Chrysippus[1] rests on a solid foundation of truth, but is applied with difficulty to the special occasion of sorrow. It is a great undertaking to prove to one in affliction that he is mourning of his own accord, because he thinks that he ought so to do. As in cases before the courts, or in the several kinds of legal controversy, we do not always use the same mode of statement, but adapt our method to the occasion, the subject, the person, so in the relief of sorrow we must consider, of what mode of cure each person is susceptible. But I have wandered, I know not how, from the subject of discourse that you proposed. Your inquiry was about the wise man, to whom what is free from wrong must seem either no evil or so small an evil that wisdom can bury it out of sight, who makes no pretence or claim for grief on the score of opinion, and who does not think it right that he should be put to extreme torture by grief, than which nothing can be worse. Though the special subject of inquiry proposed at this time was not whether there is any evil except what may be termed mor-

[1] See § 81.

ally vile, yet reason, as it seems to me, has so trained us as to see that whatever evil there is in sorrow is not natural, but created by our free judgment and false opinion. I have now treated of the kind of grief, which alone so holds the foremost place that, were it removed, we should have no great trouble in seeking remedies for the others.

34. There are certain things that are usually said about poverty, certain things, too, about a life destitute of distinction and fame. There are separate dissertations on exile, on the destruction of one's country, on servitude, on bodily infirmity, on blindness, on every event to which the name of calamity is ordinarily given. These the Greeks distribute into single treatises and single books; for they seek employment, while their treatises are full of interesting matter. Indeed, as physicians, while curing the whole body, apply their remedies to even the least part of the body if it is in pain, so philosophy, when it has removed grief in its entireness, continues its work, if there remains any false notion, whencesoever derived, if poverty groans, if dishonor stings, if exile sheds aught of gloom, or if there is any one of the forms of calamity of which I have spoken, and if there are consolations peculiarly belonging to special conditions of things, of which you shall, indeed, hear whenever you wish. But we must return to the same principle, that all grief is very far from the wise man, because it is empty, because it is assumed in vain,

because it springs not from nature, but from judgment, from opinion, from a certain self-invitation to grieve when we have determined that it ought to be done. Take this away, which is all voluntary, and grief in its most sorrowful form will be removed, yet there will be left now and then a pang or a twinge of uneasiness. This one is at liberty to call natural, if he will only drop the name of "grief," which, melancholy, offensive, deathlike, cannot coexist, can, so to speak, in no wise dwell, with wisdom. And the roots of grief, how many are they, and how bitter! When the trunk is overthrown, these are to be torn up, and if need be, by separate discussions; for I have leisure, such as it is,[1] for this work. But all griefs are of one kind, though of many names. For envy belongs under the head of grief; so does rivalry, detraction, pity, distress, mourning, sorrow, hardship, anxiety, pain, uneasiness, affliction, despair. All these the Stoics define, and these terms which I have repeated belong to specific conditions of mind. They do not signify, as might seem, the same things, but have their points of difference, of which I shall perhaps treat elsewhere. These are those fibres of roots which, as I said in the beginning, are to be traced out, and to be all torn up, so that not one shall

[1] Latin, *cuicuimodi*. I think that Cicero in this word refers to the reason why he has leisure, which he does not want to have, namely, the enforced suspension of his work in the courts and senate. "Leisure such as it is," i. e. which I would rather not have.

remain. It is a great and difficult work. Who denies that it is so? But what is there pre-eminently good that demands not arduous effort? Yet Philosophy professes that she will accomplish it, if we only accept her curative treatment. But enough of this. Other subjects shall be ready for discussion with you, both here and elsewhere.

BOOK IV.

ON THE PASSIONS.

1. SINCE, Brutus, it is my frequent habit in my writings to express my admiration of the genius and the virtues of our fellow-countrymen, I feel that sentiment especially with regard to the studies which at a comparatively recent period they have imported from Greece into Rome. While from the origin of the city, — by royal ordinances, and in part, also, by laws, — auspices, ceremonies, popular assemblies, appeals to the people, the senate, the enrolment of cavalry and foot-soldiers, the entire military system, were established with divine aid, an admirable progress, an incredibly rapid advance was made toward every kind of excellence as soon as the State was freed from the sway of the kings. This, however, is not the place to speak of the customs and institutions of our ancestors, or of the discipline and government of the State. Elsewhere I have treated of these things with sufficient detail, especially in the six books that I have written on the Republic. But here, in thinking of the several departments of liberal culture, many reasons occur to me for believing that, though in part brought

from abroad, they were not wholly thus derived, but were in part preserved and cherished on our own soil; for our ancestors had almost under their eyes Pythagoras, a man of pre-eminent wisdom and nobleness of character, who was in Italy at the time when Lucius Brutus, the renowned founder of your distinguished family,[1] gave freedom to his country. Now as the philosophy of Pythagoras flowed far and wide, I cannot doubt that its current reached our city; and while this is probable as a conjecture, it is also indicated by certain vestiges. For who can think that when that part of Italy called Magna Graecia flourished with strong and great cities, and in these the name, first of Pythagoras, afterward of the Pythagoreans, was so highly honored, the ears of our people were closed to their surpassingly learned instruction? Indeed, I think that it was on account of admiration for the Pythagoreans that King Numa was regarded by posterity as a Pythagorean; for while they knew the system and principles of Pythagoras, and had heard from their ancestors of the equity and wisdom of that king, in their ignorance of ages and dates belonging to so early a time, they took it for

[1] The family was plebeian, and we have no authentic record of it earlier than the (probably semi-mythical) story of the part performed by Lucius Junius Brutus in the expulsion of Tarquin. Some of the ancients denied that he was the founder of the family, maintaining that his only two sons died childless, being executed by their father's order. A third son seems to have been invented to supply the missing link in the chain of heredity.

granted that a man of such transcendent wisdom was a disciple of Pythagoras.

2. Thus far for conjecture. As for vestiges of the Pythagoreans, though many may be collected, I yet will name but few, since this is not the work that I have now in hand. While it is said that the Pythagoreans were accustomed both to deliver certain precepts somewhat obscurely in verse, and to bring their minds from intense thought to quietness by song and stringed instruments, Cato, the highest of all authorities, in his *Origines* says that it was customary with our ancestors at their feasts for the guests to sing by turns, to the accompaniment of the flute, the merits and virtues of illustrious men, whence it appears that poems and songs were then written to be sung. Indeed, the Twelve Tables show that it was customary to write songs; for it was legally forbidden to write songs to another person's injury.[1] Moreover, it is a proof that those times were not without culture, that stringed instruments were played at the shrines of the gods and at the civic feasts, — a custom characteristic of the practice of the Pythagoreans. It seems to me, too, that the poem of Appius Coecus,[2] which Panaetius praises highly in a letter of his to Quintus

[1] That this was a capital offence appears from a passage of a lost work of Cicero quoted by Saint Augustine.

[2] He is the earliest Roman author whose name has come down to us. Besides this poem he wrote a legal treatise of high authority.

Tubero, is Pythagorean in its tone. There are many things in our customs from this same source, which I pass over, lest we may seem to have learned from abroad what we are supposed to have originated ourselves. But, to return to our purpose, in how short a time, how many and how great poets, and what eminent orators, have risen among us! so that it is perfectly evident that everything is within the reach of our people as soon as they begin to desire it.

3. But of other pursuits I will speak elsewhere, if need be, as I have often done. The study of philosophy is indeed ancient among our people; yet before the time of Laelius and Scipio I find none of its students whom I can specially name. While they were young men, I see that Diogenes the Stoic and Carneades of the Academy were sent as ambassadors from Athens to the Roman senate. As they had not the slightest connection with public affairs at Athens, one of them being from Cyrene, the other from Babylon, they certainly would not have been called out of their schools, or chosen to this office, unless learned pursuits had at that time been in favor with certain of the principal men in Rome,[1] who, while they wrote on other

[1] "In Rome" has nothing to correspond to it in the original, and grammatically "the principal men" in Athens might seem referred to, while the latter part of the sentence leaves no doubt that Cicero is speaking of the great men of Rome who lived philosophy without writing it.

subjects — some, on civil law; some, their own speeches; some, the memorials of earlier days — at the same time cultivated the greatest of all arts, the method of living well, in practice more than in written words. Thus of that true and beautiful philosophy, which, derived from Socrates, still remains with the Peripatetics, and with the Stoics too, who in their controversies with the disciples of the Academy say substantially the same things in a different way, there are hardly any, certainly very few, remains of Latin authorship, and this, either because the subjects were too large and the men too busy, or else because those who might have written thought that these things could have no interest for persons not versed in them. Meanwhile, in their silence Caius Amafinius appeared as a writer, and by his books, when published, the people at large were excited, and many attached themselves to his school, either because its doctrine was easily understood, or because it invited them by the ensnaring blandishments of pleasure, or because they laid hold of what was placed before them for the sole reason that there was nothing better. After Amafinius many zealous members of the same school, and copious writers, were spread through the whole of Italy, and the greatest proof of the lack of subtilty in their writings is that they are so easily understood and that they receive the approval of the uneducated. This they regard as constituting the strength of their school.

4. Let every man defend his own belief; for opinions are free. I shall adhere to my usual method, and, bound by no necessity of conforming to the dogmas of any one school, I shall always inquire on every subject what is the most probable opinion. As often elsewhere, I have carefully taken this course of late in my Tusculan villa. The discussions of three days having been given you in detail, that of the fourth is contained in this book. When we had come down into the lower apartment,[1] as we had done the preceding day, the discussion took place as follows.

M. Will some one please to name a subject for discussion?

A. It does not seem to me that the wise man is free from every disturbance of mind.

M. It appeared from yesterday's discussion that he is free from grief, unless perchance you assented to me rather than occupy more time.

A. Not by any means; for I most heartily approve of all that you said.

M. You do not think, then, that a wise man is liable to grief.

A. Certainly not.

M. But if grief cannot disturb a wise man's mind,

[1] Latin, *in inferiorem ambulationem*, "the lower walking-place," i. e. the *academia*. Cicero represents himself as walking during these discussions, and walking was a common habit with philosophers in their familiar lectures, from Aristotle — father of the *Peripatetics* — downward.

no other emotion can. What? Can fear disturb him? Fear has for its objects those things not present, the presence of which occasions grief. If then grief is removed, fear also is removed. There remain two perturbations, — excessive joy and inordinate desire. If these do not affect the wise man, the wise man's mind will be always tranquil.

A. So I understand, without doubt.

M. Which will you prefer? Shall I make sail at once, or shall I row a little while, as if we were getting clear of the harbor?

A. What do you mean? I do not understand you.

5. *M.* This is my meaning. Chrysippus and the Stoics, when they treat of disturbances of mind, are, in great part, occupied in dividing and defining them. They have very little to say about the means of curing minds and preventing their disturbance. The Peripatetics, on the other hand, offer much toward the appeasing of such disturbances, but omit the thorny work of division and definition. My question then was whether I should spread the sail of my discourse at once, or should give it a start with the oars of logic.

A. The latter, by all means; for it is the whole that I want, and the discussion is the more perfect if both ways be pursued.

M. This is indeed the more proper method, and you will afterward make suitable inquiries, if anything that I say shall not have been perfectly clear.

A. I will certainly do so. Yet those very matters that are obscure you will expound, as you always do, more clearly than they are stated by the Greeks.

M. I will try, at any rate. But there is need of the closest attention, lest, if one point escape you, the whole may glide away from your mind. Preferring to call what the Greeks term πάθη[1] perturbations rather than diseases, in explaining them I shall follow the very old description of them which originated with Pythagoras and was adopted by Plato. They divide the soul into two parts, — one possessed of reason, the other destitute of it. In that possessed of reason they place tranquillity, that is, a placid and quiet firmness; in the other, the turbid movements of both anger and desire, contrary and hostile to reason. Be this then the fountain-head[2] of our discussion. Yet in describing these perturbations let us employ the definitions and divisions of the Stoics, who seem to me in this part of the subject to show very great acuteness.

6. Zeno[3] then defines a perturbation, πάθος[4] as he calls it, to be a commotion of mind contrary to reason. Some more briefly say that a perturbation is a too vehement desire, and by its being too vehement they mean its departing too far from the even

[1] "Affections." See iii. § 4, note.
[2] Latin, *fons*.
[3] The Stoic, not the Epicurean, of that name.
[4] "Affection."

temperament of nature. But they maintain that the division of mental disturbances starts from two imagined goods and two imagined evils, — from the goods, desire and gladness, gladness in goods present, desire of those to come; from the evils they derive fear and grief, fear as to things future, grief for things present, — the same things that are feared in the future, when present, occasioning grief. Gladness and desire have their scope in an opinion of the goodness of their objects. While desire, excited and inflamed, is urged on to what seems good, gladness becomes excessive and exultant on obtaining what has already been desired. By nature all pursue those things that seem good, and shun the contrary. Therefore as soon as the appearance of anything that seems good is presented, Nature herself urges one toward the attainment of it. When this takes place consistently and prudently, the Stoics term such a desire *βούλησιν*,[1] — we call it "volition."[2] They think that this exists in the wise man alone, and they define volition as "reasonable desire." But will, which, with reason opposed to it, is excited too vehemently, is lust or unbridled desire, which is found in all who are not wise.[3] In like manner, when we are in possession of some good, we are moved in one of two ways. When

[1] "Will," or "volition."

[2] *Voluntas.*

[3] Latin, *omnibus stultis. Stultus* is often used, especially by Cicero, to denote, not actual folly, but the absence of wisdom, and is sometimes employed to denote all who are not philosophers.

the mind is affected calmly and consistently, we call that "joy;" but when the mind exults inanely and immoderately, that may be called "extravagant or excessive gladness." Moreover, since as we naturally crave good things, so we turn away from evil things, this turning away, if it be done with reason, may be called "caution," which is understood to exist in the wise man only; but when it is without reason and with grovelling and unmanly dejection, it may be termed "fear." Fear then is "caution contrary to reason." In the next place, the wise man is unaffected by present evil; while foolish grief is that with which those not under the control of reason are affected, and by which the mind is cast down and shrunken. This then is the first definition, that grief is a "shrinking of the mind opposed to reason." Thus we have four kinds of perturbation, and three calm and self-consistent states, there being no such state that is the express opposite of grief.

7. But the Stoics regard all disturbances of mind as created by judgment and opinion. Therefore they define them with the greater precision, that it may be understood not only how vicious they are, but how entirely they are within our own power. Grief then is a recent opinion of the existence of a present evil, because of which it seems right that the soul should be cast down and should shrink within itself; joy, a recent opinion of the existence of a present good, by reason of which it seems right

to be transported beyond the wonted bounds; fear, an opinion as to an impending evil which seems beyond endurance; desire,[1] an opinion with regard to some good to come, which would be of service were it now present and at hand. But they say that these perturbations contain not only the opinions and judgments of which I have spoken, but also the effects which result from their existence in the mind, — grief occasioning, as it were, a gnawing of pain; fear, a sort of retreat and flight of the soul; joy, an overflowing hilarity; desire, an unbridled appetency. Meanwhile, the forming of opinions, which entered into the definitions given above, they regard as weak assent. Each perturbation contains several divisions which properly belong to the same class. Thus under the head of grief are enviousness[2] (I employ the less common word, that I may not be misunderstood;[3] for envy is used in speaking not only of him who envies, but also of him who is envied), emulation, jealousy,[4] pity,

[1] Latin, *libido*. We have no word which corresponds precisely to it. "Lust" has too narrow a meaning; "desire," too broad. I have used in translating it the latter term, generally; the former, when it was evidently the author's specific meaning; and sometimes, "inordinate desire," when the sense demanded that qualification.

[2] See iii. § 9, note.

[3] Latin, *docendi causa*, which I suppose denotes the accuracy which Cicero sought in a didactic treatise.

[4] Latin, *obtrectatio*, which commonly means "detraction," but not infrequently denotes "begrudging," or "jealousy" in the broader sense in which it refers to the relations, not between hus-

distress, mourning, sorrow, hardship, pain, lamentation, anxiety, trouble, affliction, despair, and other emotions of the same sort, if others there be. Under fear are included sloth, bashfulness, terror, timidity, consternation, sinking of heart, confusion of mind, dread; under pleasure, the malevolence that rejoices in another's harm, delight, boastfulness, and like affections; under desire, anger, irritability, hatred, enmity, discord, want, longing, and other similar states of mind.

8. These terms they define as follows. They say that enviousness is grief for the prosperity of another, when it does no injury to the envious person. If one is pained by the prosperity of him by whose success he himself is injured, as in the case of Agamemnon in relation to Hector, he is not properly said to be "envious;" but he whom another's well-being cannot in anywise injure, who yet is sorry for it, is certainly chargeable with envy. Emulation is used in two senses, and denotes both a merit and a fault; for the imitation of virtue is called "emulation" (with this we have no concern, it being praiseworthy), and the name is also given to the grief felt by one who fails to obtain[1] what

band and wife, but between man and man. The definition in the next section shows that Cicero here uses the word in this latter sense.

[1] Latin, *careat*, which I render "fails to obtain," because otherwise there is no distinction between emulation and jealousy. Jealousy begrudges another what the jealous man would gladly have, but has not endeavored to obtain.

he had desired and another possesses. Jealousy (by which I mean *ζηλοτυπίαν*)[1] is also grief which one feels at another's possessing what he would have desired for himself. Pity is grief for another who is suffering undeservedly; for no one is moved to pity by the punishment of a parricide or a traitor. Distress is pressing grief. Mourning is grief for the bitter death of one who has been dear. Sorrow is grief with tears. Hardship is grief with toil. Pain is grief with torment. Lamentation is grief with wailing. Anxiety is grief with deep thought. Trouble is continuous grief. Affliction is grief with bodily vexation. Despair is grief without any hope of better things. The emotions under the head of fear they define as follows. Sloth is the fear of labor in the future. Bashfulness.[2] . . . Terror is a fear that convulses the body; so that while blushing attends bashfulness, paleness and trembling and chattering of teeth are produced by terror. Timidity is the fear of evil close at hand. Consternation is a fear that deranges the mind, as in that verse of Ennius, —

"Then consternation drives all wisdom from my mind."

Sinking of heart is a fear consequent and attendant upon consternation. Confusion of mind is a fear that shakes out thought. Dread is continuous fear.

[1] Best defined "jealousy."

[2] There are many and widely varying readings of this passage. My belief is that the definition that was here given of *pudor*, or "bashfulness," is irrecoverably lost.

9. The divisions of pleasure they define as follows. Malevolence is pleasure in another's misfortune from which one derives no benefit. Delight is pleasure that soothes the mind by sweet sounds, and by similar sensations through the organs of sight, touch, smell and taste, all which are of one kind, and may be described as pleasures liquified to besprinkle the soul. Boastfulness is demonstrative pleasure, arrogantly forthputting. The following are the definitions of the states of mind under the head of desire. Anger is the desire to punish one who, we think, has wrongfully done us harm. Irritability is anger nascent and just beginning to be, — called in Greek *θύμωσις*.[1] Hatred is an anger that has become chronic. Enmity is anger on the watch for the opportunity of revenge. Discord is a more bitter anger conceived of hatred in the inmost heart.[2] Want is a desire that cannot be satisfied. Longing is a desire to see some one who is not yet at hand. They also define longing as a desire excited by the report of certain things which the logicians call *κατηγορήματα*,[3] as pos-

[1] This word is not found in any extant Greek writer; but it may have been used by Chrysippus, from whom Cicero probably drew most or all of these definitions. It is a word that ought to be, and probably was. It is legitimately formed from *θυμός*, and corresponds in formation, as in meaning, to the Latin *animositas*, whence the English "animosity."

[2] Latin, *intimo odio et corde*, literally, "of inmost hatred and the heart;" the point of the definition being the relation between *discordia* and *cor*.

[3] "Predicates," i. e. what is affirmed concerning persons or things.

sessed by some person or persons, as that they have riches, or are receiving honors; while want is the desire for the things themselves, as for honors or for money. But they say that intemperance[1] is the cause of every disturbance of soul; and this is a falling away from a sound mind and right reason, so averse from the rule of reason that the appetites of the mind can be in no measure governed or held in check. As therefore temperance allays the appetites, makes them obey right reason, and maintains the deliberate decisions of the mind, so intemperance, in hostility to it, inflames, disturbs, excites the entire mind. Thus griefs and fears and all other perturbations are born of intemperance.

10. As when the blood is poisoned, or there is an excess of phlegm or of bile, diseases and sicknesses are produced in the body, so the confusion of perverse opinions and their mutual repugnancy deprive the soul of health, and trouble it with diseases. From these inward perturbations there are produced, first, diseases which the Stoics call *νοσήματα*,[2] and also dispositions opposed to those diseases, involving a faulty disgust and disdain for certain things, — then, sicknesses which they call *ἀῤῥωστή-*

[1] Of course in its broad sense. The Latin *temperantia* denotes dispositions and conduct appropriate to the time or occasion; i. e. neither too much, nor too little, — "moderation." *Intemperantia*, which I have rendered "intemperance," includes immoderateness of every description.

[2] A word used to denote diseases both of body and of mind.

ματα,[1] and also opposed to them disgusts of a contrary kind. Here the Stoics, and especially Chrysippus, spend too much labor in comparing diseases of the mind with those of the body. Omitting this line of thought as by no means necessary, let us treat only of those things in which the subject in hand is comprised. Let it then be understood that the perturbation of mind, when inconsistent and confused opinions are tossed to and fro, implies perpetual unrest; and when this heat and excitement of mind have become chronic, and seated, as it were, in the veins and marrow, then commence disease and sickness, and the disgusts which are contrary to the diseases and sicknesses.

11. The disease and sickness of which I speak, though they may be discriminated in thought, yet in fact are closely united, and they proceed from desire and joy. Thus when money is desired, and reason is not immediately applied, as a sort of Socratic remedy which would cure that desire, the evil flows into the veins and inheres in the bowels, and becomes a disease and a sickness which, when chronic, cannot be extirpated, and the name of that disease is "avarice." The case is the same with other diseases, as the desire of fame, or the passion for women, if I may so call what in Greek is termed φιλογύνεια;[2] and other diseases and sicknesses have

[1] A word denoting, not acute disease, but the kind of feebleness and bodily derangement that is likely to become chronic.

[2] "Love for women."

a like origin. The dispositions contrary to these are thought to originate from fear, as the hatred of women, like that in the *Μισογύνῃ*[1] of Attilius, or the hatred of the whole human race, such as is reported of Timon, who is called *μισάνθρωπος*,[2] or inhospitality. All these sicknesses of the mind spring from a certain fear of the objects shunned and hated. The Stoics define sickness of the mind to be an intensely strong opinion, inherent and deeply seated, concerning some object which ought not to be sought, that it deserves to be earnestly sought. What springs from disgust they define as an intensely strong opinion, inherent and deeply seated, concerning some object which ought not to be shunned, that it ought to be shunned; and this opinion is an assurance on the part of him who holds it that he knows what he does not know. Under the head of "sickness" belong such conditions or habits as avarice, ambition, licentiousness, obstinacy, gluttony, drunkenness, luxuriousness, and the like. Now avarice is an intensely strong opinion, inherent and deeply seated, about money, that it ought to be earnestly sought; and the definition of the other affections of the same class is similar. The definitions of disgusts may be illustrated in the

[1] *The woman-hater.* The title of a comedy of Attilius, one of the earliest of Roman comic poets.

[2] The "misanthrope," or "man-hater." The details of Timon's life have come to us mainly through Aristophanes and other comic poets, so that little is definitely known of him, except that he was really a misanthrope, or posed as one.

case of inhospitality, which is an intensely strong opinion, inherent and deeply seated, that a guest is to be sedulously avoided. In like manner we may define the hatred of women, as in the case of Hippolytus,[1] and the hatred of the whole human race like that felt by Timon.

12. To resort to the analogy of bodily health, using occasionally comparisons derived from it, but more sparingly than is the habit of the Stoics, — as different persons are specially inclined toward different diseases, and so we call some "catarrhal," some "dysenteric," not because they are so now, but because they often are, — so there are some inclined to fear, others to other perturbations. Thus in some there is frequent anxiety, whence they are called "anxious," and in others there is an irascibility which differs from anger; for it is one thing to be irascible, another to be angry, — even as anxiety differs from an anxious feeling; for all who sometimes feel anxious are not anxious, nor do those who are anxious always feel anxious. There is a like difference between a case of intoxication and the habit of intoxication, and it is one thing to be a lover, and another to be in the habit of making love. This proclivity of different persons to different diseases has a wide application. It belongs to

[1] Hippolytus, in the mythical history of the family of Theseus, is represented only as having repelled the unlawful love of his stepmother; but Euripides, in the tragedy of *Hippolytus*, represents him as, in the fullest sense of the term, a woman-hater.

all disturbances of mind. It appears in the case of many vices, but without a distinctive name. Thus the envious, and the malevolent, and the malignant, and the timid, and the pitiful are so called, because they are inclined to these disturbances of mind, not because they are always affected by them. This proclivity of each to his own kind of mental disease may from the analogy of the body be termed "sickness," understanding by it a proclivity to being sick.[1] But since different persons have special aptitudes for different forms of goodness, this inclination with reference to good things is termed "facility;" with reference to bad things "proclivity;" while as to things neither good nor bad it has the former name.

13. As in the body there is disease, there is sickness, there is imperfection,[2] so is it in the mind.

[1] This section is rendered into English with difficulty, because its meaning depends in great part on the different shades of signification belonging to words from the same root. In several instances, we lack the means of showing at the same time the resemblance and the difference between the two words; in others we should have to employ words not in common use, as "ire" and "irate." The following are the pairs of words, which I have in some cases been able to represent less fully than I could have wished, —*anxietas, anxius; iracundia, ira; ebrietas, ebriositas; amator, amans; aegrotatio, ad aegrotandum proclivitas.*

[2] Latin, *vitium*. I have in this section rendered this word, and *vitiositas* also, "imperfection;" as not only would "vice" and "viciousness" be inapplicable to the body, but "imperfection" would better than "vice" express Cicero's meaning as to the mind.

The disordered condition of the whole body is called "disease;" when disease is connected with debility, it is "sickness;" while imperfection exists where the parts of the body do not correspond to one another, whence results the unhealthy condition of single members, distortion, deformity. Those two, then, disease and sickness, are produced by the concussion and disturbance of the entire health of the body, while an imperfection shows itself when the health is sound. But as to the mind it is only in thought that we can discriminate between disease and sickness, while an imperfection is a habit or state out of keeping with the life as a whole, and not even in harmony with itself. Thus it is that in the former case disease or sickness may be produced by corrupt opinions. On the other hand, imperfection may result from a lack of consistency and harmony in the mind itself; for it is not true that in the mind, as in the body, every imperfection betokens a want of symmetry, and in the case of those almost wise, it is a state that lacks self-consistency so long as unwisdom lasts,[1] while there may not be distortion or utter unhealthiness. But diseases and sicknesses are parts of imperfection, while it is questionable whether perturbations of mind are so; for imperfections are continuous states, while perturbations are fluctuating, and cannot there-

[1] According to the Stoics, the truly wise man is "perfect;" he who falls never so little short of wisdom, though without moral disease or sickness, is "imperfect."

fore be parts of continuous states.[1] Moreover, as in things evil, so in things good, the analogy of the body applies very closely to the nature of the mind; for as in the body the distinguishing attributes are beauty, strength, health, firmness, quickness, so are they in the mind. Soundness is the condition of the body in which these elements of its well-being are united. So is soundness affirmed of the mind when its decisions and opinions agree. This state is that virtue of the mind, which some call "temperance," while others regard it as obeying the rules of temperance, and making temperance its aim, yet without any specific character of its own.[2] But whether it be this or that, it exists only in the wise man. Yet there is a certain kind of mental soundness which may fall to the lot even of the unwise, when the perturbation of mind is removed by curative treatment.[3] Still further, as there is in the body a certain fit shape of the members with a

[1] The sense of this sentence is better expressed by a paraphrase than by a translation. "Diseases and sicknesses are indeed produced by perturbations; but these perturbations may cease, and then the disease or sickness that they have produced may settle down in some permanent imperfection of mind or character; while so long as the perturbations last, they are symptoms, not of imperfection, but of still active disease or sickness."

[2] The more rigid Stoics denied the names — of which temperance, in its broadest sense, was one — that denote perfect goodness to any human being, except to the ideal perfectly wise man.

[3] This means that there may be all the discernible tokens of moral excellence in those who, because lacking perfect wisdom, cannot be perfectly good.

sweetness of complexion, which is termed "beauty;" so in the mind the same name is given to an equability and consistency of opinions, with a certain firmness and steadfastness, engaged in the pursuit of virtue, or containing all that gives strength to virtue.[1] We also give names derived from the body to the active powers of the mind that resemble the powers, nerves and efficiency of the body. The speed of the body is called "celerity," and this also is regarded as one of the merits of genius, on account of the mind's ability to run through many things in a short time.

14. There is this difference between minds and bodies, that healthy minds cannot be attacked by disease, healthy bodies can be; but while diseases of the body may take place without blame, it is not so with those of the mind, in which diseases and disturbances occur only from the neglect of reason. They therefore exist in men alone; for though beasts do some things that might be taken for disease, they are not liable to disturbances of mind. There is, too, this difference between those of quick and those of dull apprehension, that, as Corinthian brass is slow to rust, so men of active minds are slower in falling into disease, and are restored more rapidly than those of dull intellect. Nor are those of active mind liable to every sort of disease and perturbation, certainly not to what is

[1] Here again the reference is to the seemingly excellent men who yet fall short of perfect wisdom.

wild and savage; but some of their morbid affections appear at first sight humane, as pity, grief, fear. Still further, it is thought that sicknesses and diseases of the mind are eradicated less easily than are those extreme imperfections that are the opposites of the virtues. While diseases continue, imperfections may be removed; for diseases are not cured as promptly as imperfections are taken away. I have thus given you what the Stoics teach with great precision as to disturbances of mind. They call such discussion λογικά,[1] on account of its subtilty. Now that my discourse has, as it were, made its sea-way beyond the rude cliffs of the shore, let us pursue our course through what remains, if only what I have said shall have been as clear as so obscure a subject permits.

A. You have been sufficiently clear; but if there are any matters that need to be inspected more carefully, I will ask your aid at some other time. I am now looking for the sails of which you spoke at the outset, and for the voyage.

15. *M.* I have elsewhere spoken of virtue, and shall still have to speak of it often; for most questions appertaining to life and conduct are derived from the fountain of virtue. It being a uniform and fitting affection of the mind, making those who possess it praiseworthy, and being itself, and for its own sake, even without reference to its utility, deserving of praise, there proceed from it good voli-

[1] "Logic."

tions, sentiments, deeds, and everything that belongs to right reason, although virtue itself might be most comprehensively defined as "right reason." The opposite of virtue thus understood is viciousness (for so rather than "malice" I prefer to call what the Greeks term *κακίαν*,[1] malice being the name of a certain kind of vice, viciousness of all), which stimulates the perturbations which, as I said a little while ago, are turbid and excited movements of the soul contrary to reason, and utterly inimical to quietness of mind and life, inasmuch as they bring in anxious and bitter griefs, afflict and enfeeble the mind by fear, and inflame it with excessive desire, which we sometimes call "cupidity," sometimes "lust," and which, under whatever form, is a mental infirmity, utterly inconsistent with temperance and moderation. This craving, when it thinks it has attained what it desired, is so elated by excessive joy as to be incapable of consistent action, verifying the saying of the character in the play,[2] that too much pleasure of the mind is the greatest mistake possible. The cure of these evils then is to be found in virtue alone.

16. But what is there not only more miserable, but more base and deformed, than a man broken down, debilitated, prostrated by affliction? Next to this form of wretchedness is he who fears some approaching evil, and hangs in breathless suspense.

[1] The best definition of this word is "badness."

[2] A comedy of Trabea.

To denote the magnitude of this evil the poets imagine in the infernal regions a rock impending over Tantalus,

"For lawless deeds and over-boastful words."

This is the common punishment of folly; for some such terror is perpetually impending over all whose minds are averse from reason. Still further, as these perturbations of the mind, to wit, grief and fear, consume the strength, so do those of a more cheerful kind, desire always on the eager quest, and empty mirth, that is, exuberant joy, differ very little from madness. Hence it is understood what sort of a man he is, whom we at one time call "moderate," at another "temperate," then again, "firm" and "self-controlling," while we are sometimes inclined to refer all these names to frugality, as chief over them all; for unless the virtues are all comprehended in that one word, the saying, "A frugal man does all things aright,"[1] would not have been so commonly repeated as to become a proverb. When the Stoics say the same about the wise man, they seem to speak of him with the utmost admiration and honor.

17. Whoever then has his mind kept in repose

[1] Pre-eminently a Roman proverb; for though in Cicero's time, notwithstanding abounding corruption and depravity, nobler ethical principles prevailed among the wiser and better men, in Rome's most virtuous days her virtues were of a utilitarian type, and were prized because they represented the most thrifty economy and the shrewdest practical wisdom.

by moderation and firmness, and is at peace with himself so that he is neither wasted by troubles nor broken down by fear, nor burns with longing in his thirsty quest of some object of desire, nor flows out in the demonstration of empty joy, is the wise man whom we seek; he is the happy man, to whom no human fortune can seem either insupportable so as to cast him down, or too joyful so as to elate him unduly. For what in human affairs can seem great to him who takes cognizance of all eternity and of the immensity of the whole universe? Indeed, what in human pursuits or in the narrow period of life can seem great to the wise man, whose mind is always so on the watch that nothing sudden, nothing unthought of, nothing altogether new can happen to him? Such a man looks with so keen insight in every direction that he always sees a place of abode where he can live without trouble or distress, and that whatever accident fortune may bring, he can bear it fittingly and calmly; and he with whom this is the case will be free not from grief alone, but also from all other perturbations. But a mind free from these makes men perfectly and absolutely happy; while a mind liable to excitement and drawn away from sound and unerring reason loses not only its self-consistency, but even its sanity. Therefore the reasoning and discourse of the Peripatetics must be regarded as feeble and nerveless, saying, as they do, that the mind must of necessity be disturbed, and prescribing a certain

limit beyond which one ought not to go. Do you prescribe limit to a fault? Or is it no fault not to obey reason? Or does reason fail to teach you that what you either ardently desire or, when obtained, rejoice over immoderately, is not a real good, nor is that a real evil under which you lie crushed, or as to which the fear that it may crush you deprives you of your self-possession? And does reason say that it is only the excess of sadness or of joy that is an error? Now if this error is lessened by time for the unwise, so that, while things remain unchanged, they bear old troubles in one way, new troubles in another, it may certainly not affect the wise at all. What limit shall there be then? Let us seek the limit of grief, which is the most burdensome of all these morbid affections. Fannius writes that Publius Rupilius bore hardly the defeat of his brother as candidate for the consulship. But he seems to have passed the limit; for this was the cause of his death.[1] He ought then to have borne it more moderately. But what if while he was bearing it moderately, the death of his children had imposed an added burden? A new grief would have sprung up. Let that be moderate, still a great addition would have been made. What if there had then come severe bodily pains, loss of property, blindness, exile? If for each of these evils there was added grief, the sum might have been such as could not be borne.

[1] The story is that, being slightly ill, he died instantly on hearing of his brother's defeat.

18. He who seeks a limit for a fault,[1] is like one who, throwing himself from Leucate, should think that he can poise himself in mid-air when he pleases. As he cannot do this, no more can the mind when disturbed and excited restrain itself, and stop where it wants to stop; and, in general, whatever things are harmful in their growth are faulty in their birth. Now it is certain that grief and other perturbations, when largely increased, are pestilential; therefore when they first affect the mind, they are at the outset in no small degree baleful. For they urge themselves on when reason has once been forsaken; and weakness indulges itself, launches out recklessly on the deep, nor finds any stopping place. Therefore the approval of moderate perturbations of mind is the same as approving of moderate injustice, or moderate sloth, or moderate intemperance. He who assigns a limit to faults takes the part of those faults; and this, while hateful in itself, is all the worse, because the faults for which indulgence is craved are on slippery ground, and when once started on the downward track, glide on, and can in no way be held back.

19. What remains to be said? This indeed, — that these same Peripatetics not only call those perturbations which, as I think, ought to be extirpated, natural, but maintain that they were given by

[1] Latin, *vitium*. "Vice" is here too strong a word, and "fault" too weak; yet I can find no English word that expresses the mean between the two.

Nature with a view to their usefulness. They reason in this wise. They first say a great deal in praise of anger. They call it the whetstone of courage, and maintain that it will make the assaults on the enemy and on the bad citizen more energetic; that there is no weight in the paltry reasoning, "It is right that this battle should be fought; it is fitting to contend for the laws, for liberty, for the fatherland;" that these things have no force unless courage be inflamed by anger. Nor do they confine themselves to soldiers alone. They think that no very rigid commands can be given without some bitterness of anger. Finally, they do not approve of an orator's conducting a defence, much less of his making an accusation, without the spur of anger, which, if not real, should, as they think, be counterfeited by word and gesture, so that the manner of the orator may kindle the hearer's anger. They deny that there is any man who knows not how to be angry, and what we term "lenity,"[1] they call by the bad name of "sluggishness."[2] Nor do they content themselves with praising this desire (for anger, as I just now defined it, is the desire of revenge); but they say that the entire class of desires or appetencies was given by Nature with a view to the highest usefulness; for no one can do well what he does not want to do. Themistocles walked the street[3] by night because he could not put himself to sleep,

[1] *Lenitas.* [2] *Lentitudo.*

[3] Latin, *ambulabat in publico.*

and to those who asked why, he answered that he was roused from sleep by the trophies of Miltiades. Who has not heard of the vigils of Demosthenes, who said that it pained him whenever in his work before daylight any artisan got the start of him? Finally, the leading men in philosophy itself could never have made such progress in their studies without burning desire. We are told that Pythagoras, Democritus, Plato traversed the ends of the earth, thinking it incumbent on them to go wherever there was anything to be learned. Can we imagine that this could have been done without extremely ardent desire?

20. Even grief, which, as I said, should be shunned as a foul and savage beast, they regard as appointed by Nature not without great usefulness, that men in their wrong-doing might feel pain in being visited with chastisement, reproach, ignominy; for impunity in evil seems granted to those who bear ignominy and infamy without pain. To be thus stung by their fellow-men is of more efficacy than conscience. Hence that scene drawn from life in the play of Afranius, when the profligate son exclaims,

"Ah wretched me, in grief and suffering sore!"

and the stern father says,

"If he but grieve, I care not why he grieves."

They say that the other forms of grief have their utility, — that pity leads men to give needed help, and to relieve the calamities of the unworthy; that

even emulation and detraction are not useless, when one sees either that he has not attained what another has, or that another has attained what he himself has; and that were fear taken away, life would be bereft of the circumspection which is most manifest in those who fear the laws, the magistrates, poverty, ignominy, death, pain. They yet, in treating of grief and fear, acknowledge that they ought to be cut close,[1] but say that they cannot be and need not be wholly rooted out;[2] and in general they regard moderation in everything as preferable. Do you think it necessary for me to say anything about their treatment of these subjects?

A. I do. I therefore am awaiting what you have to say upon them.

21. *M.* I shall perhaps find something to the point; but I want first to remind you how modest the Academics are; for what they say meets the case in hand. The Stoics answer the Peripatetics. So far as I care they may fight it out; for all that I need to ask is, What seems most probable? Farther than this the human mind cannot go. I agree with Zeno in his definition of perturbation, which he describes as a commotion of mind averse from reason, contrary to nature, or, more comprehensively, as a too vehement desire, that being understood as too vehement which is remote from the even course

[1] Latin, *resecanda.*

[2] Latin, *evelli.* This and *resecanda* are terms borrowed from horticulture.

of Nature. What can be said against these definitions? Such utterances come from men who discuss the subject wisely and acutely. But "ardor of souls," "whetstones of the virtues," and the like, proceed from rhetorical display. Now cannot a brave man be brave unless he begins to be angry? This may indeed be said of gladiators. Yet in them we sometimes see unruffled firmness. They converse, walk together, make complaints and demands, in such a way as to seem peaceably disposed rather than angry. But among them there may indeed sometimes be one of the disposition of Pacideianus[1] as personated by Lucilius:—

> "I 'll kill and conquer him as sure as fate.
> I may indeed be wounded at the outset;
> But in his lungs and heart my sword shall rest.
> I hate the man, I fight inflamed with anger,
> And hardly hold myself from rushing on him
> Till each is duly armed for the encounter."

22. But without this gladiatorial anger we see Homer's Ajax moving on very cheerfully when he is going to fight with Hector. When he took his arms, his advance toward the place of conflict gave joy to the allies, but struck the enemies with terror, so that Hector himself, according to Homer, trembled all over, and was sorry that he had given the challenge.[2] They calmly and quietly conversed be-

[1] A celebrated gladiator in the time of the Gracchi.

[2] This is an over-statement. The words in the *Iliad* denote the quick throbbing of the heart, but not necessarily terror, still less, terror verging upon cowardice.

fore fighting, and in the fight itself they did nothing angrily or furiously. Nor do I think that the Torquatus[1] who first received this surname was angry when he took the chain from the Gaul, or that Marcellus was brave at Clastidium[2] because he was angry. Of Africanus, better known to us as of more recent fame, I can even swear that he was not inflamed with anger when in battle he protected Marcus Allienus the Pelignian with his shield, and plunged his sword into the enemy's bosom.[3] As to Lucius Brutus I might perhaps hesitate to say whether, on account of his unbounded hatred of the tyrant, he did not rush somewhat impetuously upon Aruns;[4] for I see that they killed each other in close conflict, thrust for thrust. But why do you introduce anger in this connection? Has not courage its moving force, unless it begins to be mad? What? Do you suppose that Hercules, whom the very courage which you identify with anger raised to heaven, was angry when he fought with the Erymanthian boar or the Nemaean lion? Or was Theseus angry when he took the Marathonian bull by the horns?[5]

[1] Titus Manlius accepted the challenge of a Gaul to single combat, killed him, and took from his neck a chain or necklace (*torquis*), whence the name Torquatus.

[2] Where he slew Viridomarus, the king of the Gauls.

[3] This transaction is nowhere else referred to in any book now extant.

[4] The son of Tarquinius Superbus.

[5] The story is that Theseus went to Marathon to put a stop to the frightful ravages of a previously invincible bull, which

Take heed that courage have in your thought the least possible connection with rage, inasmuch as anger is of no weight; nor is that to be deemed courage, which lacks reason.

23. Human fortunes are to be despised; death is to be looked upon as of no account; pain and labor are to be regarded as endurable. When these principles are established in opinion and feeling, then there exists a truly robust and firm courage, unless it be suspected that whatever is done ardently, eagerly, spiritedly is done under the impulse of anger. The chief priest Scipio, who reaffirmed the maxim of the Stoics that the wise man is never a private citizen, does not seem to me to have been angry with Tiberius Gracchus, when he left the consul faint-hearted, and though a private man, as if he were the consul ordered those who desired the safety of the State to follow him. I know not what courageous service I myself may have rendered in the commonwealth; if any, it has certainly not been in anger. Is there anything more like insanity than anger, which Ennius rightly called the beginning of insanity? What symptom of a sound mind is there in the complexion, voice, eyes, breath, lack of self-command in word and deed, of him who is angry? What is more unseemly than Homer's Achilles and Agamemnon in their quarrel? Indeed, anger led Ajax on to madness and death.

he took by the horns, carried alive to Athens, and sacrificed to Apollo.

Courage then does not require the aid of anger; it is of itself sufficiently endowed, prepared, armed. If anger be requisite to courage, in like manner we may say that drunkenness, nay, even insanity, helps courage; for madmen and drunkards are wont to do many things with excessive vehemence. Ajax, always brave, is most brave when he is mad.

> "His greatest feat was when the Greeks gave way,
> And he, a madman, turned the tide of battle."[1]

24. May we say therefore that madness is serviceable? Consider the definitions of courage, and you will understand that it has no need of passion. Courage is defined to be an affection of the mind which in whatever is to be endured obeys the highest law; or, the maintenance of a firm decision in enduring and repelling those things that seem formidable; or, the science of bearing or altogether ignoring formidable and adverse things, with the maintenance of a firm decision with regard to them; or, more briefly, in the words of Chrysippus; for these definitions are all from Sphaerus,[2] whom the Stoics regard as peculiarly skilled in definition, and they are all nearly alike, expressing the common sentiment with greater or less accuracy. But how does Chrysippus define courage? It is, he says, the science of bearing things, or an affection of the mind

[1] From an unknown poet.

[2] A Stoic philosopher, eminent for his subtilty in distinctions and definitions, the author of a large number of books or treatises, of which the names alone have come down to us.

fearlessly obedient to the highest law in suffering and enduring. Although we may inveigh against these men, as Carneades used to do, I apprehend that they may be the only philosophers;[1] for which of these definitions does not develop the obscure and involved notion which we all have of courage? When this is developed, who is there that can demand anything more for the warrior, or the commander, or the orator, or can imagine that either cannot do anything bravely unless he be enraged? What? Do not the Stoics, who say that all who are unwise are insane, include the angry among the unwise? Exclude perturbations of mind, most of all, irascibility, and their language will seem absurd. But what they say in their treatment of the subject is this, — that the unwise are insane in the sense in which every cesspool smells badly, — not all the time, — stir it, and you have the smell. So the irascible man is not always angry, — provoke him, and you will see him in a rage. What? How does this warlike irascibility show itself with wife and children, when it has returned home? Is there anything which a disturbed mind can do better than a self-collected mind? Or can any one be angry without disturbance of mind? Our people, therefore, since all faults belong to the department

[1] *Quoad hoc.* Cicero is evidently dissatisfied with all types of ethical philosophy except that of the Stoics. But he by no means intends to deny the name of philosopher to those of other schools.

of morals,[1] because there was nothing more offensive than irascibility, were right in reserving the name of "morose"[2] for the irascible.

25. It is by no means becoming for an orator to be angry; it is not unbecoming for him to simulate anger. Do I seem to you to be angry when in pleading a cause I speak very earnestly and vehemently? What? When I write out my orations, after the affairs at issue are finished and past, do I write in anger? Do you think that when Aesopus on the stage exclaims, "Who saw this? bind him,"[3] he is angry, or that Attius was angry when he wrote the play? These emotions are acted well, and indeed better by an orator, if he be indeed an orator, than by any stage-player; but they are acted deliberately and with a quiet mind. Then what wantonness it is to praise inordinate desire! You cite for me Themistocles and Demosthenes; you add Pythagoras, Democritus, Plato. What? Do you call their studies inordinate desire? Studies of the best things, such as you bring forward, ought to be calm and tranquil. Then again, to what philosophers does it belong to commend grief, the one thing of all most detestable? Afranius indeed very fitly wrote,—

"If he but grieve, I care not why he grieves;"

but this was said of an abandoned and profligate youth, while our inquiry is concerning a firm and

[1] *Mores.* [2] *Morosus.* [3] In the *Atreus* of Attius.

wise man. Anger itself may be permitted to a centurion, or a standard-bearer, or others whom I need not mention, lest I tell the secrets of the rhetoricians;[1] for it is of service for one who has not reason at command to avail himself of emotion. My inquiry, however, as I often repeat, is about the wise man.

26. But it is said that emulation, detraction, pity are of service. Yet why do you pity rather than give help if you can? For we ought not ourselves to incur grief on account of others, but, if we can, to relieve others of grief. Then what use is there in detraction, or in emulation of that vicious type which resembles jealous rivalry, since it is the part of such emulation for one to be vexed at another's good which he has not, — of detraction, to be vexed at another's good because it is his? How can it be worthy of approval for you to grieve if you want anything instead of trying to obtain it? And it is the extreme of folly[2] to desire to be the sole possessor of any good. But who can rightly praise the moderate possession of evils? For can one in whom there is lust or cupidity be otherwise than lustful and avaricious? Is not he in whom there is anger irascible? Is not he in whom there is anxiety anxious? Is not he in whom there is fear timid? Do we then think that the wise man is

[1] Who teach the ways of exciting passion in classes of people weak enough to be made angry by rhetorical art.

[2] Latin, *dementia*, which, meaning "loss of mind," may denote either madness or folly.

lustful, and irascible, and anxious, and timid? The excellence of the wise man admits of copious and broad treatment; but wishing to be as brief as possible, I will only say that wisdom is the science of things divine and human, and the knowledge of the cause of everything. Hence it is that the wise man imitates things divine, and counts all things human as inferior to virtue. Now do you profess to think that this condition of mind is liable to perturbation, as the sea is to gusts of wind? What is there that can disturb such gravity and firmness? Anything unprovided for and sudden? What of this sort can happen to one whom nothing that can happen to man can take by surprise? As to what is said about the fitness of cutting off what is excessive and leaving what is natural, what can be natural of which there can be too much? For all these things grow from roots of errors that must be torn up and pulled out, not lopped and pruned.

27. But as I suspect that you are not inquiring about the wise man so much as about yourself — thinking that he is free from every perturbation, and yourself desiring to be so — let us see what are the remedies which philosophy applies to the diseases of the soul. There certainly is some curative treatment; for never was Nature so hostile and inimical to the human race as to contrive so many means of health for bodies, none for souls, for which she has really done even better, inasmuch as such helps as the body needs are furnished from without,

while those that the soul requires it contains. But the greater and the more divine the excellence of the soul, the more careful diligence does it need. Therefore reason, well applied, discerns what is best; carelessly employed, is involved in many errors. All that I shall now say must then be specially directed to you; for while you feign[1] to be inquiring about the wise man, you are really inquiring about yourself. Now there are various cures for the perturbations which I have explained; for all diseases are not relieved in the same way, — one mode of treatment must be applied to grief, another to pity or to envy. It is optional, too, in our treatment of the four classes of perturbations, whether what is to be said shall apply to perturbation in general, which is a spurning of reason or an excess of desire, or whether it shall apply to each severally, as to fear, lust, and the others, — also whether the aim shall be to show that the particular cause of grief is one that ought not to be borne distressfully, or entirely to remove grief for all causes whatsoever, — for instance, in case one were bearing poverty in a sorrowful spirit, whether it be desirable to prove that poverty is not an evil, or that man ought not for any reason to suffer grief. Undoubtedly this last is the better mode; for should your reasoning about poverty fail to carry conviction, you must permit the man to grieve, while when grief is taken

[1] In proposing for discussion the proposition, "*The wise man* is not free from every disturbance of mind."

away by such appropriate arguments as we employed yesterday, the evil of poverty is also in some sort taken away.

28. But every perturbation of the kind under discussion may be washed away[1] by this soothing process for the mind, namely, by teaching that the special object from which inordinate joy or desire springs is not a good, nor that which causes either fear or grief an evil. Nevertheless, the sure and fitting cure is to teach that the perturbations themselves are in their very essence vicious, and have about them nothing that is natural or necessary, — since we see grief itself allayed when we charge persons in sorrow with the feebleness of an effeminate mind, and when we praise the solidity and firmness of those who bear the vicissitudes of human fortune unmoved. This, however, is wont to be the case even with persons who regard these things as evils, yet think that they ought to be borne with equanimity. Thus one man regards pleasure as a good, another, money; yet the former can be called away from intemperance, the latter, from avarice. But the other mode of reasoning and discoursing, which takes away at the same time both the false opinion and the disease itself, is indeed more serviceable, yet is rarely made availing, and does not admit of being applied to man-

[1] This figure is undoubtedly derived from the use of external lotions in bodily disease, which sometimes not only relieve, but even cure, yet are regarded as less efficacious than internal remedies.

kind at large. There are also some diseases which that mode of treatment cannot in any wise relieve. Thus, if one is grieved by the consciousness that there is in him no virtue, no soul, no sense of duty, no honor, he may indeed be distressed by real evils; but some other curative treatment must be applied to him, and such treatment as may have the sanction of all philosophers, however far apart they may be in other matters. All must indeed agree that commotions of mind opposed to right reason are vicious, so that, even if those things which cause fear or grief are evil, or those which excite inordinate desire or joy, good, yet the commotion itself is vicious; for we all desire that the man whom we call magnanimous and brave should be firm, calm, of massive character, superior to all human vicissitudes. But one who either grieves, or fears, or covets, or is elated by joy, cannot be of this character; for the morbid affections that I have named belong to those who regard the events of human life as of higher importance than their own souls have.

29. Therefore, as I have already stated, all the philosophers have one method of cure, so that nothing need be said as to the quality of that which disturbs the mind, but only as to the disturbance itself. Thus as regards inordinate desire, if the only thing in view be its removal, it is not to be asked whether the object be good or not, — the desire itself is to be taken away, so that whether

the supreme good be the right, or pleasure, or the two combined, or what are commonly called the three kinds of good,[1] yet even if it be the desire for virtue itself that is unduly strong, the same dissuasives are to be urged upon all. But human nature, on close inspection, is found to contain every means for calming the mind; and that it may be more easily placed in clear view, the condition and law of life must be explained. Therefore it was not without reason that when Euripides brought out the play of *Orestes*, Socrates called for the repetition of the first three verses: —

> "No doom by tragic muse or wrath divine
> Is told or felt, so full of bitter woe,
> That human patience cannot bear the load." [2]

The enumeration of those who have borne the like is of service in persuading men that what has befallen them can be and ought to be borne. But the mode of calming grief was expounded in our yesterday's discussion, as also in my book entitled *Consolation*, which I wrote in the midst of grief and pain (for I was not then wise), and what Chrysippus forbids, the employing of curative treatment for agitations of the soul still recent,[3] I did, and applied

[1] Virtue, bodily advantages, and external goods.

[2] Cicero has slightly changed the sense of these verses, to serve the purpose in hand. The following seems to me the meaning of the original: — "There is no story of suffering, nor heaven-inflicted calamity, beyond what human nature may be compelled to bear."

[3] Latin, *recentes quasi tumores animi*, literally, "fresh tumors

force to nature, that the greatness of the pain might yield to the greatness of the cure.

30. Closely allied to grief, which has been sufficiently discussed, is fear, on which a few things need to be said. As grief appertains to present, so does fear to future evil. Therefore some have said that fear is a division under the head of grief, while others have called it "trouble anticipated,"[1] because it is, so to speak, the leader of trouble that is going to follow. For all the reasons, then, for which things present are endured, things future are held in contempt. With regard to both, equal heed must be given that we do nothing grovelling, mean, soft, effeminate, broken-spirited and abject. But although we must speak of the irresolution, feebleness, lightheadedness of fear, it yet is of great service to despise the very things which are the objects of fear. Therefore, whether it happened by chance or was of design, it was very much to our purpose that on the first and second day we discussed the things that are most feared, — death and pain. If our conclusions on these subjects are approved, we are freed in great part from fear.

31. Thus far as to opinion about evils. Let us now consider opinion about goods, that is, inordinate

[i. e. raw sores] of the mind, so to speak," — a figure, by no means inappropriate, and yet not easily transferred to another tongue.

[1] Latin, *praemolestiam*, i. e. "pre-trouble," a word coined by Cicero, used by no one else, untranslatable. Our colloquial phrase, "borrowing trouble," perhaps makes the nearest approach to it.

gladness and desire. To me, indeed, it seems that in everything appertaining to perturbations of mind the entire case is contained in the one fact that all these perturbations are under our own control, all of our own choice, all voluntary. The error that is their source must, then, be removed, the opinion from which they spring must be extirpated; and as of supposed evils such as we encounter are thus to be made more tolerable, so among supposed goods such as are called great and gladsome are to be received with a calmer mind. Yet as to both evils and goods, if it is difficult to convince any one that none of those things that disturb the mind ought to be accounted as among either goods or evils, different modes of treatment must be applied to different mental disorders, — the malevolent must be corrected in one way, the amatory in another, the anxious, again, in another, the timid in yet another. It were indeed easy, according to the most approved mode of reasoning concerning good and evil,[1] to show that an unwise man can have had no experience of happiness, inasmuch as he never possessed any true good. But I am now using the language of common life. Suppose then that those are really goods which are regarded as such, honors, riches, pleasures, and the like, yet exulting and extravagant joy in their possession is shameful, just as while laughter may be permitted, cachinnation may deserve reproof. The same blame rests on exhilaration in

[1] The Stoic philosophy.

gladness as on depression in pain; over-earnestness in seeking objects of desire is on the same footing with an excess of happiness in their enjoyment; and as those who are too much cast down by trouble, so those who are too much elated by joy are fitly regarded as light-minded. Still further, as envy comes under the head of grief, so does taking pleasure in another's misfortunes under that of joy, and both are usually chastised by the exposure of their savageness and beastliness. Moreover, as it is becoming to avoid rashness, unbecoming to fear, so is it becoming to be happy, unbecoming to be immoderately glad; for in order to be explict I distinguish between the two.[1] I have already said that depression of the mind can never be right, that elation may be;[2] for the joy of Hector in the play of Naevius,

"I joy to hear my praise from one who merits praise,"[3]

is of an entirely different type from that expressed in these verses of Trabea, —

"The kind procuress, by my money won,
Will meet my will. My touch will move the doors,
And Chrysis, who does not expect my coming,
Will rush with joyful greeting as I enter,
And gladly welcome my desired embrace."[4]

[1] Between *gaudium* and *laetitia*, which in ordinary use seem synonymous, while yet *laetitia* is used when a stronger word than *gaudium* is needed.

[2] Under special conditions, — not with regard to external goods, but as to the only true good, — conscious virtue.

[3] From a tragedy of Naevius entitled *Hector Proficiscens*.

[4] The only passage of any length that has been preserved from

How splendid the personage in the play regards this, he himself shall tell: —

"Fortune herself falls short of my good fortunes."

32. One needs only careful consideration to perceive in his inmost soul how shameful is joy of this type; and as those are base who are transported with gladness in the enjoyment of sensual pleasure, so are those scandalously vile whose minds are inflamed with desire for such indulgence. Indeed, all of what is commonly called "love" (nor, by Hercules, can I find any other name for it) is so trivial that I can see nothing to be compared with it. Yet Caecilius[1] says of it: —

"A fool is he, or in affairs unversed,
Who deems not Love supreme and sovereign God,
Whose hand dispenses madness, wisdom, health,
Disease, success, reciprocated love,
His own caprice his all-sufficient law."

O poetry, what a pre-eminent corrector of life, which seeks to place Love, the creator of profligacy and levity, in the council of the gods! I am speaking of comedy, which, if we did not approve of these vilenesses, would have no existence at all. But what, even in tragedy, says that leader of the Argonauts?

"You saved my life for love, and not for honor."[2]

any play of Trabea. If this is a fair specimen, the loss is not to be deplored.

[1] See iii. § 23, note.

[2] From the *Medea Exul* of Ennius.

What then? What flames of wretchedness did the love of Medea kindle! And she, in the words of another poet, says that she had a husband,

"The gift of Love, far dearer than a father."[1]

33. But we may suffer some sportive freedom in the poets, in whose fiction we see Jupiter himself implicated in these scandalous affairs. Let us come to philosophers, preceptors of virtue, who deny the necessarily licentious character of love, and in this are at variance with Epicurus, who, as I think, is not far from the right. For what is that love of friendship of which they speak? Why is not a deformed young man or a beautiful old man the object of love? The worst form of licentiousness, as I think, sprang from the Greek gymnasium, where every improper liberty is permitted. It was well said by Ennius,

"In public nudeness license had its birth."

To say nothing of the love of women, for which Nature has granted a greater freedom, who can doubt what the poets mean by the rape of Ganymede? Or who does not understand what the Laïus of Euripides says and desires? Or, finally, what the most learned men and the greatest poets publish about themselves in their songs and poems? What does Alcaeus — distinguished for courage in his own country — write about the love of young men? Indeed, all Anacreon's verse

[1] Probably from the *Medea* of Pacuvius.

is amatory. But most scandalous of all in this regard, if judged by his writings, was Ibycus of Rhegium.[1]

34. Now we see that the loves of all these writers are licentious. There have also appeared some of us philosophers — chief among them my favorite Plato, whom on this score Dicaearchus rightly accuses — who have given their sanction to love. The Stoics, indeed, both say that a wise man may be a lover, and define love as the endeavor to form friendship from personal beauty. If there is in reality any one devoid of care, of desire, incapable even of a sigh, I have nothing to say of him; for he is entirely free from sensuality, and it is of this that I am now speaking. If, however, there is any love, as there certainly is, which is quite or almost insanity, such as is impersonated in the *Leucadia*,[2] —

> "If there be one among the immortal gods,
> Who makes indeed my happiness his care."[3]

But all the gods ought to have taken care that his love should be gratified.

> "Oh wretched me, while Heaven withholds its aid."

Nothing more true; and he is well answered: —

> "Art thou demented in thy senseless wailing?"

[1] Anacreon and Ibycus both lived for many years at Samos, under the patronage and at the court of Polycrates.

[2] A comedy of Turpilius.

[3] The sentence is left unfinished.

Thus his friends look upon him as insane. But what a tragedy is he making of it!

> "Holy Apollo, help! and, mighty Neptune,
> On thee I call. Ye winds, I crave your aid."

He thinks that the whole universe will turn to in aid of his love. Venus alone he excepts, as indisposed to do him justice.

> "For why, O Venus, should I call on thee?"

He says that it is on account of her lustfulness that she does not care for him, as if it were not in very lustfulness that he is saying and doing such abominable things.

35. In attempting to cure one thus affected it is well to show him how trivial, how contemptible, how utterly worthless is the indulgence that he craves, how easily gratification may be sought from other sources and in other ways, or the whole matter be dismissed from thought. Sometimes it is desirable to lead one away to new pursuits, solicitudes, cares, occupations. Then too, the cure may often be effected by a change of place, as in the case of invalids who are not convalescent. Some also think that an old love is to be driven out by a new love, as a nail is displaced by another nail. But especially should one be warned of the intensity of the madness produced by love; for of all perturbations of mind there is certainly none more vehement, so that, if you will not lay to its charge such crimes as ravishing, seduction, adultery, and even incest, the

vileness of all which may be put to its account, yet omitting all these things, the very disturbance of mind in love is in itself disgusting. To pass over the symptoms indicative of madness, what fickleness of character is implied in the very things that seem harmless![1]

> "Wrongs and suspicions, enmity and truce,
> War without cause, and peace succeeding war.
> Of these caprices would you know the law,
> The reason why? Then may you fix by rule
> The madman's fancies and his fits of rage."[2]

Whom ought not this inconstancy, this fickleness, by its own unseemliness, to deter? For what I have said with regard to every perturbation should be clearly shown, namely, that there is no perturbation which is not a matter of opinion, of one's own choice, voluntary. If love were natural, all would love, and would love always, and would love the same object,[3] nor would shame deter one, reflection another, satiety another.

36. Anger, too, which, so long as it disturbs the mind, leaves no doubt of its being madness, — by whose impulse there arises between brothers[4] a quarrel like this, —

> "'In shamelessness what mortal is thine equal?'
> 'In malice whom can I compare with thee?'"[5]

[1] Latin, *mediocria*, i. e. neither good nor evil.

[2] From the *Eunuchus* of Terence, i. 1.

[3] Latin, *idem*. I have translated it literally; yet I think that Cicero must have meant either "a similar object," or "in the same way."

[4] Agamemnon and Menelaus.

[5] From the *Iphigenia* of Ennius. This sentence is left unfin-

You know what follows. The brothers in alternate verses hurl at each other the severest contumely, so as to make it plainly manifest that they are the sons of Atreus, — the man who plans a novel punishment for his brother, —

> "Evil stupendous must I bring upon him,
> That I may bruise and crush his bitter heart."[1]

What then will this stupendous evil be? Let Thyestes tell: —

> "My impious brother caters for my table,
> And for the viands serves my slaughtered sons."

Their entrails he places before their father. To what length will not anger, like madness, go? Therefore we properly say that the angry have got beyond their own control, beyond counsel, reason, intellect. Those whom they endeavor to assail must be taken out of their way till they collect themselves[2] (what does "collecting themselves" mean, unless it be getting together again into their place the scattered parts of the mind?), and the angry men themselves must be begged, besought, that, if they have any power of revenge, they will postpone its exercise to another time, till their anger cools.[3] Now, cooling implies a heat of mind without the consent of reason. Hence the praise bestowed on that saying of Archytas

ished, — perhaps designedly; in which case anger, with the rest of the sentence so far as it goes, is announced as the subject of what follows.

[1] These and the following verses are from the *Atreus* of Attius.

[2] Latin, *se ipsi colligant.*

[3] Latin, *defervescat.*

when he was angry with his steward, "How would I have dealt with you, if I had not been angry!"

37. Where then are those who say that anger is of use? Can insanity be of use? Or those who say that anger is natural? Can anything that has reason for its antagonist be in accordance with nature? How, if anger were natural, could one man be more irascible than another? Or how could the desire for revenge cease till it was gratified? Or how could any one repent of what he had done in anger? as we see in the case of king Alexander who, after killing his friend Clitus, hardly refrained from taking his own life, so strong was his feeling of remorse. In view of these things who can doubt that this movement of the mind in anger is wholly a matter of opinion, and voluntary? And who can doubt that such diseases of the mind as avarice and ambition spring from the unduly high estimate of that which occasions the mind's disease? Whence it ought to be inferred that every perturbation of mind also consists in opinion. Moreover, if confidence, that is, firm assurance of mind, is the virtual knowledge and settled opinion of one who does not give his assent without reason, fear is lack of confidence as to expected and impending evil; and if hope is the expectation of good, fear must necessarily be the expectation of evil. Like fear, so are the other perturbations involved in evil. As firmness then belongs to knowledge, so does perturbation belong to error. Those who are said to be

irascible, or pitiful, or envious, or otherwise similarly affected, by nature, have minds, so to speak, constitutionally in bad health, yet are curable, as is said to have been the case with Socrates. Zopyrus, who professed to know a man's character from his appearance, when in a public assembly he had given a long catalogue of the faults of Socrates, and was derided by others who did not recognize those faults in him, was relieved from blame by Socrates himself, who said that these faults were implanted in him by nature, but that he had exterminated them by reason. Therefore, as one may seem to be in perfect health, yet somewhat inclined by nature to a particular disease, so in different minds is there a propensity to different faults. The faults of those who are said to be faulty, not by nature, but of their own depraved will, spring from false opinions as to things good and evil, so that from this source also different persons have a proclivity to different movements and perturbations of mind. But as it is in bodies, so is it in minds,—chronic disease of mind[1] is dispelled with greater difficulty than fresh perturbations, just as a sudden tumor of the eyes is cured sooner than an inflammation of long standing can be removed.

38. Now that we have ascertained the cause of perturbations of mind, which all spring from opinion and will, this discussion need not be continued

[1] Diseases that are in a certain sense innate, caused by a natural proclivity.

longer. But when we know, as far as they can be known by man, the supreme good and the corresponding extreme of evil, we ought to be aware that nothing greater or more useful can be desired from philosophy than the truth as to these subjects which we have discussed for four successive days; for to the contempt of death and the relief of pain so as to make it endurable, we added the appeasing of grief, than which man is liable to no greater evil. Although every perturbation of mind is indeed severe, and differs little from insanity, yet we are wont to speak of others when they are in some perturbation of fear, or joy, or desire, merely as agitated and disturbed, while we call those who have given themselves up to grief wretched, afflicted, miserable, unfortunate. Therefore it seems to have been proposed by you, not by chance, but for sufficient reason, that we should discuss grief separately from the other perturbations; for in grief is the fountain and source of misery. But the cure of grief and of the other diseases of mind is the same, namely, the conviction that they all are matters of opinion, and voluntary, and are yielded to because they are thought to be right. This error, as the root of all evils, Philosophy promises thoroughly to eradicate. Let us then submit ourselves to her culture, and suffer ourselves to be cured; for while these evils have their seat within us, we not only cannot be happy, we cannot even be sane. Let us therefore either deny that anything is effected by reason, while, on

the other hand, nothing can be rightly done without reason; or else, Philosophy consisting in the comparison of reasons,[1] let us, if we wish to be good and happy, seek from her every furtherance and help toward living well and happily.

[1] Every act of judgment is a comparison. Comprehension is the taking of two things together. We cannot comprehend a single object by itself, but only by comparing it with some object more or less similar, or with some assumed standard of quality or quantity. Cicero here means to say, that reason is the only fitting guide of conduct, and that as philosophy consists in comparing the premises which reason furnishes, and framing judgments or forming conclusions from them, philosophy is pre-eminently the guide of life.

BOOK V.

VIRTUE SUFFICIENT FOR HAPPINESS.

1. THE Tusculan Disputations, Brutus, close with this fifth day, on which we discussed the subject that above all others seems to you deserving of attention; for I am made aware both by the very carefully written book[1] which you inscribed to me and by many conversations with you, that you are strongly of the opinion that virtue of itself suffices for a happy life. Though it is difficult to prove this, on account of the many and various adverse strokes of fortune, yet it is a truth of such a character that we ought to endeavor to make the proof of it easy of apprehension: for there is no subject in the entire range of philosophy that admits of more serious or more eloquent treatment. For since the efficient motive of those who first devoted themselves to the study of philosophy was the desire to occupy themselves — all things else being held as of inferior account — in quest of the best condition of life, they certainly bestowed so large an amount of time and labor on that inquiry with

[1] A treatise on Virtue, referred to also in the *De Finibus*, i. § 8.

the hope of living happily. Now if virtue was discovered and perfected by them, and if virtue indeed gives security for a happy life, who is there that will not think that the work of philosophizing was with pre-eminent fitness both initiated by them and undertaken by me? But if virtue is merely the slave of fortune, subjected to various uncertain chances without sufficient strength for its own defence, I fear that we should be less ready to rely on our confidence in virtue for the hope of a happy life than to seek it by vows to the gods. Indeed, when I consider within myself the calamities in which fortune has severely exercised me, I sometimes begin to distrust this opinion, and to dread the weakness and frailty incident to the human race; for I fear lest Nature, having given us infirm bodies and annexed to them incurable diseases and pains beyond endurance, may have given us also souls both in sympathy with bodily pain, and involved, beside, in vexations and troubles of their own. But in this matter I reprove myself, because I perhaps judge of the strength of virtue from the effeminacy of others' and my own, and not from virtue itself. For virtue — if there only is such a thing as virtue, a question, Brutus, which your uncle[1] settled in the affirmative — has under its control all things that can befall man; in despising them scorns human fortunes; and while

[1] Cato Uticensis, whose half-sister Servilia was the mother of Brutus.

free from all blame, thinks that it has concern with nothing outside of itself. But we, magnifying all future adversities by fear, all present by grief, prefer to pass condemnation on the nature of things rather than on our own errors.

2. But the correction both of this offence and of our other faults and sins is to be sought from Philosophy, to whose bosom I had recourse in my earliest years of my own free and earnest choice, and now, tossed by the severest disasters, as by a heavy storm, I flee to the same port whence I took sail. O Philosophy, guide of life! O searcher out of virtue, expeller of faults! What would not only my own life, but that of the whole race of man, have been without thee? Thou gavest birth to cities. Thou didst call together scattered men to live in society. Thou didst unite them with one another, first by homes, then by marriages, then by intercourse in writing and in speech. Thou art the inventor of laws; thou, the mistress of morals and discipline. I flee to thee. I seek thine aid. As formerly in great part, so now with my inmost soul and entirely, I yield myself up to thee. A single day well spent and conformed to thy precepts is to be preferred to a sinful immortality.[1] Whose help

[1] One cannot but be reminded of the parallelism between this sentence and the verse of the Hebrew poet, "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand [elsewhere spent]," or, as it stands in Dr. Watts's well-known paraphrase,

> "Is sweeter than ten thousand days
> Of pleasurable sin."

then may I use rather than that which comes from thee, who hast in thy bounty given me tranquillity of life, and hast taken away the fear of death? Yet Philosophy is so far from being praised as she deserves for what she has done for human life, that, neglected by most men, by some she is even spoken of reproachfully. Yet who dares to reproach the parent of life, to defile himself with this parricide, and to be so impiously ungrateful as to accuse her whom he ought to revere, even if unable fully to understand her? But, as I think, this error and this darkness are brought upon the minds of the unlearned, because they cannot look so far back, and do not imagine that those by whom the life of men was first ordered were philosophers.

3. While the thing itself is of the greatest antiquity, we yet confess that philosophy, as its name, is recent.[1] For who indeed can deny that wisdom[2] itself is ancient, not only in fact, but also in name? It attained this most illustrious name among the men of early time by the knowledge of things divine and human and of the beginnings and causes of all things. Therefore we have learned that the seven who were deemed and called by the Greeks σοφοί,[3] by our people "wise,"[4] and many centuries

[1] Comparatively recent. The age of Pythagoras could be called recent only in a modified sense.

[2] *Sapientia* (including of course its Greek synonyme σοφία).

[3] "Wise."

[4] *Sapientes*, to which the English "sapient" corresponds in derivation and sound, but less nearly in sense than "wise."

earlier, Lycurgus, in whose time Homer is said to have lived, before this city was built, and already in the heroic age, Ulysses and Nestor were, and were esteemed to be, wise. Nor would Atlas have been said in tradition to support the sky, or Prometheus to have been nailed to Caucasus, nor Cepheus,[1] with his wife, son-in-law and daughter, to have been placed among the stars, unless their superhuman knowledge of things heavenly had given over their names to fabulous story. With these as leaders, thenceforth all who had for their pursuit the contemplation of nature were esteemed and called wise, and that designation of them came down even to Pythagoras, who — as Heraclides of Pontus, distinguished as a learned man and a disciple of Plato, writes — was said to have come to Phlius, and to have discussed certain subjects learnedly and copiously with Leon, king of the Phliasians. Leon, admiring his genius and eloquence, asked him what art he regarded as specially his own.[2] He replied that he knew no art, but that he was a philosopher. Leon, surprised by the novelty of the name, asked him who the philosophers were, and what was the difference between them and other men. Pythagoras answered, that human life seemed to him like

[1] King of Ethiopia, husband of Cassiopeia, father of Andromeda, whose husband was Perseus. All four, by different titles to such elevation, became stars.

[2] Latin, *qua maxime arte confideret*, "in what art he reposed the most confidence," i. e. as furnishing him subjects and materials for discourse.

the concourse that brought all Greece together with the greatest array of games. There, some, with bodies specially trained, contended for the glory and eminence of the crown; others were induced to come by the purpose and expected gain of buying or selling; while there was a certain class of those present, and they of the highest quality, who sought neither applause nor money, but came to look on, and who studiously and thoroughly saw what was done, and how. Thus of us men, as if from some city into a great public concourse, coming into this life from another life and nature,[1] some are subservient to fame, some to money, while there are some few who, holding everything else in no esteem, look studiously into the nature of things. These call themselves studious of wisdom, for that is what "philosopher" means; and as at the games it is most respectable to look on without getting anything for one's self, so in life the contemplation and knowledge of things stand far before all other pursuits.

4. Nor was Pythagoras merely the inventor of the name; he enlarged the range of subjects embraced in philosophy. When after the conversation at Phlius he came into Italy, he made what was called Magna Graecia illustrious by the most excellent institutions and arts both in private and in public. Of his system I may perhaps find some other opportunity of speaking. But down to the

[1] It must be remembered that the transmigration of souls was a Pythagorean doctrine.

time of Socrates, who had heard the lectures of Archelaus, a disciple of Anaxagoras, ancient philosophy treated of numbers and motions, and the beginning and end of everything, and its adepts inquired into the magnitudes, distances and courses of the stars and into whatever appertained to the heavens. Socrates first called philosophy down from heaven, and gave it a place in cities, and introduced it even into men's homes, and forced it to make inquiry into life and morals, and things good and evil. His manifold method of discussion, the variety of his subjects, and the greatness of his genius, consecrated by the memory and the writings of Plato, gave rise to many schools of mutually dissenting philosophers, among which I have attached myself chiefly to the method which I think that Socrates pursued, concealing my own opinion,[1] relieving others of their errors, and on every question seeking to ascertain what is most probable. Carneades having employed this method with great acuteness and copiousness of argument and illustration, I have attempted to reason in the same way, often on other occasions, and of late at Tusculum. I have sent you full written accounts of our conversations on the previous days. On the fifth day, after we had taken our seats together in the

[1] Socrates, as reported by Plato, did not conceal his own opinion, except at the beginning of a dialogue. His art consisted in drawing out, by skilfully framed questions, his own opinions from his collocutors.

same place, the subject of discussion was proposed thus.

5. *A.* It does not seem to me that virtue can be sufficient for a happy life.

M. But, by Hercules, it seems sufficient to my friend Brutus, whose opinion, begging your pardon, I far prefer to yours.

A. Undoubtedly. However, the question now before us is not how much you love him, but what is the worth of the opinion to which I have just given utterance, which I wish you to discuss.

M. Do you then deny that virtue can be sufficient for a happy life?

A. I do utterly.

M. What? Does not virtue give sufficient help to enable one to live rightly, honestly, honorably, in fine, well?

A. Yes, certainly.

M. Can you then either fail to call him miserable who leads a bad life, or deny that he whom you regard as living well lives happily?

A. Why not? For a person even in torture may live rightly, honestly, honorably, and therefore well, if you only understand what I mean by "well," that is, firmly, seriously, wisely, bravely. These qualities are sometimes thrown upon the rack, on which there is not a breath of happy life.

M. What then? Is happy life alone left outside of the gate and threshold of a prison, when firmness, seriousness, courage, wisdom and the rest of the

virtues are given over to the tormentor, and shrink from no form of punishment or pain ?

A. You, if you are going to effect anything, must strike out in some new direction. Such things as you now say move me very little, not only because they have become so exceedingly common, but much more, because, like certain light wines that will not bear watering,[1] so these maxims of the Stoics please more when merely tasted than when drunk. Thus that choir of virtues put upon the rack places before the eyes images of such abounding dignity, that happy life seems to stretch out eagerly to them, and not to suffer them to be deserted by it; but when you transfer your mind from this picture and from the images of the virtues to fact and truth, there remains this naked question, whether one can be happy so long as he is tormented. Let us now confine our inquiry to this point. But do not fear that the virtues will expostulate, and complain that they are deserted by happy life; for if there is no virtue without prudence, Prudence herself sees that all the good are not happy, and remembers many things about Marcus Atilius,[2] Quintus Caepio,[3] Manius

[1] For common daily use the Romans mixed their wine with water.

[2] Regulus, whose history — semi-fabulous undoubtedly — is well known.

[3] He, after having attained the highest offices and honors, being defeated in a great battle with the Cimbri, and becoming therefore unpopular, was banished on a malicious and perhaps groundless charge, or, according to some accounts, died in prison.

Aquilius.[1] Moreover, Prudence herself — if you prefer figurative to literal diction — holds back a happy life when it attempts to throw itself upon the rack, and denies that a happy life has anything in common with pain and torment.

6. *M.* I easily suffer you to behave in this way, though it is unfair for you to prescribe for me the method in which you wish me to discuss the subject. But let me ask you whether I am to think that anything or nothing has been settled by our conferences of the last four days.

A. Yes, some little.

M. Then, if so, this question is already almost despatched, and brought to a conclusion.

A. How so?

M. Because turbulent movements and agitations of the mind, excited and enhanced by thoughtless impulse, and rejecting the control of reason, leave nothing that belongs to a happy life. For who that fears grief or pain, of which, though the one be often absent,[2] the other is always impending, can fail to be miserable? What if the same person, as is very often the case, fears poverty, disgrace, infamy,[3] feebleness, blindness, finally, slavery, which

[1] He was taken captive in the war with Mithridates, treated with the foulest ignominy, scourged almost to death, and finally killed by having molten gold poured into his mouth.

[2] Latin, *abest*. Many editions, on good authority, have *adest*. If this reading be admitted, our translation will be, "of which one is often present, the other always impending."

[3] In Rome, as in the other ancient republics, disgrace and

has been the lot, not only of individual men,[1] but often of powerful nations? Can any one who fears these things be happy? What of him who not only fears these things in the future, but also bears and endures them in the present? Add to the lot of the same person exile, bereavement, the death of near kindred. How can he who, broken down by these adverse events, is shattered by grief, be otherwise than utterly wretched? What, again, of him whom we see inflamed and maddened by inordinate desires, craving everything rabidly with insatiable yearning, and the more abundantly he drinks in pleasures from every quarter, the more intensely and ardently thirsting for them? Would you not rightly call him utterly miserable? What? Is not he who is elated with trifles, who exults with an empty joy, and goes into ecstasy without reason, the more miserable the more happy he is in his own esteem? Then, as these are miserable, so, on the other hand, are those happy whom no fears alarm, no griefs corrode, no desires excite, no empty and excessive joy melts with languid delights. Therefore, as the sea is deemed tranquil when not the least breeze stirs the waves, so is the condition of mind seen to be quiet and calm, when

infamy might be incurred by the best men, notwithstanding their virtues, or even on account of them.

[1] Military life, even as late as Cicero's time, formed a part of the experience of almost every man of distinguished birth or station, and death or slavery was the only alternative for captives of war.

there is no perturbation by which it can be moved. Now if there is a man who regards the force of fortune, all things human, whatever can happen, as endurable, so that neither fear nor grief can assail him, and if he at the same time desires nothing, and has a mind that cannot be elated by any empty pleasure, what reason is there why he may not be happy? And if these results are brought about by virtue, why may not virtue itself by its own efficacy make men happy?

7. *A.* As regards the former of these questions, it is undeniable that those who fear nothing, are grieved by nothing, covet nothing, and are elated by no weak joy, are happy. I therefore concede so much as this to you. But the other question does not remain untouched; for in our former discussions it was proved that the wise man is free from all disturbances of mind.

M. Evidently then the discussion is finished; for the question seems to have come to an end.

A. Nearly so, indeed.

M. Yet this prompt settlement of a question is the custom of mathematicians rather than of philosophers. Geometricians, when they want to establish a proposition, if anything that they have previously demonstrated belongs to the case in hand, take it for granted and proved, and explain only that about which they have not previously written. Philosophers, whatever subject they have in hand, heap together upon it everything that has reference

to it, although it has been fully expounded before. If it were not so, why should the Stoic have much to say on the question whether virtue would suffice for a happy life? It would be enough for him to answer that he had already shown that nothing is good except what is right, and that, this proved, it follows that a happy life is content with virtue. He might then show how it is reciprocally true that, if a happy life is content with virtue, nothing is good except what is right. Yet this is not their way; for they have different books about the right and the supreme good, and while from the former it may be proved that there is sufficiently great power in virtue to produce a happy life, they nevertheless give a separate discussion to this point, maintaining that every subject, especially one of so great importance as this, is to be dealt with by arguments and counsels peculiarly its own. Take care then how you imagine in Philosophy any clearer voice than she utters in this matter, or any richer or greater promise within her gift than she tenders. For, ye immortal gods, what does she profess? That she will so perfect him who has obeyed her laws, that he should be always armed against fortune; that he should have within himself all resources for a good and happy life; finally, that he should be always happy. But I would fain see what she has accomplished, so high an estimate do I put upon her promise. Xerxes, indeed, replete with all the prizes and gifts of fortune, not content with his cavalry,

his foot-soldiers, his vast fleet, his boundless supply of gold, offered a reward to him who should have invented a new pleasure, — with which he was not satisfied; for never will desire find an end. I could wish that by a reward we could call forth the man who should have brought to us somewhat to strengthen our belief in the power of virtue to create happiness.[1]

8. *A.* I wish so too; but I want to inquire a little farther. I agree with you that each of the two propositions which you have laid down is properly inferred from the other, — that in the same way in which, if the right alone is good, it follows that virtue creates a happy life, so if a happy life consists in virtue, it follows that nothing is good except virtue. But your friend Brutus, under the authority of Ariston and Antiochus,[2] is not precisely of your opinion; for he thinks that virtue would still be essential to a happy life, even if there be some other good than virtue.

M. What then? Do you think that I am going to argue against Brutus?

A. You will, indeed, do as you please; for it does not belong to me to mark out beforehand your course of reasoning.

[1] There crops out in several passages in this section, as at the close, the belief of the Stoics that their exalted ideal of the efficacy of virtue had never had its full illustration in actual life, not even in the person of their revered founder.

[2] They were brothers. Antiochus was, as we have seen before (iii. § 25), the preceptor of Cicero; Brutus was Ariston's pupil.

M. Let the question of consistency be considered on some other occasion. On this subject I have often expressed my dissent in discussing it with Antiochus, and more recently with Ariston, when during my service as commander[1] I lodged with him at Athens; for it did not seem to me that any one could be happy in the experience of evils, and that such might be the wise man's experience, if there were any evils of body or of fortune. It was said, as Antiochus has repeatedly written, that virtue itself can make a happy life, yet not the happiest; then, that most things derive their names from their own greater part, even if as to that part there be some deficiency, like health, riches, honor, fame, which are ascribed to their possessor by kind and not by quantity; and that in like manner a happy life, even if defective in some part, derives its name from by far the larger part. These things it is not now so necessary as it then seemed to develop in full, although they appear to me to have been said inconsistently; for I do not now understand what he who is happy requires in order to be more happy. If there is anything wanting, he is not happy; and as to maintaining that everything is named and reckoned from the greater part of itself, there are things as to which this is true. But

[1] Latin, *imperator*. Cicero received this title from the Senate, on account of his success in certain military operations during his Cilician proconsulate. It was on his return from Cilicia that he lodged with Ariston.

when it is said that there are three kinds of evils, as to him who is under the pressure of all the evils of two kinds, so that in his fortune everything is adverse, and his body is weighed down and worn out by every description of pain, shall we maintain that he falls but little short of a happy life, to say nothing of the happiest?

9. This is what Theophrastus could not maintain; for having come to the conclusion that stripes, torture, torment, the overthrow of one's country, exile, bereavement, have great power in producing an evil and miserable life, he did not dare to speak loftily and largely while humble and depressed in feeling. How well it was for him to feel thus is not the question. He was certainly consistent in what he said. I am not indeed wont to find fault with conclusions where the premises are admitted. Yet he, the most elegant and erudite of all philosophers, is not much blamed for saying that there are three kinds of goods; but he is abused by every one, especially for what he says in his book on a Happy Life, in which he shows at great length why one who is tortured and tormented cannot be happy, and is reputed to say that a happy life cannot be broken on the wheel. He does not indeed anywhere say precisely this; but what he says is equivalent to it. Can I then be displeased with him to whom I formerly would have granted that pains of body and the wreck of fortune are among the evils, for maintaining that not all the good are happy,

while those things which he reckons as evils may happen to any one of the good? Theophrastus is also abused in the books and schools of all the philosophers, because in his Callisthenes he commended the sentiment, —

"Fortune, not wisdom, has the rule of life."

They allege that no philosopher ever said anything weaker, and they are right; but in my opinion nothing could have been said more consistently. For if there are so many goods in the body, and so many outside of the body in accident and fortune, is it not in accordance with this fact that Fortune, the mistress of outward things and of those pertaining to the body, has more power than wise counsel? Or do we prefer to copy Epicurus? who says things many and often exceedingly well, but in what he says takes no pains about self-consistency and pertinency. He commends simple living. Philosophers do the same; but it would seem natural for Socrates or Antisthenes to have spoken thus, not for him who pronounces pleasure the supreme good of life. He denies that any one can live pleasantly, unless he at the same time live rightly, wisely and justly. Nothing is more sound, nothing more worthy of philosophy, unless that "rightly, wisely and justly" be referred to pleasure as a standard. What could have been said better than that fortune is of small concern to a wise man? But is not this said by him who, having pronounced pain not only

the greatest of evils, but even the only evil, may himself be overwhelmed by the severest pains at the moment when he is boasting against fortune? This same thing also Metrodorus[1] expressed in a better form, saying, "I have laid hands on thee, O Fortune, and taken thee captive, and have blocked up all thine avenues of approach, so that thou canst not come near me." This would have been admirable, had it been said by Ariston of Chios or by Zeno the Stoic, who accounted nothing as evil which was not disgraceful. But as for you, Metrodorus, who stow all good in the bowels and marrow, and define the supreme good as contained in a strong bodily constitution and a well-grounded hope that it will last, have you blocked up Fortune's avenues of approach? How? You may at the present moment be deprived of that good.

10. Yet by such sayings many who are not versed in philosophy are captivated, and sentiments of this sort secure for those who give them utterance a multitude of followers. But it is the part of one who would reason with proper discrimination to look not at what a man says, but at what he can consistently say. Thus in the very opinion which I have undertaken to maintain in this discussion, that all the good are always happy, it is plain what I mean by "good;" for we call those endowed and adorned with all the virtues not only wise, but good men. Let us then see who are to be called "happy."

[1] See ii. § 8.

I indeed regard those as happy who are in the possession of goods, with no addition of evil. Nor when we use the word "happy," is there any other idea underlying it than a cumulated group of goods, without the presence of any evil. This, virtue cannot obtain, if there be any good except itself;[1] for there will be present a certain crowd of evils, if we deem them evils, — poverty, want of distinction, lowly estate, loneliness, loss of kindred, severe bodily pain, failure of health, feebleness, blindness, the overthrow of one's country, exile, finally, slavery. In these misfortunes so many and so great (nay, even more may happen), the wise man may be involved; for these things occur by accident, from which a wise man is not exempt. But if these are evils, who will give pledge that the wise man shall be happy, when he is liable even to all of these at one time? I do not therefore readily concede either to my friend Brutus, or to the preceptors common to him and me, or to the ancients, Aristotle, Speusippus, Xenocrates, Polemon, the liberty of reckoning among evils those things enumerated above, and at the same time saying that the wise man is always happy. If they are delighted with the designation of "happy" as striking and beautiful, as pre-eminently worthy of Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, let

[1] The "cumulated group of goods" (for so I think that *cumulata bonorum complexio* should be rendered), consists of the several parts of virtue, or the single virtues, which are here treated as a unit.

them bring their minds to despise those things whose splendor captivates them, strength, beauty, health, honors, power, and to count their opposites as of no concern, and then they will be able to make the clearest profession that they are terrified neither by the assault of fortune, nor by the opinion of the multitude, nor by pain, nor by poverty, that they have within themselves everything that they need, and that there can be nothing beyond their own control which they can reckon among goods. For it is insufferable that one should say these things which befit a great and high-minded man, and yet number among evils and goods the same objects which are so called by common people. Moved by the fame that attends these lofty professions, Epicurus comes forth, maintaining that, if the gods so please, a wise man is always happy. He is captivated by the elevation of this sentiment; but he never would have spoken thus, had he listened to himself. For what can be less fitting than that he who pronounces pain either the greatest or the only evil should suppose that the wise man, when tormented by pain, will say, "How sweet this is!" Philosophers then are to be judged not by single utterances, but by their wonted tone of thought and their self-consistency.

11. *A.* You compel my assent. But beware lest you too may be found not entirely consistent with yourself.

M. How?

A. I lately read your fourth book on the Extremes of Good and Evil. In this, while arguing against Cato, you evidently wished to show, that is, as I take it, to prove, that there is no difference between Zeno and the Peripatetics, except as to certain new terms. If this is so, why, if it accords with Zeno's reasoning that there is sufficient efficacy in virtue to create a happy life, may not the Peripatetics say the same? I think that we should look at the thing itself, not at words.

M. You appeal to my writings, and testify to what I may at some time have said or written. You may deal in this way with others, who in their discussions follow prescribed rules. We, Academicians,[1] live for the passing day; we say whatever strikes our minds as probable; and so we alone are free. But yet, since we were speaking a little while ago of consistency, I do not think that the inquiry here is whether it is true that Zeno and his pupil Ariston regarded the right as the only good, but, this being so, whether they thought a happy life dependent on virtue alone. Therefore we may certainly suffer Brutus to maintain that the wise man is always happy. His consistency with himself is his own concern. Who indeed is more

[1] I have inserted this word without anything corresponding to it in the Latin text. The last clause of the sentence seems to show that Cicero is speaking in the name of his school, and not of himself alone, though he is wont to use the first person plural in speaking of himself.

worthy than he of the fame that belongs to this opinion? Still let us maintain that, even if others are happy, the wise man is the happiest of all.[1]

12. Although Zeno, coming from Citium, of a foreign stock,[2] and by no means distinguished as a writer, seems to have made his way into a place not natively his own among the ancient philosophers, the weight of his opinion may be enhanced by the authority of Plato, who often says that nothing ought to be called "good" except virtue; as in the *Gorgias*, when Socrates was asked whether he did not account Archelaus, the son of Perdiccas, as happy, he replied that he had never talked with him. "Do you mean to say that there is no other way of knowing whether he is happy?" "There is no other." "Can you not then say whether the great king of the Persians is happy?" "Can I, when I know not how intelligent or how good a man he is?" "What? Do you think that this is what constitutes a happy life?" "I certainly think so. I regard the good as happy, the bad as miser-

[1] The Peripatetics, and, it would seem, Brutus with them, while they taught that the perfectly wise man must be happy, yet placed a high value on health, riches, honors, and the like, which the Stoics affected to despise; and maintained both that a certain kind or degree of happiness, though of an inferior type, might ensue from the possession of these things, and that they enhanced the happiness even of the wise man.

[2] Citium, in Cyprus, was a Phoenician colony, so that Zeno, though he lived long in Athens, was still regarded as a foreigner. Many of the other Greek philosophers were born in Greek colonies more or less remote from Athens, yet were of Greek parentage.

able." "Is Archelaus miserable then?" "Assuredly, if he is unrighteous."[1] Does he not seem here to make a happy life to depend entirely on virtue? What more? What does the same man say in the Funeral Oration?[2] "The best mode of living is secured to him for whom all things that tend to a happy life are furnished from within, and do not hang in suspense on the good or ill fortune of others, or vary with the events that befall another. This man is moderate, brave, wise, and when other goods come and go, most of all, when his children are born and die, he will be submissive and obedient to the old precept; for he will never rejoice or grieve overmuch, because he will always repose in himself all hope for himself." From this saying of Plato then, as from a fountain sacred and august, my whole discussion shall flow.

13. Whence then can we more fittingly start upon our course than from our common parent, Nature? whose purpose it was that whatever she has brought forth, not only animals, but that which so springs from the earth as to be supported by its

[1] Archelaus was the son of Perdiccas, king of Macedonia, by a slave-mother. On his father's death he usurped the sovereignty, and afterward killed the legitimate heir of the throne. His reign was prosperous and wise; yet in the estimation of Socrates, or of Plato, who speaks by the mouth of Socrates, the crimes to which he owed the kingdom sufficed to preclude him from a happy life.

[2] An imaginary funeral oration in the *Menexenus*, in which Socrates, or Plato in his name, gives what may be called a serious parody of the funeral orations of Thucydides and Lysias.

own roots, should be perfect, each in its kind. Thus of trees, and vines, and the humbler plants that cannot raise themselves far above the ground, some are evergreen; others, bare in winter, when warmed by spring, put forth leaves; nor is there any one of them which does not so thrive by certain movements within, and by its seed included in itself, as to yield either blossoms, or grain, or berries; and in all of them everything is perfect, if there be no hindrance from without. But the force of Nature can be more easily discerned in animals, because she has endowed them with the perceptive faculty. She has ordained some, able to swim, to inhabit the waters, others, winged, to enjoy the freedom of the sky, some to creep, some to walk, a part to be solitary, a part gregarious, some to be savage, some tame, a part to hide and burrow beneath the ground. Each of these, retaining its proper place, unable to pass into the life of an animal unlike itself, adheres to the law of Nature. As some specialty is bestowed by Nature on each animal, which it holds as its own, and does not depart from it, to man is given something far more excellent,[1] though "excellent" is a comparative term, and is not properly used where comparison is impossible, and the human soul, derived[2] from the divine mind, can be com-

[1] Latin, *praestantius*. "Excellent" is properly a comparative term, no less than *praestans*, which it most nearly represents.

[2] Latin, *decerptus*, literally, "plucked," — a stronger figure than our language can well bear.

pared, if I may so say without irreverence, only with God himself. This soul then, if it is thoroughly cultivated, and if its keenness of vision is so cherished that it cannot be blinded by errors, becomes perfect, that is, absolute reason, which is identical with virtue. Now if that to which nothing is wanting, and which is full and complete in its kind, is happy, and if this is the property of virtue, then certainly all who are possessed of virtue are happy; and in this I agree with Brutus, that is to say, with Aristotle, Xenocrates, Speusippus, Polemon. To me such men seem even supremely happy. For what is wanting to a happy life in him who trusts in goods that are absolutely his own? Or how can he who has not this trust be happy? But it must necessarily be lacking in him who makes a threefold division of goods.[1]

14. For who can trust either in strength of body or in stability of fortune? Yet no man can be happy, unless possessed of stable and fixed and permanent good. But what that can be so described can belong to those who recognize the three kinds of goods?[2] It seems to me that we may apply to them the saying of the Spartan who, when a merchant boasted that he had sent many ships to every port, replied, "That fortune rigged with ropes is not much to be desired." Is it not certain that noth-

[1] Goods of mind, of body, and of fortune.

[2] Over but one of which he can have any control.

ing which can be lost can be placed among the constituent elements of a happy life? Not one of those things which go to make up a happy life ought to wither, or perish, or fail; for he who fears that he may lose any of them will be incapable of happiness. For we understand that he who is happy is safe, impregnable, hedged in and fortified, so that he may be subject, not to little fear, but to none at all. As not one who is slightly guilty, but one who has done no wrong, is called "innocent," so not he who fears a little, but he who is wholly free from fear, is to be regarded as fearless. What else is courage than an affection of the mind, at once patient in the face of peril and in labor and pain, and far from all fear? Now this certainly could not be the condition of any human being, unless all good consists in the right alone. How can one who has or may have a multitude of evils to endure possess that security which is most desired and sought, if we indeed mean by "security" the freedom from grief on which a happy life depends? How can one be lofty and erect, and capable of regarding all things that can happen to man as of small account, as should be the case with the wise man, unless he shall consider everything that concerns himself as depending on himself? Did the Lacedaemonians, when Philip threatened by letter that he would prevent whatever they might undertake, ask in reply whether he would prevent their killing themselves; and shall not the like-minded man whom we seek be much

more easily found than a state so disposed? What? If temperance, which calms all inward agitations, be added to this courage of which I speak, what can be wanting to constitute a happy life for him whom courage defends from grief and fear, while temperance calls him away from inordinate desire, and will not suffer him to be elated by presumptuous joy? That such is the effect of virtue I would show, had not this proposition been fully developed on the previous days.

15. Now since perturbations of mind create misery, while quietness of mind makes life happy, and since there are two kinds of perturbations, grief and fear having their scope in imagined evils, inordinate joy and desire in mistaken notions of the good, all being repugnant to wise counsel and reason, will you hesitate to call him happy whom you see relieved, released, free from these excitements so oppressive, and so at variance and divided among themselves? Indeed one thus disposed is always happy. Therefore the wise man is always happy. Then too, everything good is joy-giving; whatever is joy-giving may be commended and made the subject of self-congratulation; whatever is of this character is of good report;[1] if of good report, it is certainly praiseworthy: but what is praiseworthy is surely right. Therefore what is good is right.

[1] Latin, *gloriosum*. But its place is not high enough in the sorites, to admit of its being rendered "famous" or "glorious," which otherwise would be the more obvious rendering.

But the goods which those of a different opinion put upon their list they themselves do not call right; therefore, what is right alone being good, a happy life is contained in the right alone. Those things in which one may abound and yet be utterly miserable are not to be called or esteemed "goods." Do you hesitate as to a man who excels in health, in strength, in beauty, and with senses perfectly sound and of the keenest discernment; add, if you will, agility and swiftness; give him also wealth, civic honors, military commands, power, fame: if he who has all these be dishonest, intemperate, cowardly, dull and insignificant in mind, — will you hesitate to call him miserable? Let us see whether, as a heap of wheat is made up of grains of its own kind, so a happy life ought not to be constituted of parts like itself. If this be so, happiness must be made up only of goods that are right. If they shall be mixed with things unlike, nothing right can be made from them; and if the right be taken away, what will remain that can be regarded as happy? For whatever is good is desirable because it is good; whatever is desirable is worthy of approbation; whatever is worthy of approbation is to be regarded as grateful and acceptable. Therefore honor must be paid to it. But if so, it must of necessity be praiseworthy. Therefore everything good is praiseworthy. Whence it is inferred that only what is right is good.

16. Unless we adhere to this opinion, there will

be many things which we shall have to call "good." I say nothing of wealth, which I do not reckon among the goods, since any one, however unworthy, may have it; while not every man can possess what is really good. I say nothing of reputation and popularity, which may be due to the common sentiment of fools and rascals. Were these things admitted to be goods, we should have to give that name to the merest trifles, such as teeth delicate and white,[1] beautiful eyes, fair complexion, and what Anticlea[2] praises when she is washing the feet of Ulysses,

"Smoothness of skin, and gentleness of speech."

If we shall esteem these things as goods, what will there be that can be called of more weight or moment in the grave pursuits of the philosopher than in the opinion of the common people and in the crowd of the unwise? The Stoics apply the terms "special"[3] and "preferable"[4] to what those who differ from them and me call "goods." These men call them "goods" indeed; yet they admit that they do not suffice to fill out a happy life. They think, however, that a life cannot be happy without them,

[1] Latin, *candiduli dentes.*

[2] In the *Odyssey*, it is Euryclea, the nurse, who washes the feet of Ulysses. Anticlea was his mother. Either Cicero, by lapse of memory, substituted one name for the other, or — what is more probable — quoted another tradition, connected with the verse here quoted, which is a genuine verse, but not translated from the *Odyssey.*

[3] Latin, *praecipua.*

[4] Latin, *producta.*

or if happy, certainly not so happy as it might be. But I mean to say that the right alone suffices for the very happiest life, and I am confirmed in this by the conclusion of Socrates; for thus said that prince of philosophy:—"As the disposition of one's mind is, such is the man; as the man himself is, so is his speech; then again, his acts are like his speech; his life, like his acts." But in a good man the disposition of his mind is praiseworthy, and right because praiseworthy, whence the conclusion is that the life of the good is happy. For I invoke the faith of gods and men, and ask whether it was determined in our former discussions — or whether we talked for amusement and pastime — that the wise man is always free from all that excitement of mind which I call "perturbation." Is not, then, the temperate, self-consistent man, without fear, without grief, without any excessive joy, without inordinate desire, happy? But such is the wise man always. He is therefore always happy. Now how can a good man fail to refer everything that he does or thinks to praiseworthiness as a standard? But he does in fact refer everything to happiness of life as a standard. Therefore a happy life is praiseworthy. Nor is anything praiseworthy without virtue; therefore it is virtue that constitutes a happy life.

17. The same conclusion may also be reached as follows. In a miserable life there is nothing worthy of mention, or to be gloried in; nor yet in the life that is neither miserable nor happy. But there is

in some sort of life that which is worthy of mention, and to be gloried in, and to be proud of, as when Epaminondas says,

> "The Spartan fame was by my counsels shorn,"[1]

or Africanus,

> "From farthest East, beyond the Euxine sea,
> Whose deeds of prowess can compare with mine?"[2]

But if there is such a thing as a happy life, it is to be gloried in, and made mention of, and held as an object of pride; nor is there anything else which can be worthy of mention and of pride. This established, you understand what follows. Indeed, unless that life is happy which is also right, there must of necessity be something better than a happy life; for all will certainly grant that whatever is right is better. Thus there will be something better than a happy life, than which can anything be said that is more preposterous? What? When it is acknowledged that in vices there is a sufficiently great force to produce a miserable life, must it not be acknowledged that there is equal power in virtue? For contraries follow from contraries. Here I ask, what force has the balance of Critolaus?[3] who, when he puts into one scale the goods of the mind, into the

[1] The first verse of an inscription on a statue of Epaminondas.

[2] From an epigram by Ennius.

[3] A Peripatetic philosopher, associated with Carneades and Diogenes in the famous mission from Athens to Rome, B. C. 155. As a Peripatetic, he thinks outward and bodily good worth putting into the scale, though outweighed by goods of a higher order.

other those of the body and of the outside world, thinks that the scale containing the goods of the mind so far preponderates as to outweigh[1] earth and sea.

18. What then is there to hinder either him, or even Xenocrates, that bravest of philosophers, while so diligently aggrandizing virtue and attenuating and debasing everything else, from making not only a happy life, but the happiest life possible, consist in virtue? Otherwise, their theory will result in the destruction of virtue. For he who is liable to grief must of necessity be liable to fear, since fear is but the anxious expectation of future grief; but he who is liable to fear is equally so to dread, timidity, trepidation, cowardice, — therefore liable at some time to be overcome; nor will he regard as applicable to himself that precept of Atreus,

"So order life as to remain unconquered."[2]

But he will be overcome, as I have said, and not only overcome, but also enslaved. Now we would have virtue always free, always unconquered. Otherwise virtue ceases to be. Moreover, if there is in virtue sufficient aid for living well, there is sufficient also for living happily. Now there is certainly enough in virtue to enable us to live bravely; if bravely, enough for us to live magnanimously, and

[1] Latin, *deprimat*, which denotes "depressing," not throwing upward in the lighter scale. This is one of the amazingly few instances in which Cicero uses a word carelessly.

[2] From the *Atreus* of Attius.

indeed so that nothing can ever terrify us and we may be always unconquered. It follows that in this state there is nothing to be repented of, nothing wanting, no hindrance. Thus everything will be in an affluent, untrammelled, prosperous condition; therefore happy. But virtue can suffice for living bravely; it therefore suffices also for living happily. As folly, although it has attained what it coveted, yet never thinks that it has enough, on the other hand wisdom is always contented with the present, and never finds reason for self-reproach.

19. You have the record of but one consulship of Caius Laelius, and that indeed after he had been rejected as a candidate (unless when a wise and good man like him fails of election it is not rather the people that are rejected by a good consul than he by a fickle people); yet which would you prefer, were it in your power, to be a consul once like Laelius, or four times like Cinna? I know what your answer would be, and so I see to whom I can safely put the question, although I would not put it to every one; for some other person might perhaps reply that he would prefer not only four consulships to one, but a single day of Cinna to whole ages of many men who were also eminent. Laelius, if he had touched any one with his finger, would have submitted to the legal penalty. But Cinna ordered the beheading of his colleague in the consulship, Gneius Octavius, of Publius Crassus, of Lucius

Caesar, men of the highest eminence, whose signal merit had been recognized both in the civil and the military service, of Marcus Antonius, the most eloquent man that I ever heard, of Caius Caesar, who seemed to me the model of politeness, wit, sweetness of temper and genial intercourse. Was he who killed them happy? On the other hand, he seems to me miserable, not only because he did these things, but because he so conducted himself that it was lawful for him to do them.[1] Yet it is not really lawful for any one to do wrong; we fail here by a misuse of words, calling what a man is permitted to do lawful. Was not Marius happier when he shared the fame of victory over the Cimbri with his colleague Catulus, who was almost another Laelius (for I trace a very close resemblance between the two) than when, conqueror in civil war, he in his anger, not once, but many times, answered the friends of Catulus who made supplication for his life, "Let him die." In this instance he who yielded to the abominable decree was happier than he who issued a command so wicked. While it is better to receive an injury than to inflict one, so was it better to go a little way to meet approaching death,[2] as Catulus did, than, like Marius, to cover with shame his six years' consulship and

[1] By decrees of the Senate, which made him virtually an autocrat.

[2] Finding that escape was impossible, he suffocated himself with the fumes of burning charcoal.

to contaminate his old age by the death of such a man.

20. For thirty-eight years Dionysius was tyrant of the Syracusans, having taken violent possession of the sovereignty at the age of twenty-five. How beautiful and rich a city was that which he held in slavish oppression! Yet on excellent authority we read that he was severely temperate in his mode of living, alert and diligent in business, but at the same time by nature malevolent and unjust. Therefore to all who look closely at the truth he must of necessity seem utterly miserable; for while he thought his power unlimited, the very things which he had coveted he failed to obtain. Born of good parents and in a respectable position (though as to this accounts vary), with very numerous friends of his own age and many near kindred, he trusted none of them, but committed the charge of his person to slaves whom he chose from among those belonging to rich owners, and to certain immigrants and rude barbarians. He thus, on account of his unrighteous lust for power, had virtually shut himself up in prison. Even unwilling to trust his neck to a barber, he taught his daughters to shave him. So these royal maidens, practising a low and menial art, like little barbers,[1] shaved their father's beard and hair. Yet even from them, as they grew up, he took away the

[1] Latin, *tonstriculae*, diminutive of *tonstrix*, — a not uncommon word, as there were many female barbers in Rome.

razor, and made them burn his beard and hair with red-hot walnut-shells. Having two wives, Aristomache, a native of Syracuse, and Doris from Locris, when he came to them by night he first made a thorough search and examination of everything about them. Having surrounded the place where his bed was with a broad ditch, and arranged a wooden bridge for crossing the ditch, after closing the door of his bedroom he drew the bridge over to his side of the water. Not daring to stand on ordinary platforms, he harangued the people from the top of a high tower. When he wanted to play ball — his favorite amusement — and laid aside his tunic, a youth whom he loved is said to have held his sword. But when a friend of his said one day in jest, "You are certainly putting your life into this young man's hands," and the youth smiled, he ordered them both to be killed, — the one for indicating a way in which his life might be taken, the other for showing approval of what was said by smiling. But after this was done he was so grieved that in his whole life he had never borne a heavier affliction; for he had the greatest love possible for the young man whose death he had ordered. Thus the desires of weak men are drawn in opposite directions, and when such a person pursues this course, he runs counter to that. This tyrant, however, showed how happy he was.

21. When Damocles, one of his flatterers, in talking with him, recounted his forces, his power, the

majesty of his reign, the abundance of his possessions, the magnificence of his palace, and said that there had never been a happier man, he replied, "Damocles, since this life charms you, do you want to taste it yourself, and to make trial of my fortune?" He answering in the affirmative, Dionysius commanded the man to be placed upon a golden couch with a covering most beautifully woven and magnificently embroidered, and furnished for him several sideboards with chased silver and gold. Then he ordered boys chosen for their surpassing beauty to stand at the table, and watching his nod, to serve him assiduously. There were ointments, garlands. Perfumes were burned. The tables were spread with the most exquisite viands. Damocles thought himself favored of Fortune. In the midst of this array Dionysius ordered a glittering sword attached to a horse-hair to be let down from the ceiling, so as to hang over the neck of the happy man. After this, Damocles had no eye for the beautiful servants nor for the silver richly wrought, nor did he reach forth his hand to the table. The garlands were already fading. At length he begged the tyrant to let him go; for he no longer wanted to be happy.[1] Does not Dionysius seem thus to

[1] Horace refers to this story (iii. 1).

"Districtus ensis cui super impia
Cervice pendet, non Siculae dapes
Dulcem elaborabunt saporem,
Non avium citharaeque cantus
Somnum reducent."

have declared that there can be no happiness for him over whom some terror is always impending? Yet it was no longer possible for him to return to justice, and to restore to the citizens their liberty and their rights. In his youth, at an improvident age, he had so ensnared himself by wrong-doings, and had committed them to such an extent, that he could not be safe if he began to behave reasonably.

22. What need he felt of friends, while he dreaded their unfaithfulness, he showed in the case of those two Pythagoreans, one of whom he accepted as surety for the other when under sentence of death. When the doomed man appeared promptly at the hour appointed for his execution, Dionysius said, "O that you would take me as a third friend!" How miserable it was for him to lack entirely the intercourse of friends, companionship at table, familiar conversation! especially for a man from his boyhood well educated and versed in liberal arts, also very fond of music, — a tragic poet too, how good it matters not, — I know not why, but in poetry more than in anything else every one admires his own. I have never known a poet — and Aquinius was my friend[1] — who was not convinced of his

[1] The only thing that we know about Aquinius is that he was famed for the utter worthlessness of his poetry. He is among those whom Catullus thus apostrophizes: —

> "Vos hinc interea valete, abite
> Illuc, unde malum pedem tulistis,
> Secli incommoda, pessimi poetae."

own transcendent merit. The case is, "You are charmed with what you write; I, with what I write." But to return to Dionysius: he dwelt apart from all refinement of culture and manners. He lived with fugitives, criminals, barbarians. He thought that no one could be his friend who was either worthy of freedom or had any desire to be free.

23. Now I will not compare the life of Plato or Archytas, so well known as learned and wise men, with the life of this man than which I can imagine nothing more foul, wretched, detestable. I will call up from the dust and wand[1] a humble and obscure man[2] of that same city, Archimedes, who lived many years[3] after Dionysius. When I was quaestor in Sicily, I found, hedged in and overgrown with briers and brambles, his tomb, unknown by the Syracusans, who did not believe in its existence. I retained in my memory certain verses

[1] Latin, *a pulvere et radio.* The ancient mathematicians used tablets covered with sand (*pulvere*), on which they drew their diagrams with a staff or wand (*radio*).

[2] Latin, *humilem homunculum.* By our modern standard Archimedes belongs among the greatest men of antiquity. But he was not called and did not profess to be a philosopher, and no other title to eminence in the intellectual hierarchy approached that of a philosopher. Here it must be remembered that, though the early philosophers speculated largely and profoundly in the realm of physics, their speculations in this realm — unless Aristotle be a partial exception — were rather metaphysical, than mathematical or scientific.

[3] About two hundred years.

which I had heard were inscribed on his monument, in which it was said that a sphere with a cylinder was placed on the top of his tomb. After making thorough search (for there are a great many tombs close together near the gate Achradina), I noticed a column very little higher than the surrounding shrubbery, with the figures of a sphere and a cylinder on it. I at once said to the Syracusans, some of their chief men being with me, that I thought that this column was what I had been looking for. Many laborers with scythes were sent in to clear and open the place. When the entrance was accessible, I stood over against the base of the column, on which was an inscription with the latter parts of the several verses almost half obliterated. Thus a Grecian city of the highest renown, formerly also pre-eminent for learning, would not have known the monument of the keenest intellect that ever lived in it, had it not ascertained the spot through a native of Arpinum. But to return from this digression: who is there that has any intercourse with the Muses, that is, with polite literature and with learning, who would not rather be this mathematician than that tyrant? If we look into their mode of life and course of conduct, the mind of the one was fed by scientific contemplation and research, with the enjoyment of his own skill, the soul's sweetest food; that of the other was occupied with murders and wrongs, with fear both by day and by night. Still further, compare Democritus, Pythagoras, Anaxag-

oras, with the tyrant. What sceptres, what riches will you prefer to their study and their joy? For in that which is the chief part of man must necessarily be situated the supreme good which you seek. But what in man is better than a sagacious and good mind? We must enjoy the good that is in the mind, if we mean to be happy. But virtue is the good of the mind; therefore a happy life must necessarily be contained in it. Hence come all things that are beautiful, right, excellent (as I have already said, yet it seems fitting to say it a little more at length), and they are full of joy. But since it is clear that a happy life exists with full and unceasing joy, it follows that it derives its existence from the right.

24. But, not to confine myself to an abstract statement, I would present certain principles in action, in such a way as to increase our desire for knowledge and understanding. Let us take then some man who excels in the best arts, and let him assume shape for a little while in mind and thought. In the first place, he must needs be of surpassing ability; for virtue does not easily associate itself with slow minds. Then too, he must have an active zeal in the investigation of truth, whence will spring a threefold product of the mind, first, in the knowledge of things and the explanation of Nature; secondly, in the definition of the things to be sought or shunned; thirdly, in drawing positive or negative conclusions from given premises, embracing at once

skilful reasoning and unerring judgment. What joy must fill the mind of the wise man who dwells day and night in these pursuits, when he has in clear view the courses and revolutions of the whole universe, and sees in harmonious movement with it the numberless stars studding the sky in unchanging order, — the seven others, keeping each its own orbit, widely differing in altitude, whose motions, though wandering, yet mark out their determined and unvarying paths in space! No wonder that the sight of these celestial bodies stirred up and urged on those men of old to research in other directions. Hence sprang the investigation of the beginnings and, so to speak, the seeds whence all things came into being, were generated, were compounded, — of the origin of every kind of being, inanimate or living, voiceless or capable of utterance, — the inquiry whence came the earth and by what weights balanced, in what caverns it holds in the seas,[1] by what gravitation all things borne down tend to the centre of the universe, or — what is the same thing — to the lowest attainable point in our globe.[2]

25. For the soul conversant with these things and pondering upon them night and day there emerges the knowledge prescribed by the god at

[1] To prevent inundations.

[2] Or, "tends to the centre of the world, which is also the lowest (or inmost) sphere in the whole round universe." For the seven concentric spheres of which this earth is both the innermost (*intimus*) and the lowest (*infimus*), see *Scipio's Dream*, § 4.

Delphi, so that the mind knows itself, is conscious of intimate union with the divine mind, and is thus filled with insatiable[1] joy. For thought upon the power and nature of the gods of itself kindles a longing to be eternal as they are; nor can the soul conceive of itself as confined within the shortness of this earthly life, when it sees the causes of things dependent on other causes, and bound in an inevitable series, which, flowing forever from a past eternity, is nevertheless governed by reason and by mind. As for him who looks into these things and looks up to them, or rather looks around all their divisions and boundaries, with what tranquillity of soul does he contemplate all human and nearer concerns! Hence springs the knowledge of virtue; the kinds and divisions of the virtues flower out from the parent stock; it is ascertained what Nature regards as the supreme good and the extreme of evil, to what standard duties are to be referred, what mode of conduct in life is to be chosen. Of these and similar inquiries the most important result is that which is the theme of our present discussion, — the sufficiency of virtue in itself for a happy life. A third[2] result follows, flowing and diffusing itself through every part of wisdom, — the method and science of reasoning, which defines things, distributes their kinds, connects consequences with their antecedents, draws conclusions that are infallibly

[1] Insatiable because eternal.

[2] See the "threefold product of the mind," in § 24.

true. Hence comes the surest practical sagacity for determining the value of things, and therewith a pleasure in the highest degree ingenuous and of which wisdom need not be ashamed. But these things belong to a restful life. Let this same wise man pass to the charge of the public interests. What can excel him, when by his discretion he sees that the well-being of the citizens remains unimpaired, in his justice turns aside nothing from the public service to his own behoof, and makes active use of virtues so many and so various? Add to this the fruit of his friendships, in which, as learned men say, those thus united not only feel, but almost breathe together as to their plans of life, while at the same time they find the utmost delight in their daily conversation and intercourse. What is there lacking that could make this life happier? Fortune herself must yield to a life full of so many and so great joys. But if to rejoice in so many goods of the soul, that is, in virtues, is happiness, and if all wise men have thorough experience of these joys, then it must of necessity be acknowledged that they are all happy.

26. *A.* Even in torture and torment?

M. Did you think that I meant to say, "On a bed of violets or of roses"? Shall Epicurus, who only acted the philosopher, and assumed rather than received that name, be suffered to say — and as the case stands, I praise him for saying so — that there is no time when the wise man, though burned, tor-

tured, mutilated, cannot exclaim, "Oh, how utterly I disregard it!" while he admits no evil but pain, no good but pleasure, derides our distinction of right and wrong, and says that, busy with mere words, we are uttering sounds without meaning, and that the only thing that concerns us is what is smooth or rough to the bodily sense? Shall he, whose judgment in such matters differs little from that of the brutes, be suffered to forget himself, and not only to despise fortune when all his good and evil are in the power of fortune, but to call himself happy in the extremity of torture and torment, when he has made pain not only the greatest, but the only evil? Nor did he provide himself with the remedies that enable one to bear pain, such as firmness of mind, shame of anything mean, the exercise and habit of endurance, precepts of fortitude, manly hardihood; but he says that he acquiesces in pain solely from the recollection of past pleasures, as if one in heat greater that he can easily sustain should call to mind that he was once in my native Arpinum surrounded by ice-cold streams. I do not see how past pleasures can allay present evils; but when he who in self-consistency has no right to say it, says that the wise man is always happy, what should they do who think that nothing ought to be sought, nothing to be regarded as among goods, that is not right? In my opinion,[1] indeed, even the Peripatetics and

[1] Latin, *me auctore*, which might be rendered, "under my leading."

the old Academicians ought to cease stammering, and to say openly and in a clear voice that a happy life might pass down the maw of the bull of Phalaris.

27. To leave the intricacies of the Stoics which I am aware of having employed more than is my wont, — let it be admitted that there are three kinds of goods, let them all be recognized as such, while the bodily and external kinds have their inferior place and are called "good" because they are comparatively preferable;[1] but let those divine goods spread themselves far and wide and reach to the sky. Why should we call him who has attained them merely happy, and not the very happiest of men? Shall a wise man fear pain? This is in indeed the chief obstacle to my opinion; for by the discussions of previous days we seem to be sufficiently armed and prepared against our own death and that of our friends, and against grief and other perturbations of mind. Pain seems to be the most strenuous enemy to virtue. It menaces us with burning torches. It threatens to impair courage, magnanimity, patience. Shall virtue then succumb to it? Shall the happy life of a wise and self-consistent man yield to it? O ye good gods,

[1] Latin, *sumenda*, "to be taken [in preference]." *Sumenda* is evidently a translation of the Greek προηγμένα, by which the later Stoics denoted what they admitted to be a secondary order of goods. As some bodily condition and some external possessions and surroundings are inevitable, they admitted the right of preference, and thus admitted things preferable as a class.

how base! Spartan boys do not groan when their bodies are torn by the agony of stripes. I myself have seen at Lacedaemon flocks of youth contending with incredible earnestness, with fists, heels, nails, and at length with teeth, and utterly exhausted before they would admit that they were conquered. What barbarous country is more rude and savage than India? Yet among the people that dwell there, in the first place, those who are esteemed wise live without clothing, bear without pain the snows of Caucasus[1] and the severity of winter, and when they come into contact with fire, they suffer themselves to be burned without a groan. The women in India, too, when the husband of any of them dies, have a contest, and that before the judges, to determine which of them he loved most (for one man usually has several wives); and the one that wins, followed by her kindred, joyfully ascends the funeral pile with her husband, while those who fail go away sad. Custom could never conquer Nature, for she is always unconquered; but we infect our souls with darkness, luxury, idleness, languor, sloth, and soften them by false opinions and bad habits. Who does not know the customs of the Aegyptians, who, imbued with errors of the most debasing kind, will rather bear any torture than hurt an ibis, or a cat, or a dog, or a

[1] A name by which a chain of mountains near the western boundary of India was frequently called, its more usual name being Paropamisus.

crocodile; while if they do such a thing unwittingly, they shrink from no punishment? I am speaking of men. What of beasts? Do not they endure cold, hunger, running when chased, or in quest of food, over mountains and through forests? Do they not fight for their offspring till they are wounded, fearing no assaults or blows? I say nothing of what the ambitious suffer to obtain office, those greedy of applause for the sake of fame, those inflamed by love to gratify their desire. Life is full of examples.

28. But our discussion must have its limits, and it is time to return from my digression. I repeat it, a happy life will submit to torture, nor, having followed justice, temperance, and especially fortitude, magnanimity, patience, can it cease to follow them[1] when it sees the face of the torturer, and remain — to resume a figure already used — outside of the doors and threshold of the prison, while all the virtues pass on undismayed to the place of torment. For what could be more disgraceful, more unsightly than a happy life left alone outside, separated from its incomparably beautiful associates? This cannot

[1] Latin, *constet*, i. e. "stand still." This sentence, as a series of mutually consistent and singularly appropriate metaphors, has very great beauty. A happy life personified is represented as following (*prosecuta*) the virtues, as unable to stop short or stand still (*constet*), on seeing the torturer's face, and to remain standing (*resistet*) outside of the prison gates; for what can look worse than for her to be left alone (*sola relicta*), parted from the flock (*segregata*) of her fair companions?

possibly be. Nor can the virtues hold together without a happy life, nor can a happy life retain its entireness without the virtues. Therefore they will not suffer it to turn its back. They will force it along with them, to whatever pain and torment they shall be dragged. For it is the property of the wise man to do nothing of which he can repent, nothing against his own will, but to do everything firmly, soberly, rightly, — thus to regard no event as certain to take place, to wonder at nothing that may have happened as if it seemed to him unexpected and new, to refer everything to his own judgment, to abide by his own decisions. I certainly cannot imagine any condition happier than this. The conclusion of the Stoics is indeed obvious. Regarding it as the supreme good to live agreeably to nature and in accordance with it, and considering the wise man as not only bound in duty, but also able to live thus, they necessarily infer that the life of him who has the supreme good within his power must be happy. Therefore the wise man's life is always happy. You thus have what I think may be said concerning a happy life with the strongest emphasis, and as the question now stands, with absolute certainty, unless you can bring forward something better.

29. *A.* I can indeed bring forward nothing better; but one thing I would gladly beg of you, unless it will give you too much trouble, since no bonds of any particular school hinder you, and you extract [1]

[1] Latin, *libas*, "sip," as a bee sips nectar, fluttering from flower to flower.

from each whatever strikes you as most probable. As you a little while ago were disposed to advise the Peripatetics and the disciples of the Old Academy to say freely without reserve that the wise are always perfectly happy, I should like to hear how you think that they can consistently say so; for you have alleged a great deal against their opinion on this subject, and have refuted it by the reasoning of the Stoics.

M. I will use then the liberty which we[1] alone have the right to use in philosophy, as we determine nothing, but discuss questions in all their bearings, so that what we say may be judged by others on its own merits, unsupported by any one's authority. Since you seem to desire that, whatever may be the opinion of mutually dissenting philosophers concerning the supreme good and the extreme of evil, it should yet be maintained that virtue affords a sufficient guaranty for a happy life, which we learn that Carneades used to dispute, but he as against the Stoics, whom he always opposed most zealously, and against whose doctrines he was inflamed with hostility, — I will treat the subject dispassionately. If the Stoics were right in their view of the supreme good, the question is settled, — the wise man must of necessity be always happy. But let us examine each of the remaining opinions, that this admirable decree, if I may so term it, as to a happy life may be found in harmony with the opinions and systems of all.

[1] We of the New Academy.

30. The following, I think, are all the opinions held and defended concerning the supreme good and the corresponding extreme of evil. In the first place, there are four simple opinions, — that there is no good but the right, as the Stoics say; that there is no good but pleasure, according to Epicurus; that there is no good except freedom from pain, as is the opinion of Hieronymus;[1] that there is no good except the enjoyment of the chief, or all, or the greatest goods of nature, as Carneades maintained against the Stoics. These are simple. The others mingle different elements in the good. Thus the Peripatetics, from whom those of the Old Academy differ very little, recognize three classes of goods, — the greatest, those of mind; the second, those of the body; in the third rank, external goods. Dinomachus and Calliphon[2] coupled pleasure with the right, and Diodorus, the Peripatetic, annexed painlessness to the right, as constituting the good. These are opinions that may have some permanence; those of Ariston, Pyrrho, Herillus[3] and some others, have disappeared. Let us see what inferences can be drawn from each of these opinions, omitting the Stoics, whose ground I think that I have sufficiently defended. I have also explained the position of the Peripatetics. Except Theophrastus and any who may have followed him in a too imbecile fear of

[1] A disciple of Aristotle, yet not in full sympathy with the Peripatetics.

[2] See *De Officiis*, iii. § 33.

[3] See *De Officiis*, i. § 2.

pain, the rest are at liberty to do what they almost always do, to express in superlative terms the weight and worth of virtue, which when they have extolled to the skies, it is easy in comparison to vilify and despise everything else. Those who say that worthy praise[1] is to be sought, though won with pain, cannot deny that they who have won it are happy; for though they may encounter some evils, yet this word "happy" has a very wide application.

31. For as commerce is called "profitable," and agriculture "fruitful," not merely when the former is altogether free from loss, and the latter from damage by bad weather, but when they are in far the greater part prosperous, so life may be fitly called "happy," not only when it is entirely filled with good things, but when goods very greatly preponderate both in quantity and in importance. By the reasoning of the Peripatetics then a happy life will follow virtue to punishment, and will go down with it into the bull of Phalaris, according to Aristotle, Xenocrates, Speusippus and Polemon, nor will happiness be induced by threats or by blandishments to desert virtue. The same will be the opinion of Calliphon and Diodorus, both of whom take such strong hold upon the right as to think that whatever lacks it should be placed in the distance and

[1] Latin, *laudem*. I have inserted "worthy," because *laus* seldom denotes unmerited praise, and here can mean nothing else than praise which is won by deserving it.

the background. The others seem to be in a narrower strait, yet they swim clear, —.I mean Epicurus, Hieronymus, and those — if there are any — who care to defend the deserted Carneades; for there is not one of them who does not regard the mind as the judge of things good, and does not so train the mind that it can despise seeming good and evil. Now what seems to you the case of Epicurus will be also that of Hieronymus and Carneades, and, by Hercules, of all the rest; for who of them is insufficiently prepared against death or pain? I will begin, if you please, with him whom we term effeminate, even a voluptuary. What? Does he seem to you to fear death or pain, who calls the day of his death happy, and when visited by the severest pains, neutralizes them by the memory and recollection of his own discoveries? And he treats these subjects in such a way, that it does not seem like idle talk from the impulse of the moment. For as to death, he thinks that on the dissolution of the animal life consciousness is extinguished, and maintains that nothing which lacks consciousness can belong to us. As to pain, he has certain positions to which he adheres, comforting it when great, by its brevity, when long continued, by its lightness. How far then as to these two things that give us the greatest distress are those who make such loud professions[1] in advance of Epicurus? For other things which are thought to be evils, do not Epicu-

[1] The Stoics.

rus and the rest of the philosophers seem sufficiently prepared? How almost universal is the dread of poverty! Yet no philosopher fears it.

32. With how little is this same Epicurus satisfied! No one has said more than he about simple living. Indeed, when one is far removed from all things that occasion a desire for money to be spent for love, for ambition, for daily luxuries, why should he have any great desire for money, or rather, why should he care for it at all? Could the Scythian Anacharsis[1] consider money as of no worth, and should not our philosophers be able to do the like? His letter is as follows: "Anacharsis to Hanno,[2] greeting. My clothing is the usual Scythian garment; my shoes, the hardened soles of my feet; my condiment, hunger; my food, milk, cheese, flesh. You may therefore come to me as to one at perfect ease. But these presents with which you are so much pleased I would have you give either to your own citizens or to the immortal gods." Almost all philosophers of every school, except those whom a vicious nature had turned aside from right reason, would have been of the same mind with him. Soc-

[1] A brother of the Scythian king, who travelled in pursuit of knowledge, and in Athens was regarded with great interest both for his simplicity of life and manners, and for his rare intelligence and wisdom. Though he was not a Greek, his name appears on some lists of the seven wise men of Greece. He was contemporary with Solon.

[2] A Carthaginian name, and Anacharsis very probably visited Carthage.

rates, when a great quantity of gold and silver was carried in a procession, said, "How many things there are which I do not want!" Xenocrates, when ambassadors from Alexander brought him fifty talents,[1] a very large sum in those times, especially at Athens, took the ambassadors to sup with him in the Academy, placing before them sufficient food, without any parade. The next day, when they asked him to whom he would have the money paid, he said, "What? Did you not understand by yesterday's supper that I am in no need of money?" When he saw them somewhat sad, he accepted thirty minae,[2] lest he might seem to despise the king's generosity. Diogenes as a Cynic took greater liberty with Alexander when the king asked him if he had need of anything, and replied, "I wish that you would stand a little way out of the sun." He had forsooth stood in the way of the philosopher as he was sunning himself. Diogenes used also to tell how much he excelled the king of the Persians in his mode of life and in fortune, saying that he lacked nothing, while the king could never have enough, — that he did not desire the king's pleasures, which were never sufficient to satisfy him; while the king could not possibly obtain his pleasures.

33. You are aware, I think, how Epicurus has divided the desires into classes, not perhaps with much

[1] A sum equivalent to about sixty thousand dollars.

[2] About one hundredth part of what had been offered to him the day before.

logical skill, but in a way practically useful. Desires are, according to him, in part, natural and necessary; in part, natural and not necessary; in part, neither. Those that are necessary can be satisfied almost without cost; for the wealth of Nature is within easy reach. As to the second class of desires, it is not difficult either to satisfy them or to dispense with them. The third class, because they are essentially frivolous, and unrelated not only to necessity, but also to nature, he would have entirely thrown aside. On this entire subject there are many details that are discussed among the Epicureans, and pleasures of kinds which as a whole they do not despise, are treated as individually of little worth; yet they demand such pleasures as may be easily supplied. As to the lowest forms of sensual pleasure, about which they have written a great deal, they say that they are easy, common, accessible; that if Nature demands them, they are to be measured not by race, position or rank, but by manner, age, person; that abstinence from them is by no means difficult, if required by either health, duty or reputation; that on the whole this kind of pleasure may be desirable, but can never be of any use. Concerning pleasure in general, the maxims of Epicurus show that he regards pleasure in itself, because it is pleasure, as always to be desired and sought, and for the same reason pain in itself, because it is pain, is always to be avoided. The wise man, therefore, will employ such balances as to

shun pleasure if it will produce more than its own amount of pain, and will incur pain if it will produce more than its own amount of pleasure. All pleasures, according to him, though judged as such by the bodily sense, are yet referred to the mind, since the body enjoys only so long as it feels the present pleasure, while the mind perceives the present pleasure equally with the body, and at the same time looks forward to pleasure in the future, and does not suffer the past to flow by. Thus the wise man will always have perpetual and continuous pleasures, while the expectation of pleasures hoped for is united to the remembrance of those that are past.[1]

34. These philosophers apply like principles to food, and accordingly the magnificence and sumptuousness of feasts are held in no esteem, because Nature is satisfied with frugal ways of living. For who does not see that all kinds of food are seasoned by the need of them? Darius in his flight, having drunk muddy water fouled by carcasses that had been

[1] This is sound philosophy, though from Epicurus, and it applies to pain no less than to pleasure. In suffering of every kind, memory of what has been borne and anticipation of what must yet be endured form a very large proportion of the conscious affliction or burden. From all this young children are exempt; so too, in a considerable degree, are those whose minds feel the benumbing influence of advanced age; so too, in all probability, are the inferior animals. Thus pain and sorrow fall with full force only on those for whom suffering is or ought to be a wholesome moral discipline.

thrown into it, said that he had never drunk anything more pleasant to the taste, the fact being that he had never before drunk to satisfy actual thirst. Nor had Ptolemy ever eaten to satisfy hunger, till, when he was travelling over his kingdom in advance of his attendants, some coarse bread was given him in a hut, and nothing ever seemed to him of sweeter taste than that bread. It is said that Socrates, having walked at a great pace till evening, when asked why he was doing so, replied that he was sharpening his appetite so as to sup the better. Do we not know what was the food of the Lacedaemonians at their public table? When Dionysius the tyrant supped there, he said that he did not like that black soup which was the chief dish on the table. Then he who made the soup said, "No wonder; for you took it without seasoning." "What seasoning do you mean?" asked the tyrant. The reply was, "Labor in hunting, perspiration, running from the Eurotas, hunger, thirst; for these are the seasonings of Lacedaemonian banquets." Moreover, this same lesson may be learned not only from human customs, but equally from beasts that are satisfied with whatever is thrown to them, if it be not repugnant to their nature, and want nothing better. Certain entire states, taught by custom, rejoice in frugal habits, as was the case with the Lacedaemonians of whom I have just spoken. Xenophon gives an account of the living of the Persians, who, he says, use for their bread no seasoning but cresses. Yet,

if Nature demands anything sweeter, how many things there are that spring from the earth or grow on trees that are equally abundant and delicious! Consider also the freedom from gross humors[1] and the sound health consequent on this abstemiousness in food. Compare with men of simple diet those whom you may see perspiring, belching, overloaded with food like fat oxen, and you will understand that they who most follow pleasure obtain the least of it, and that the enjoyment of eating consists in appetite, not in satiety.

35. It is related, that Timotheus, an eminent Athenian, indeed the chief man in the city,[2] having supped with Plato, and having been very much pleased with the entertainment, when he saw his host the next day, said, "Your suppers are pleasant not only while they last, but also on the following day." What? Can we use our minds aright when we are filled with an excess of food and drink? There is extant an admirable letter of Plato to Dion's friends, in which, as nearly as I can translate it, are these words: "When I came thither,[3] the life which was esteemed happy, crowded with Italian and Syracusan entertainments, was far from giving me pleasure. To be forced to eat largely

[1] Latin, *siccitatem*.

[2] Timotheus, as a naval commander, restored the supremacy and fame of Athens by sea. He was at the same time a patron of men of letters, and erected a bronze statue of Isocrates. See *De Officiis*, i. § 32.

[3] To Syracuse, during Dion's exile.

twice a day, never to have a night to one's self, and other things attendant on this mode of life, would be enough to prevent any one from becoming wise, much more, from being temperate. For what nature can be so marvellously constituted as to bear this?" How then can there be pleasure in a life in which there is neither prudence nor temperance? We may hence ascertain the mistake of Sardanapalus, the enormously rich king of Syria, in ordering these verses to be engraved on his funeral urn, —

> "What I have eaten and enjoyed I have;
> But much that 's excellent I leave behind me."

What else, says Aristotle, could you inscribe on the tomb of an ox, not to say, of a king? He says that, when dead, he has things which, when living, he had only while he was enjoying them. Why then are riches desired? Or wherein does poverty preclude happiness? I suppose, in the matter of statues, pictures, amusements. If one delights in these, do not men of slender means enjoy them better than those who have them in abundance? For there is in our city a great supply of all these things for the public benefit. The private citizens who have works of art do not see so many, and they see their own seldom, and only when they go to their country seats; and there must also be some prickings of conscience when they remember whence they obtained them.[1] The day would close upon

[1] They were stolen, sometimes and less guiltily in the sacking of conquered cities, often, I am inclined to think oftener, by the

me, were I to undertake to plead the cause of poverty.[1] The case, however, is a plain one, and Nature every day reminds us how few and cheap are her needs.

36. Now, shall low rank, or humble condition, or unpopularity prevent a wise man from being happy? Consider whether the conciliating of the people's favor and the fame thus sought do not involve more trouble than pleasure. Our favorite orator Demosthenes certainly appears very small when he professed to be delighted in hearing a woman carrying water (as women are wont to do in Greece) whispering to another woman, "This is that Demosthenes." What could be weaker than this? Yet how great he was as an orator! He had, forsooth, learned to speak to others, not much with himself. It must then be understood that popular fame is not to be sought for its own sake, and that low rank is not to be dreaded. "I came to Athens," said Democritus, "and no one knew me," — the words of a firm and brave man, who glories in his remoteness from glory. Do players on the flute and on stringed instruments modulate their notes and numbers, not by the judgment of the people, but by

extortion and even undisguised theft of officials in the provinces, as of Verres in Sicily. Rome was exceedingly rich in works of art, long before she had a sculptor or painter of her own whose works possessed any merit.

[1] Yet Cicero himself was greatly dependent, not indeed on the vicious or low pleasures, but on the appliances of art, taste, and sober luxury, which wealth alone could furnish.

their own; and shall the wise man, skilled in an art of much higher order, seek not what is most nearly conformed to the truth, but what the people crave? Is anything more foolish than to make great account in the mass of those whom individually you scorn as mere laborers and persons of no culture? The wise man will despise our ambitions and frivolities, and reject honors from the people, though offered spontaneously; while we do not know how to despise them till we begin to find reason for regretting them. Heraclitus, the physicist, in writing about Hermodorus,[1] the chief man among the Ephesians, says that all the Ephesians deserved capital punishment for expelling Hermodorus from their city, giving as their reason, "We will not have any one of us better than the rest; if there be such a man, let him be in another place and among other people." Is not something like this the case with every people? Do they not hate all pre-eminence of virtue? What? Was not Aristides (for I would rather cite examples from among the Greeks than among our own people) expelled from his country because he was righteous beyond measure? From how many troubles are they free, who have nothing at all to do with the people! What, indeed, is more delightful than learned leisure? I refer to that

[1] He is said to have come to Rome to aid the decemvirs in framing the laws of the Twelve Tables, — a tradition confirmed by the undoubted fact that there was a statue of him in the Comitium.

learning by which we become conversant with the immensity of the universe and of Nature, and in this world of ours with sky, lands and seas.

37. Honor despised, money also despised, what remains to be feared? Exile, I suppose, which is regarded as among the greatest evils. If this (so-called) evil comes from the adverse and hostile disposition of the people, I have just said how much it is to be despised. But if absence from one's country is misery, the provinces are thronged with miserable people, very few of whom return to their country. But exiles have their goods confiscated. What of that? Is not a great deal said about bearing poverty? Then if we look into the thing itself, and not into the disgrace of the name, what is the difference between exile and perpetual travelling in foreign countries, in which philosophers of the highest rank have passed their lives? This was the case with Xenocrates, Crantor, Arcesilas, Lacydes, Aristotle, Theophrastus, Zeno, Cleanthes, Chrysippus, Antipater, Carneades, Panaetius, Clitomachus, Philo, Antiochus, Posidonius, and others more than I can number, who, after having once left home, never returned. If exile, then, be without merited disgrace, should it affect the wise man? For all that I have to say is about the wise man, to whom this cannot rightfully happen. There is no fitness in offering consolation to one whose exile is deserved. In the last place, the case of those who refer the objects which they pursue in life to the

standard of pleasure presents no difficulty, since wherever these objects can be supplied, they can live happily. Thus to every case Teucer's words are applicable: —

"Where it is well with me, there is my country."[1]

When Socrates was asked to name his city, he said, "The world;" for he regarded himself as an inhabitant and citizen of the whole world. What shall we say of Titus Albucius?[2] Did not he with the utmost equanimity pursue the study of philosophy in Athens? to whom, nevertheless, this would not have happened, if he had obeyed the precepts of Epicurus and taken no interest in public affairs. How much happier was Epicurus for living at home than Metrodorus[3] who also lived in Athens? Was

[1] A verse from the *Teucer* of Pacuvius. The story (myth it may be) of Teucer's banishment by his father from Salamis in Crete (whence he went to found Salamis in Cyprus), is referred to by Horace (i. 7), who makes Teucer say: —

"Quo nos cumque feret melior Fortuna parente,
Ibimus, o socii comitesque.
Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro."

[2] He was accused of extortion as praetor in Sardinia, condemned, for aught that appears to the contrary, justly, and closed his days as an adept in the Epicurean philosophy at Athens. He seems to have been at best a light-headed man, and Cicero here probably does not mean to express approval of his character, but simply to refer to the unconcern with which he was well known to have borne his exile.

[3] They both lived in Athens. Epicurus was born there, and so was Metrodorus, according to some authorities; according to

Plato happier than Xenocrates,[1] or Polemon than Arcesilas?[2] Then again, in what esteem should a city be held, from which good and wise men are driven? Demaratus indeed, the father of our King Tarquin,[3] because he could not bear the tyrant Cypselus, fled from Corinth to Tarquinii, established himself there, and had children born there. Was he foolish in preferring freedom in exile to slavery at home?

38. All emotions of the mind, anxieties, griefs, are allayed by being forgotten, when the thoughts are drawn over in the direction of pleasure. Therefore it was not without reason that Epicurus used to say that the wise man is always in the enjoyment of good things, because he is always in the enjoyment of pleasure. Hence he thinks that it is proved, in accordance with the result of our present inquiry, that the wise man is always happy. Is he so, you ask, if he lacks the sense of sight or of hearing? Yes; for he holds these in mean esteem. In the first place, what pleasures are wanting to that blindness which is so much dreaded? since some maintain that, while other pleasures have their seat in the senses themselves, the things that are perceived by the sight are not confined to pleasant sensations of the eyes, — that the things which we

others, followed undoubtedly by Cicero, he was born at Lampsacus, a Greek colony in Mysia.

[1] Who was a native of Chalcedon, and lived many years in Athens.

[2] Who was born in Aeolis, and lived in Athens.

[3] Tarquinius Priscus.

taste, smell, touch, hear, are concerned only with the part of the body with which we perceive them, but that with the eyes it is not so, the mind receiving directly what we see. But the mind may receive pleasure in many various ways, even if sight be not employed. I am speaking of the educated and learned man, to whom to think is to live. Now the thought of the wise man does not usually employ the aid of the eyes in investigation. Moreover, if night does not deprive life of happiness, why should day that is like night have that effect? Antipater, the Cyrenaic philosopher, replied somewhat coarsely, yet not without large signification, to some women who condoled with him on his blindness, "What are you saying? Do you think the night void of pleasure?" As for that old Appius Claudius,[1] who was blind for many years, we learn both from the magistracies that he filled and from what he accomplished that in this calamity of his he was deficient in no duty or office private or public. We have heard that the house of Caius Drusus used to be filled with clients. When those whose business was in hand could not see their own way, they employed a blind guide. When I was a boy, blind Gneius Aufidius, who had been praetor, used to give his opinion in the Senate, and never failed his friends when they needed his counsel, and at the same time wrote a history in Greek,[2] and in literature was a seeing man.

[1] See *De Senectute*, §§ 6, 11. [2] A history of Rome in Greek.

39. Diodotus, the Stoic, lived for many years in my house. What would seem almost incredible, while he cultivated philosophy much more assiduously than before his blindness, and played on the lyre as was the custom of the Pythagoreans, and had books read to him by night and day, in which pursuits he did not absolutely need eyes; he also — what seems hardly possible without eyes — discharged the office of a teacher of geometry, giving verbal directions to his pupils where every line in their diagrams should begin and end.[1] It is said that Asclepiades, of Eretria, a philosopher of some celebrity, when he was asked what had befallen to him in consequence of his blindness, replied, "The need of the attendance of one more servant." As extreme poverty, if necessary, may be borne, as not a few in Greece have to bear it constantly, so blindness can be easily endured, if the support of good health be not wanting. Democritus, when he lost the use of his eyes, could not discriminate between white and black. But he could discriminate between things good and evil, fair and unfair, right and wrong, great and small, and without knowing differences of color he was able to live happily, though he could not have so lived without the knowledge of things as they really are. This man, indeed, thought that the mental vision was made

[1] Diodotus, before his blindness, was Cicero's teacher, especially in logic. He died in Cicero's house, and left Cicero his heir.

less clear by eyesight, and when others often did not see what was before their feet, he travelled through all infinity so that he never reached a limit. The tradition is that Homer was blind. But we see in him not poetry, so much as pictures. What region, what coast, what place in Greece, what kind and mode of warfare, what movement of men or of beasts, is not so painted as to make us see what he himself could not have seen? What then? Can we think that delight and pleasure of mind were wanting to Homer, or that they are ever wanting to any well-instructed man? If they could be, would Anaxagoras, or this very Democritus, have left his native soil and his patrimony, and devoted himself with his whole soul to the divine delight of learning and investigation? Thus also the poets, who represent the augur Tiresias as a wise man, never introduce him as deploring his blindness. Homer, too, having made Polyphemus savage and beastly, introduces him, in talking with his ram, as congratulating himself on his good fortune, because he could go wherever he pleased and reach whatever he wanted.[1] He was in the right; for the Cyclops had no more sense than that ram had.

40. In the next place, what evil is there in deafness? Marcus Crassus was somewhat deaf; but he was more annoyed by knowing that he was spoken

[1] This conversation with the ram has nothing corresponding to it in the *Odyssey*. It was probably in some epic or tragedy now lost, and was by a lapse of memory credited to Homer.

ill of, though, as I thought, unjustly.[1] Our Epicureans are, almost all of them, ignorant of Greek, as the Greeks of the same school are of Latin; therefore those of each tongue are deaf in the other, and all of us are certainly deaf in the innumerable languages which we do not understand. But, it is said, the deaf cannot hear the voice[2] of the harp-player. Nor do they hear the grating of the saw when it is sharpened, or the shrieks of the pig when he is killed, or the noise of the murmuring sea when they want repose. Moreover, if it so be that they delight in songs, they ought to reflect, in the first place, that many wise men lived happily before rhythmical strains were invented, and then, that much greater pleasure may be derived from reading poetry than from hearing it sung. Then too, as I just now commended the blind to the pleasure of hearing, so I may equally commend the deaf to the pleasure of seeing. It must be remembered also that he who can talk with himself has no need of another's conversation. Suppose, however, that all misfortunes are heaped together upon one man, — that he has the use neither of eyes nor of ears, and is at the same time

[1] Cicero, we cannot doubt, here refers to the unlawfully ambitious views imputed to Crassus on account of his connection in the triumvirate with Caesar and Pompey, — charges of which he was probably innocent. Cicero was certainly never his friend, and in *De Officiis* (iii. § 18) he tells a story of him indicative of his dishonesty and his well-known greed of money.

[2] The harp was generally played as an accompaniment to the human voice.

afflicted with the severest bodily pains. In the first place, these accumulated infirmities of themselves generally put an end to a man's life; but if they chance to be prolonged, and inflict more torment than there is reason for one's bearing, why, ye good gods, should we hesitate? There is a port at hand; for death is an eternal refuge where there is no more consciousness. Theodorus said to Lysimachus, who threatened him with death, "You have indeed done something great, if you have acquired the power of a Spanish fly."[1] When Perseus begged Paullus not to lead him in triumph, he replied, "The matter is entirely within your own power." Much was said about death on the first day, when death was the subject, not a little on the second day, when pain was under discussion; and whoever bears in mind what was said will be in no danger of not thinking that death is either to be desired, or certainly not to be dreaded.

41. I would indeed apply to the preservation of life the rule that prevails at the festive entertainments of the Greeks: "Let the guest either drink or go." This is as it ought to be. It is fitting for one either to enjoy equally with the rest the pleasure of drinking, or else to depart before he is exposed to the violence of those who drink to excess.

[1] Cantharides were not only used, as now, for remedial purposes, but by some process well known to the practitioners of the not uncommon art of poisoning, a deadly poison was extracted from them.

In like manner, you should leave by flight the wrongs of fortune which you cannot bear. These same things which Epicurus says, Hieronymus repeats in as many words. But if those philosophers whose opinion it is that virtue has no validity of its own, and who say that all which we call right and praiseworthy is void, and is dressed up with empty words, nevertheless think that the wise man is always happy, what ground ought to be taken by philosophers who are in the line of descent from Socrates and Plato, some of whom maintain that the goods of the mind are of such surpassing excellence as utterly to eclipse those of the body and of the outside world, while the others do not deem these last as in any sense goods, but confine that name to what the mind possesses? The controversy between these schools Carneades, as an honorary umpire, used to settle in his own way. Inasmuch as whatever things the Peripatetics called goods were regarded as conveniences by the Stoics, nor yet did the Peripatetics attach more value than the Stoics to riches, good health and other things of the same kind, and since these matters ought to be weighed by reality, not by words, he maintained that there was no reason for their disagreeing. Therefore I will leave it for philosophers of other schools to show how they establish the principle for which I have been contending; while it is a source of pleasure to me that something worthy of being said by philosophers is professed by them

concerning the capacity of always living well that belongs to the wise.

Since we must go to-morrow morning, let us keep in memory the discussions of these five days. Indeed I think that I shall write them out; for in what way can I better employ this leisure such as it is? I will send these five additional books[1] to my friend Brutus, by whom I have been not only urged, but importuned to write on philosophy; in doing which I cannot easily say of how much benefit I may be to others, but I certainly could else have found no relief for my intensely bitter and various griefs and for the causes of annoyance that beset me on every side.

[1] The five books *De Finibus* had already been dedicated to Brutus.

INDEX.

ACADEMY, the New, refraining from positive affirmation, 271.
Anacharsis the Scythian, simple living of, 304.
Anger, accounted as useful by the Peripatetics, 226.
absurdly so regarded, 227.
harmful, even when it seems justified, 228.
worthless in an orator, 231.
equivalent to madness, 245.
Antonius, Marcus, 127 n.
Aquinius, a worthless poet, satirized by Catullus, 288 n.
Archimedes, tomb of, discovered by Cicero, 289.
Aristotle, fifth element of, constituting the soul, 17.
Avernus, 28 n.

Blindness, no bar to happiness, 315.
illustrious instances of, that have been bravely borne, 316.
Brutus, Lucius Junius, the *Tusculan Disputations* inscribed to, xxii.
family of, 196.

Cicero, circumstances of, when this book was written, xiii.
altered aims of, xv.
Consolatio, Cicero's, when and why written, xiv.
quoted, 27.
referred to, 55, 60, 189.
Courage, in bearing pain, examples of, 124.

Courage, how to be acquired, 125.
lack of, disgraceful in a man, 127.
defined, 229.
Cyrenaics, theory of the, as regards grief, 157, 172.
refuted, 158, 175.

Damocles, story of, 286.
Horace's verses concerning, 287 n.
Damon and Phintias, story of, 288.
Deafness, not fatal to happiness, 318.
Death, not miserable if it be the extinction of being, 9.
often saving one from evil, 61.
attended by no sensation of want, 63.
instances of boldly incurring, 65.
naturalness of, 67.
unconsciousness of suffering or indignity in, 77.
how to be met cheerfully, 80.
in full prosperity desirable, 81.
instances of the conferment of, as a good gift of the gods, 83.
desirable whatever its issue, 87.
Democritus, theory of, concerning the soul, 32, 60.
Desire, inordinate, the several forms of, 208.
under the classification of Epicurus, 305.
Dicaearchus, theory of, concerning the soul, 16, 18, 56.
Diodotus, long blind, yet none the less happy, busy, and useful, 317.
Diogenes, contempt of, for death, 77.
Dionysius, misery of, 285.
compared with Archimedes, 289.
Diseases of the mind, curable, 136.
cherished by education and by the poets, 137.
cherished also by popular opinion, 138.
more numerous and harmful than those of the body, 139.

Diseases of the mind, akin to insanity, 141.
how produced, 209.
ultimate sources of, 210.
different proclivities to, 212.
less easily eradicated than those of the body, 217.
transient discriminated from chronic, 248.
Divine element, in all that is great in man, 47.
discerned, as God himself is discerned, 51.

Eleusinian mysteries, 22 n.
Emulation of a vicious type, never serviceable, 232.
Ephemera, 69 n.
Epicharmus, 12 n.
Epicurus, inconsistency of, as regards pain, 99, 118.
remedy of, for grief, 162.
subjected to a *reductio ad absurdum*, 166.
pleasure as defined by, 169.
ground of Cicero's opposition to, 171.
provides insufficiently for happiness, 295.
yet maintains that virtue must create happiness, 303.
the advocate of simple modes of living, 304.
Erasmus, extract from the preface of, to the *Tusculan Disputations*, xxi.
Euphorion, 168 n.
Excluded middle, law of, 11.
Exile, no evil, 313.

Fear, the several forms of, 207.
wrongly accounted as useful by the Peripatetics, 225.
defined, 238.
Frugal living, in accordance with nature, 307.

Gladiators, hardy endurance of, 118.
Good, the supreme, according to the Stoics, 300.

Good, the supreme, the several opinions concerning, 301.
Grief, incompatible with courage, 146.
with the virtues comprehended under the term *frugalitas*, 148.
unbefitting for a wise man, 150.
as regarded by the Stoics, 152.
a matter of opinion, 153.
often shameless, 156.
caused, according to the Cyrenaics, by the suddenness of its occasion, 157.
really not caused, but enhanced, by suddenness, 158.
sometimes the more severe, because its cause is foreseen, 160.
viewed in the light of the several virtues, 162.
not relieved by the pleasures of sense, 168.
examples of fortitude in, 176.
relieved by contemplation of its necessity, 178.
enhanced by the feeling that it ought to be cherished, 179.
capable of being omitted or postponed, 181.
therefore unnecessary, 182.
reasons for assuming, 184.
removed by time, though its cause remains, 187.
means of consolation for, 189.
modes of consoling, differing with occasion and person, 191.
special forms of, treated separately by the Greek philosophers, 192.
the several forms of, 206.
effect of example in the endurance of, 237.
Gymnasium, the Greek, a nurse of licentiousness, 242.

Happiness, made imperfect by the existence of any evil, 265.
not contingent on fortune, 267.
contingent solely on virtue, 269.

Happiness, stability essential to, 275.
belongs always to the wise man, 277.
to be gloried in, 281.
requisites to, 291.
compelled to keep company with virtue, even in torment, 299.
Hercules, lamentation of, from the *Trachiniae*, 101.
appeal for vengeance to his son, 102.
Heredity, asserted by Panaetius, 57.
denied by Cicero, 58.
Honor, the sentiment of, an inspirer of courage, 132.
Hyrcanian dogs, 79 n.

Immortality of the soul, believed by the ancients, 20.
taught in the Eleusinian mysteries, 22.
implied in what men do for times beyond their own, 24.
implied in the desire for posthumous fame, 25.
Imperfection of mind, how related to disease, 213.
Insanity, as distinguished from madness, 143.

Juventas, another name for Hebe, 47 n.

"Know thyself," meaning of the precept, 39.

Labor and pain, wherein alike, and wherein differing, 110.
Laelius, Caius, compared with Cinna, as to happiness, 283.
Lanman, Professor C. R., letter of, on Sanskrit particles, xxiii.
Life, long or short, only in comparison, 69.
Love, as a passion, shameful, 241.
Platonic, unreal and absurd, 243.
cure of, 244.

Melancholy, 143 n.
Memory, as restoring what was known in a previous state of being, 42.
remarkable instances of, 43.
proving the soul's immortality, 45.
Military service, as a discipline for hardy endurance, 112.
More, Henry, stanzas of, on the life of the unembodied soul, 36 n.

Naevius, named as among the earliest Latin poets, 2.
quoted, 240.
Numa, why regarded as a Pythagorean, 196.

Oracles of the dead, 85 n.
Oratory, early proficiency of the Romans in, 4.

Pain, preferable to moral evil, 97, 108.
not so regarded by many of the early philosophers, 98.
how treated by Epicurus, 99.
the capacity of bearing, how cultivated, 132.
indifference to, undesirable, 145.
no hindrance to virtue or to happiness, 296.
Panaetius, reasons of, for denying the soul's immortality, 57.
Πάθος, meaning of, 140 n.
Peripatetics, the, virtually in harmony with the Stoics as to happiness, 321.
Perturbations of mind, classified, 154.
the wise man not liable to, 200.
defined by Zeno, 202.
the result of false opinion, 204.
baseness of subjection to, 218.
remedy for, 219.
not to be temporized with, 222.
not serviceable, as the Peripatetics account them, 223.

Perturbations of mind, false reasoning of the Peripatetics with regard to, 225.
different modes of curative treatment of, 233.
how to be made impossible, 235.
voluntary, and therefore needless, 239.
exclude happiness, 260.
Philosophy, cultivated in Greece earlier than in Rome, 1, 91, 198.
poorly represented by early Epicurean writers in Rome, 93.
appropriate work of, 95.
the true culture of the soul, 96.
the sole and sufficient cure for perturbations of mind, 249.
apostrophized as the supreme guide and joy of human life, 253.
older in essence than in name, 254.
when, where, and how named, 255.
promises of, to man, 263.
Pity, as regarded by the Stoics, 151 n.
Plato, authority of, as to the immortality of the soul, 37.
the *Phaedo* of, quoted, as to the soul's past and future eternity, 38.
Pleasure, the several forms of, 208.
Poetry, of late origin in Rome, 2.
cherishing effeminacy as to the endurance of pain, 105.
Popularity, not essential to happiness, 31.
Posidonius, fortitude of, in suffering, 130.
Prometheus, lamentation of, from Aeschylus, 102.
Pythagoras, establishment of, in Magna Graecia, 196.
vestiges in Rome of the philosophy of, 197.
inventor of the name of "Philosophy," 255.

Quackery of the Epicureans as to the cure of grief, 166, 168.

Reputation, not to be reckoned among goods, 279.

Sardanapalus, brutish luxury of, 310.
Sense, the organs of, not means, but avenues of perception, 35.
Socrates, teaching of, as to the soul's nature, 52.
as to its destiny, 53.
dying words of, 71.
mode of reasoning of, 73.
the founder of the philosophy of life and morals, 257.
on happiness, in the *Gorgias*, 272.
Soul, theories concerning the, 15.
destiny of the, after death, 30.
final home of the, 33.
division of the, into two parts, one with, one without reason, 121, 202.
Spartans, readiness of the, to meet death, 75.
Specialists, in need of large general culture, 89 and n.
Stoics, doctrine of the, as to pain, 106, 117.

Theramenes, death of, 70.
Θύμωσις, used by Cicero, but found in no extant Greek author, 208 n.
Tusculan Disputations, when written, xiii.
unity of, xvi.
outline of the several books of, xvi-xx.
method of, 6.

Under-world, fictions concerning the, 7.
imagined continuity of life in the, 27.

Virtue, one and indivisible, 109.
personified as exhorting to the brave endurance of pain, 120.
sole cure of mental disease, 218.

Virtue, supreme over human fortunes, 252.
cannot under any circumstances exclude happiness, 259.
identical with absolute reason, 275.

Wealth, not to be reckoned among goods, 279.
not essential to happiness, 310.
Wisdom, scope and fruits of, 293.

Xenocrates, regarding virtue as the source of perfect happiness, 282.
Xenophon, the simple living of the Persians described by, 308.

Youth, the goddess of, 47.

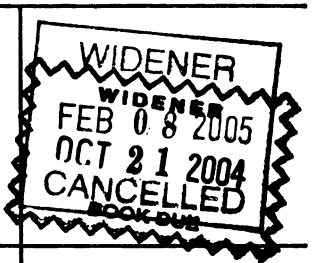
Zeno, perturbations of mind defined by, 202.

University Press: John Wilson and Son, Cambridge.

The borrower must return this item on or before the last date stamped below. If another user places a recall for this item, the borrower will be notified of the need for an earlier return.

Non-receipt of overdue notices does ***not*** *exempt the borrower from overdue fines.*

Harvard College Widener Library
Cambridge, MA 02138 617-495-2413



Please handle with care.
Thank you for helping to preserve library collections at Harvard.